

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ISAAC RICH.

THE life of a merchant, as of a man of letters, affords but little opportunity for those events that attract every eye. The deeds of the warrior stun the ear of history so that it with difficulty can hear any other fame. The successful politician so dazzles every eye that they are blinded to all other glory. But the merchant builds up his being, unseen of the general eye, and unattractive to the general heart. And yet, in his career, he may reveal as great force of character, display as many brilliant qualities, and unfold as large a nature as if he worked his way to fame on the field of politics or of blood.

The obstacles to be overcome, and the process by which they are overcome, are the real things to be considered in every man's history if we would rightly measure his merits. A child, in his mastery of his earliest studies, may disclose as much ability as Wellington in winning Waterloo. Nothing that the Vermont boy mathematician has accomplished in his later years of distinguished labor evinces higher powers than his boyish solutions of puzzling problems.

But not only is the character of the man thus revealed in his earliest struggles and victories, it is none the less exhibited in any pursuit in which he may engage. A lawyer may display as great powers as a statesman, a mechanic as a warrior, a merchant as a poet, a preacher as a prince. Stevenson, the machinist, was as great and as honored as Peel the Prime Minister. The former molded nature to his will, the latter men. But nature was the more intractable. She had for ages resisted all efforts to make her obey the behests of man. His victory was, therefore, against more gigantic powers, and revealed the more gigantic powers in the victor. The greatness of Christ is seen in the abilities wrought out in subduing the world unto himself.

The career of Isaac Rich is a striking example of conflict and conquest. A merchant may be fortunate in his resources at the start, or in his earliest business relations; or he may stumble upon a fortune by ways that show no more force or foresight than Irving's Dutchman, whose cabbage garden, through the invasion of the city, became a mine of wealth, but which success the proprietor so attributed to his own powers that he set up a carriage with a cabbage for the coat of arms, and "*Alles Kopf*," "all head" for its motto. It is, therefore, no proof of superior ability to become a leading merchant. Advantage may put money in his purse, and his brains and blood have no share in his fame.

Isaac Rich illustrates another style of success. His tact, talents, and energy would have made him a man of mark in any field. He is one of those not common in any profession who have compelled victory to serve their will. He was born in a sandy town, on the sandy shore of Cape Cod. Wellfleet is the third town from the end of Massachusetts and the continent. The tip of that tongue of land, thrust out into the sea, is occupied with one of the quaintest and most flourishing towns in the country. Provincetown fares sumptuously without trees, gardens, cattle, milk, vegetables, hay, or wood, as its produce. These all are brought from afar. Yet it is large, wealthy, hospitable, and abundant in all necessities and luxuries. It is sheltered under tall, steep ridges of granulated earth, clean and white as if from a refinery; as, indeed, they are, from that greatest of refineries, those restless fuller's flails, the beating waves of the sea.

This side the extreme end of the end, on the bay side, a Cape Cod cottage, red, and brown, and low, adapted in its architecture to the amphibious region in which it is planted, was the birthplace and home of Isaac Rich. A

large family of children gathered around the fireplace, filled with drift wood or supplied less lavishly by the little knotted pines and oaks that thinly besprent the thin-soiled region. When a lad of only twelve, the eldest of the family, small of his age in stature, not in spirit, he left the little cottage to give place to smaller and more helpless comers, and made his way to the big city over the sea of which he had already heard much, and where he was destined to become one of its best-known citizens.

Like all true men, he had learned, even thus early, the first law of life—laid on Adam and remitted to none of his children—work. He looked wisely out of his lad's eyes at this mission, and saw that all work was substantially of one nature—that there was no indignity in labor, if that labor were honest and honorable. In this he showed the true instinct of the successful man, who works at whatever comes to hand. Shakspeare did not despise holding horses or acting the honest supernumerary parts. Burke did not hesitate to try his gifts in the free discussion beer-rooms of London. Hawthorne wrote for any journal that would let him in. Grant did his work at Donelson as thoroughly as at Vicksburg. Daniel Drew did not disdain to drive cattle to town; Vanderbilt to row a ferry-boat with his own solitary pair of arms.

Isaac Rich hired himself to an oyster dealer, and trudged up and down the little, lively city, large and grand in his eyes, and its own, serving faithfully his master and customers. In this choice he may have followed a Wellfleet influence; for this place was a century ago the favorite *habitat* of the New England oyster. Thoreau, in his "Cape Cod," says: "Nearly all the oyster-shops and stands in Massachusetts, I am told, are supplied and kept by natives of Wellfleet, and a part of this town is still called Billingsgate, from the oysters having been formerly planted there. The native oysters are said to have died in 1770. Various causes are assigned for this, such as ground-frost, the carcasses of black fish kept to rot in the harbor, and the like, but the most common account of the matter is—I am afraid that a similar superstition with regard to the disappearance of fishes exists almost every-where—that when Wellfleet began to quarrel with the neighboring towns about the right to gather them, yellow specks appeared in them, and Providence caused them to disappear. A few years ago sixty thousand bushels were annually brought from the South and planted in the harbor of Wellfleet till they attained 'the proper relish of Billingsgate.'" The fame of the Wellfleet oyster is gone, but

that of the Wellfleet oysterman will, we trust, through his benefactions, abide on the earth and in the heavens forever.

But he was not long content with being another's servant. With the instinct of all men of mark, he began early to set up for himself. Under the warm windows of the wealthy, he walked in Winter nights crying his oysters. Of Summer days and market days he wheeled his barrow load out to Brighton, five miles, and with his knife, vinegar cruet, pepper-box and saucer, did a lively and profitable business with the drovers. Who knows but he met there Daniel Drew with his cattle; and the youthful drover patronized the youthful oyster lad, each dreaming mightily of the future within him?

From the barrow to the stall is the next step. For steps *forward* he was ever taking. In this the originating man differs from the copyist. To-morrow sees him farther than to-day. He hires a place for a stall at the head of the Constitution wharf—a wharf he afterward owns.

He soon has a stall under Faneuil Hall. To get ready for his customers he is up by three in the morning, and rows in his little boat across the harbor to Noddle Island, now the crowded ward of East Boston, where his oysters are planted, and whence he brings over his stock before the city is up or even the marketmen are scarcely astir. This early bird catches many a worm, and steadily grows in wealth and independence.

At eighteen his father died, leaving his mother with eleven children, himself the eldest. He sent her home money from his little savings, repaired her cottage, and helped to carry the burden that lay so heavily upon her. Fortune favored his industry and intelligence, and before he was nineteen he was well established in business. He enlarges his trade by adding fish to the oysters. The Faneuil Hall market then covered the sidewalks in sheds, as they now do those surrounding Fulton market. He buys a few fish from the smacks in the bay, and puts them on his stall, among his oysters. His first special stroke of fortune came from Mr. Boyden, the keeper of the Tremont House, who had noticed and approved the bright boy merchant. He asked him why he did not keep salmon. He was answered, because he had not money enough to buy them.

"How much will it take?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"The next boat that comes in, buy it up and I'll lend you the money."

He watched the first incoming salmon boat, got on board from his little dory, and bargained for the whole load. They were astonished

at his purchase, and questioned his power to pay. He had his money for them as soon as delivered, and then began his career as a wholesale dealer in the line which he afterward so largely filled. He soon left the oyster for this trade exclusively, and for years supplied all the leading hotels with their fish.

From thence he went into the more extensive and established branches of his trade and emerged into a merchant with ventures in distant cities and ships on foreign seas. His first great loss was by the destruction by fire of a large stock of fish in Philadelphia, his first consignment to that port; and his rising fortune seemed to set in night. He came home, and for the first time and last, was overcome so that he gave up all for lost. But, rallying in a moment, his energies were set to work to restore his ruined fortunes. Favoring breezes blew, and his sails were again entering and leaving port with their wealth-laden cargoes.

In all these growing years the same habit which began his career continued with him. He was still up before the dawn, searching for fishermen in the offing, rowing out to them in his little boat, buying whole cargoes, bringing back ship-loads as he had before brought back boat-loads, making a fortune in an hour, and at an hour when rival traders were turning in their beds, and merely dreaming of theirs. He soon became the leading merchant in that trade in the city—a position he has always retained—and, in fact, its leading merchant in the country. No house, trading in fish exclusively, equals that of Isaac Rich & Co.

His success never turned his head or heart from his father's house; both the earthly and the heavenly. He clung faithfully to the Church of his youth. The first house he built, he named the place in which it was erected "Wesley Place"—a new name for an old city, which, then, exceedingly despised the Methodists. This act showed the pluck as well as the consistency of the prosperous young merchant.

In the same spirit he named one of his best ships the Wilbur Fisk. This name also signified his attention to the rising cause of education. The Church had been blessed with earlier friends in its earlier and severer poverty. Amos Binney had appeared for the deliverance of Wilbraham when its fortunes seemed to be whelmed in utter ruin. Thomas Patten, John Gove, Jacob Sleeper, and other names, fragrant in all the Church, gave liberally of their young and not solidified, and, we regret to add, in some instances, not permanent wealth to the struggling institutions, at Wilbraham and Malletown. Two of their own age, who entered

the field later, have achieved much more through their abundance, though they recognize the value of their earlier donations. Lee Claflin turned his gifts largely toward Churches, but did not forget the schools. Isaac Rich turned his gifts largely toward the schools, though he did not forget the Churches. His respect for Wilbur Fisk is probably greater than that which he ever felt to any other man; and the influence of that brief, noble, and exhaustive life is as potent upon him to-day as if he were moving in majestic sweetness before his eyes.

Great afflictions have proved to him the vanity of wealth and prosperity to those without the power of an endless life. A son in the growing maturity of grace, and culture, and beauty; two daughters, one in the full beauty of maidenhood, and the other in the early blessedness of married life, were smitten with death. Others, in childhood, were called, so that the pleasantest voices and language that address the parental heart have ceased around this fireside. The affections thus set by the ascending footsteps of his own children in a heavenly direction, have carried in their current the accumulations of his abilities and energies. His wealth is consecrated to the Church. He gives away often annually all and even more than his income, and designs ultimately to make her yet larger benefactions.

The sneer so common against codfish aristocracy is honored by this leading representative in the country of those fisheries. It was probably intended as a fling against Massachusetts, since this business was long the favorite vocation of this commonwealth. It was the chief source of her wealth, and alone of all her trades honored by its emblem in her capitol. It was a necessary dish at the State dinners of her gentry. The wealth which this finest of the fish that swim the ocean stream brought to the people of the East gave rise probably to the envious charge from their less wealthy neighbors of Manhattan, and the banks of the James. They should now hang an emblematic shoe in their State-House to typify the chief trade to-day, as the South made a cotton bale her symbol, holding it, as Massachusetts never did her products, superior even to the rights and the liberty of man. True aristocracy, whether of codfish, coal, cotton, or commerce, is one that is never ashamed of an honorable vocation, and that makes every honest vocation honorable. As every true Church has had to live down opprobrious epithets, so has every true work. And as every true Church invariably honors him that serves it, so does every true man honor the work which he develops. Paul was not ashamed of

his trade in the midst of his apostolic honors and dignitaries, though standing before kings, and admitted to private conference with the rulers of the world. Jesus made his putative father's craft honorable, as his disciples did their calling. John Bunyan has forever dignified the most despised employment of a tinker, and Carey raised to honor his daily service, and raised to dishonor Sydney Smith's meaner nature, when the latter dared to brand the whole grand missionary enterprise as but the foolish zeal of a "consecrated cobbler."

So God honors all true work and workers. Mr. Rich is a small, compact, finely formed gentleman, of cultivated manners, curly gray locks, a very bright eye, rapid, nervous motions. He is hearty, open-natured, free-spoken, hard to endure that bane and blessing that attends on wealth, the innumerable pressure of every sort of petitioner. Here, if ever, he casts away his patience. The applicants crowd upon and honor him at every place and moment. When busy with his clerks or captains their voice is heard with, "I hope I do n't intrude," when they know nothing is more intrusive. From his dinner-table he is summoned by their ring. Every hour of rest or work he is thus beset. It is the curse that waits on liberality. We are not sure that Girard was not the wiser man in shutting his door and ear at every claimant while he worked out his own plans of benevolence in his own way. Certainly every solicitor ought to assume that the possessor, if liberal and if intelligent, can judge how far their wishes agree with his. Drew could give away his fortune in a week if he simply complied with the full demands of his petitioners. All we should ask of the man of wealth is, that he actually bestows of his goods for the cause of God and man as God himself shall direct. That Mr. Rich has thus served his generation, and will yet move the future generations, there is no room to doubt. Already his benefactions to Wilbraham, Middletown, and Boston, exceed a quarter of a million, while many a Church in all the land, and many a private individual, has been refreshed with the stream of his liberality. Mr. Rich may properly use as his motto the saying of ancient Pistol:

"The world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

The oysters his boy knife opened were types of the rough and hard world that confronted him, rich within, rude without. With his knife he mastered the former, with his sharp sense he subdued the latter. He has only shown that sagacity, energy, and daring are the elements of success in any vocation; that the way to the

mountain-top is open from every part of the base; that the men who cry out against fortune as fickle, or guilty of favoritism, are not students of fact. Foresight is not every one's gift. The genius to be rich is as marked as that of oratory or poetry. Many have talents for every art, few genius in any. In this latter list he may justly be classed.

His reputation will stimulate many an aspiring and victorious merchant to like industry, integrity, and generosity. Late may he return to the heavens; long may he continue to plant his gains in godly enterprises, and to enjoy the sacred, grateful fruit of his beneficent labors; and when he shall pass on, may his history, written in the monuments of his benevolence, written also in the tables of millions of hearts in all generations, keep him in remembrance, as fully expressing in his life, and the works that shall follow him, the apostolic description of the true Christian, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!

THE TWO ENDS OF THE GIANT'S BRIDGE.

THE Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave have long been regarded as the greatest natural curiosities of the British Islands. Their chief attraction, and that which has attached to them a multitude of very pleasant legends, is the fact that they resemble the work of man rather than the work of God. The peculiarity of these great wonders of nature is that they are composed of black, rocky, prismatic columns, generally pentagonal or hexagonal, from a few inches to eight feet in diameter, which are so regular in their structure as to resemble iron pillars made by the skill of man. This mechanical appearance, to a people unacquainted with geology, was a sufficient warrant for attributing these massive columns to human workmanship. The Causeway and Cave have long been a puzzle to geologists. Research and invention have been strained to the utmost, both to locate the rock geologically, and to account for the columnar structure. Theories have been abundant, ranging as usual from the possible to the absurd. Among others it was gravely set forth by one devotee of the rocky science that these basaltic pillars are petrified bamboos of some long-gone geologic period. Another theory, called the Neptunian, attributes it to the Deluge, and sets forth that after the waters had subsided,

"Like sable paste each mass basaltic lay, . . .
Till smote by Summer's sun and Winter's wind,"

it cracked into columns as most clay will when drying. Even at the present day, after so many years of theory and investigation, geology fails to account for many phenomena connected with columnar basalt, although a theory very generally applicable is now agreed upon.

The general geological history is briefly as follows: Scattered over various parts of Europe is a rock called *trap*, from *trappa*, the Swedish word for a flight of stairs, because its general configuration is often that of broad terrace steps on the hill-sides. After much research and discussion this trap rock has been decided to be of volcanic origin, although in the British Islands, and in some parts of Europe, it is not found associated with cones and craters. The supposition is that it was forced up through superincumbent strata by eruptions that took place under water, and thus the formation of cones was prevented. Denudation has since removed portions of the rock, and left the remainder as we now find it. This trap rock is inferred to be of volcanic origin, because it is found to have the same internal structure and mineral composition as streams of lava which have flowed from the craters of volcanoes in modern times.

Basalt is a species of trap rock, or, as Lyell says, any trap rock of a "black, bluish, or leaden-gray color, having a uniform and compact texture." It consists of a mixture of augite, feldspar, and iron, thoroughly fused, and cooled into a dark, compact, heavy mass. Augite generally predominates, while the iron constitutes one-fourth of the bulk. To what period or periods of geological history the basalts belong is not definitely settled. Jukes places those of Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave in the tertiary epoch, and inclines to locate them in the mero-cene period of the tertiary. Columnar basalt is a kind of basalt which in cooling has contracted, or crystallized, into prisms, somewhat as starch will do in drying. These columns are so closely fitted into each other that no vacant spaces remain. Sometimes they are cemented together in places, but generally may be taken apart as readily as bars of pig-iron. In this form they have been transported to various parts of Europe, and are used for fence-posts, horse-posts, etc. Just what circumstances of cooling produced this columnar structure is not definitely settled. The columns are mostly vertical, although they are found at all angles of inclination, and some even horizontal. There is in St. Helena a pile of horizontal basaltic columns, sixty-four feet high, called the chimney. What occasions this diversity in the direction of the prisms is only explained by the theory that they

are always at right angles to the surface of refrigeration. There is near the mouth of Fingal's Cave a conical pile of small, black columns, thirty feet high, which rests on a bed of horizontal columns. It would be difficult to find place for a cooling surface which should be at right angles to a mass of pillars that converge to a point, and have horizontal pillars for their base. Again, in some places, especially at Giant's Causeway, the columns are broken transversely, at nearly equal distances, and fit into each other like the joints of a vertebral column. No satisfactory explanation has been given of this phenomenon.

Of such columns, then, varying from three to ten or twelve sides, these great natural curiosities are constructed. The causeway is situated in county Antrim, on the north coast of Ireland, seven Irish miles from Port Rush, a steamboat and railway station. (The Irish miles are very indefinite affairs, being almost any length you wish, and the only explanation of the fact the inhabitants can give is that they were originally measured with a mad-dog and a string, and the dog would never be aisey.) The shore is high and rocky, the bluffs being of basalt, interspersed with sections of lime-rock. A sharp promontory of vertical basaltic columns juts out into the ocean. The action of the water has undermined the columns of the point, which have tumbled down for several rods back and been carried away. This leaves the exposed ends of about forty thousand columns, sloping from the water's edge to a height of ten or twelve feet, and running back to the full-length columns in the bluff. This is the celebrated Giant's Causeway. It is not very much unlike the decaying end of some old log bridge across a marsh, where the logs have become imbedded in the mud, and stand with their ends upward. Where the columns are of the same height for a little space, so as to make a level surface of their ends, it very much resembles the hexagonal paving in some of the streets of our cities.

Fingal's Cave is in the Island of Staffa, off the west coast of Scotland, and only a few miles west of the large island of Mull. Staffa is about a mile in length, and half a mile in width, varying in height from twenty to one hundred and forty-four feet. Approaching it by water from the south, the appearance is that of a huge fortification, square and massive. The rocks are highest on the south, where the great cave is situated. The island here is divided into three horizontal sections, the lowest being of trap tuff, or volcanic cinders, and only a few feet above the water, the second of basaltic columns, in which is the cave, and the third, or roof, of

amorphous basalt. This threefold structure gives it a very picturesque appearance. The basaltic columns here are larger and more numerous, but not so regular as at the Giant's Causeway. The Cave is a vast opening in the columnar section of the island, the lower section being also broken through down to and beneath the surface of the water, while the high arched roof cuts its way up into the amorphous section above. The length of the Cave is two hundred and twenty-seven feet, the width forty-two feet, and the height sixty-six feet. It is a vast cathedral, whose floor is the ocean, while the firm and regular basaltic columns form majestic walls on which the arched roof rests securely. The thumping of the ocean against the rear wall produces an explosive and never-ceasing thunder, compared with which the grandest organ is childish. The mouth of the Cave looks directly out on Iona, eight miles in the distance. Scott, in the *Lord of the Isles*, has drawn a beautiful picture of the Cave:

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colensay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That nature's voice might seem to say,
Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard—but witness mine!"

In respect of dimensions and beauty Fingal's Cave is not to be compared with many caves in various parts of the world. It is the regular structure of the rock that forms it, and the fact that old ocean has been thundering at its door for ages, that give it such an awful charm. Read Wordsworth's grand lines:

"The pillar'd vestibule,
Expanding, yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,
And flashing to that structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength—and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place."

After looking at the regularity of the columns that form the Causeway and Cave, it will not seem strange that the early inhabitants of these countries attributed this massive workmanship to human effort, or rather to human beings whose physical powers were extra human. It will seem still less strange when we consider that the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in a long article, retained as late as its seventh edition, soberly attempts to prove to its readers that the Causeway is really not a mechanical structure. The following is a part of the article: "There are really no traces of uniformity or design discovered throughout the whole combination, excepting in the form of the joints, which is invariably by an articulation of the convex into the concave of the piece next above or below it; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, either in height, length, or breadth, of this curious Causeway."

The peasantry of the countries undertook to do what geology had not yet accomplished, and the many legends which cluster about these objects of interest are very amusing. From the Irish side of the channel, Drummond has woven one into verse as follows:

"From Albin oft, when darkness veiled the pole,
Swift o'er the surge the tartaned plunderers stole,
And Erin's vales with purple torrents ran,
Beneath the claymores of the murderous clan;
Till Cumhal's son, to Dalriada's coast,
Led the tall squadrons of his Finnian host,
Where his bold thought the wondrous plan designed,
The proud conception of a giant mind,
To bridge the ocean for the march of war,
And wheel round Albin's shores his conquering car."

For many a league along the quarried shore,
Each storm-swept cape the race gigantic tore;
And though untaught by Grecian lore to trace
The Doric grandeur, or Corinthian grace;
Not void of skill in geometric rules,
With art disdaining all the pride of schools,
Each mighty artist, from the yielding rock,
Hewed many a polished, dark prismatic block:
One end was modeled like the rounded bone,
One formed a socket for its convex stone;
Then side to side, and joint to joint, they bound,
Columns on columns locked, and mound on mound;
Close as the golden cells which bees compose,
So close they ranged them in compacted rows,
Till rolling time beheld the fabric rise,
Span the horizon and invade the skies,
And, curved concentric to the starry sphere,
Mount o'er the thunder's path, and storm's career;
To Staffa's rock the enormous arch they threw,
And Albin trembled as the wonder grew."

Then the Irish giants crossed over and conquered Albin, of course.

There is another Irish legend which seems much more popular and is the delight of the unsophisticated even to this day. The giant Fin M'Coul—who was no other than the ubiquitous Fingal, whose exploits Ossian, alias Macpherson, has sung, for the Irish seriously claim

Fingal as an Hibernian—was the champion of Ireland. After having vanquished all antagonists in his own country, his ambition looked for conquests abroad. Now there happened to be living at that time a Caledonian giant who was no ways disposed to acknowledge Fin's superiority, and seemed anxious to chastise his boastful swaggering. To this end he wrote to Fin that if it were not for the wetting he would swim over and drub him soundly. Fin was anxious for a fight, and racked his wits for a long time to discover some means of overcoming this obstacle. At length he applied to the king for permission to construct a Causeway across the ocean to Scotland, on which the Caledonian might cross dry shod. The king, not daring to cross the purposes of so redoubtable a giant, gave permission, and so the celebrated bridge was built from the north coast of Ireland across to the island of Staffa. The Scottish giant crossed over, fought the Irishman, and was vanquished. Fin, not harboring any vengeance against his renowned antagonist, invited him to marry and settle in Ireland. As Ireland was a very much more desirable country than Scotland, the Scot accepted the invitation, and thus all strife between the two rivals ceased. After the race of giants became extinct there was no further use for the bridge, and, in fact, no one to keep it in repair, so the ocean carried it away little by little, till nothing remains but the two ends, one Giant's Causeway, and the other Fingal's Cave. This legend seems to have been the one that gave name to the causeway, and many objects of interest about it. M'Coul himself built the bridge, and to him alone belongs the credit. It is the Giant's Causeway, and not the Giants' Causeway, and every thing connected with it belongs to the giant, and not to the giants. Drummond, on the other hand, to adapt the name to the legend he had adopted, calls it the Giants' Causeway. Not far from the causeway is a huge boulder of lime rock, having the rough outline of a human face, which is called the "giant's head." Near by is a circular cave nearly inclosed with rocks, which bears the name of "the giant's punch bowl," and in the center of the bowl, standing upright in the water, is a massive rock, said to be the muddler with which he mashed his sugar and stirred the punch. There is a black column of basalt, somewhat resembling an old woman, which is called "the giant's granny," who was turned into a rock for having three husbands at one time. There is the giant's organ, the giant's staircase, the giant's gateway, the giant's loom, and many more. The resemblance is often

merely fanciful. The Irish guide, in speaking of the loom, slyly remarked that looms must have been very different in those days from what they are now.

It is true that this legend, which is the one most generally repeated, leaves room for several inquiries, which might seem to invalidate its truthfulness. For instance, it might be asked why the giant built his causeway across to Staffa, which is nearly as far from the mainland of Scotland as Ireland is, and how could the Caledonian get across to Staffa without wetting his feet? Again, the causeway, in stretching across to Staffa, must have crossed the large island of Islay, as well as a part of Mull, either of which would have answered the purpose as well as Staffa. And again, if Fin attempted to make Fingal's Cave the outlet of the causeway, his resources must have failed before the undertaking was accomplished, for he only succeeded in running a few hundred feet into the bowels of Staffa, without any possible egress except by the way he came. But, for any thing we know, the Caledonians may have blocked up the other end of the cave, and, at all events, it is much too late in the day to be asking questions.

The Scotch, on the other hand, have their own account of the matter, which is not liable to quite so many objections, and I presume there will be no objection to the present generation's taking which ever is most readily believed. Fingal's Cave was built by a race of giants as the abode of their chief, Fhinn M'Coul, or the Fingal of Ossian. The bridge was built by these same giants, starting from the very door of Fingal's house, and stretching across to Ireland. The object of the bridge was to facilitate the transportation of troops in those celebrated campaigns which Fingal carried on in Hibernia.

Thus, on both sides of the channel, a number of myths have gathered around these great works of nature, whose very names carry us back to the dim and uncertain ages of the past. The tramp of civilization can never obliterate these legends from the memory of a people, nor remove the charm that hangs about them. All superstition must of necessity die away, but the mythic charm remains. The bard of the nineteenth century clings to the old phraseology:

"O, for those motions only that invite
The ghost of Fingal to his tuneful cave,
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave,
Softly embosoming the timid light!"

THE light of the understanding—humility
kindleth it, but pride extinguishes it.

THE MIND'S DOMINION OVER THE BODY.

"Thou hast a noble guest, O Flesh."—ST. BERNARD.

IT is somewhat remarkable that while materialists are wont to dwell with so much complacency and assurance upon the mind's *dependence* upon the body, it seems never to have occurred to them to consider the mind's *controlling influence* over the body—that they so studiously and disingenuously ignore the equally well-attested controlling power of the sentient principle in man over his physical organization. Nor is this conduct on their part perhaps so very surprising or unaccountable after all. Probably they perceive but too well that a frank admission of all the facts in the case would prove fatal to their doctrine—that many of the phenomena bearing upon the point at issue can not be rationally accounted for upon their hypothesis. How, indeed, can that which is a mere effect so react upon as to control its own cause? Who is conversant with any principle in physics, or with any facts in nature that would warrant any such theory or assumption? Who ever heard of perfume reacting in any such way upon the plant from which it emanates? or of music agitating the very harp-strings that produce it? Are the hands that move over the spaces upon the dial-plate the real occasion of the movement of the machinery within? If mental phenomena of all kinds are really the simple result produced by bodily organization or physical conditions, we would naturally suppose that these phenomena shall be such as may be readily, satisfactorily explained upon the known laws of nature. We would naturally expect that the mind, instead of exerting any considerable influence over the body, would be simply acted upon—be produced, modified, controlled, and ultimately extinguished by the successive conditions of our physical being. But what are the undisputed facts in the case? Is mind thus mere slave of body? Rather is it not absolutely the monarch of the body—often-times forcing it to action, not only against the physical inertia that inheres in matter, but against the strong inclination and obstinate instincts of our moral nature?

THE CASE STATED.

No fact is more certain or more generally acknowledged than that the soul can and does exert a controlling influence over the bodily functions. Who will deny, for instance, that when in a state of health, he directs, governs, determines his own movements, fully controls his own members? The body never moves of

itself. This moves only as the will ordains. Every motion of our members is in response simply to the dictation of the will. The will has power to drive the machinery of this body, and compel it to serve its own purposes, till, indeed, from the very strain to which it is thus subjected it sometimes literally goes to pieces. A boxer aims a blow at his antagonist, he misses his blow, and, in consequence, breaks the bone of his own arm. The mind's action, in that case, upon the muscle of that arm was more than the bone could bear. Thus the late lamented Hugh Miller persisted in driving his over-tasked, exhausted brain long after all labor should have been rigidly foregone, and the result was a premature and violent death. This energy of mind in the muscles, or as brought to bear upon the body generally, is sometimes wonderfully exhibited by the poor emaciated madman. The strong men can not hold him. Thongs and withes are readily snapped asunder. Burdens of immense weight are tossed aside like bagatelles, and yet his muscles themselves are mere threads; so almost superhuman the energy with which the violence of the will, under the frenzy of the brain, has the power to endow those sinews. The influence indeed of the mind in thus energizing, endowing, vitalizing the particles of which our bodies are composed, has been well said by another to have no analogy but in the direct operation of Deity on the universe which He actuates and inhabits.

The influence of the body upon the will may especially be seen in this, that many diseases are said to be produced, aggravated, perpetuated simply by the attention being directed to the disordered parts; while, on the other hand, employment, or such an occupation of the faculties as shall divert the attention from the disease, or the part affected, has often wrought the desired cure. Every one who has had an aching tooth to be extracted, and has long anticipated the charm of the final agony, remembers, no doubt, how instantly, upon the appearance of the operator, and the display of his glittering instruments, all his pain was put incontinently to flight.

But commanding as is the influence, directly or indirectly, of the will upon the bodily functions, this perhaps will hardly surpass, in many important respects, the inexorable sway of our emotions. Hope has often served as a cordial possessing curative properties far surpassing those of any remedies known to the *materia medica*. A few vials of sham medicine, a few boxes of bread pills have very frequently been known to work most astonishing results. Unquestionably the long lists of pseudo-miracles

wrought in times past by royal touch, or at the tombs of saints, are to be accounted for solely upon this principle. Said the writer to a medical friend some time since, who was expatiating upon the almost supreme dependence of the mind upon the body, "You forget, Doctor, that, on the other hand, the direct influence of the mind upon the body is at least equally as great. Do not you yourself medicate the mind of your patient quite as much as the body—knowing very well that unless your sick one be kept in a cheerful, hopeful mood, the effect of your medicine will be practically neutralized, and your patient will continue to sink upon your hands in spite of all your skill?" Concerning the wonderful charm there is in the ministry of hope, another eloquently says: "She supplies to every sufferer a universal and well-authenticated remedy; safer by far than any modern vaunted specific or catholicon, and, what is hardly less important, certainly indefinitely easier to take." Hope! like an angel, thou canst concentrate thy healing virtue in a homeopathic globule, or diffuse it through all the multitudinous baths, douches, and wet bandages of hydropathic establishments. In every stream we behold thy bright face. If we but listen, wherever the breath of heaven visits us we hear thy voice. Enchanted, she smiles and waves her golden hair as she gayly dances before us on the hills and in the valleys. Health and laughter are in all her steps, and while we gaze upon her joyous beauty a blithesome spirit animates our limbs, and the blooming hilarity of her features is reflected from our own.

Instances also abound, and of an exceedingly interesting nature, of the power over many of our bodily functions, of the imagination.

Mr. Charles Babbage, in his second book of reminiscences, under the title of "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," relates the following anecdote of the poet Rogers and himself: "Once at a large dinner-party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass; it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he *actually caught cold*. It so happened that the narrator was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, the former immediately said, 'Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination! When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap,

I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on, and consequently I catch no cold at all.'" This sally, Mr. B. goes on to say, produced much amusement, the company supposing meantime he had improvised it for the occasion. But Mr. Rogers, who knew too well the respect and regard Mr. B. had for him, saw at once that his friend was relating a simple fact, and accordingly joined as cordially in the merriment it excited as any of them.

A very interesting illustration of the power of the imagination upon the health is furnished in the history of one of the novels of Alexander Dumas. The latter was publishing, in a daily Paris paper, a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms are most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Calomien called on him:

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the —?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die in the end?"

"Of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You will have to make her live; you must change the catastrophe."

"I can not."

"Yes, you must, for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply affected, will live, too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy.

About five years afterward, Dumas met Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas," he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes; she is married, and has four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "so we are quits."

Fear wields a powerful influence over the

physical man—is sometimes curative, but oftener destructive of the life-principle. Medical writers assure us that instances are not wanting of gout, asthma, epileptic fits, etc., of an exceedingly obstinate character, being speedily cured by a sudden appeal to the patient's fears. Not long since a medical acquaintance, wishing to try an experiment, said to a young lad who had just accidentally swallowed a penny, "Ah, my son, I am afraid it is all day with you, now." The alarm which immediately seized upon the boy, operated like a powerful cathartic, and very soon the lost penny was forthcoming. Generally, however, fear predisposes to disease. The learned Dr. Moore, in his admirable treatise on the physical aspects of the immortality of the soul, very truly and profoundly observes:

"Many terrible nervous diseases are but the natural disturbance of a bad conscience. Such a course of conduct before God and man as secures approval of heart, will often cure such diseases without the aid of a physician. The cordial of daily duty, properly fulfilled, is the proper remedy. How often have we seen the haggard hypochondriac, both in hut and mansion, cured of all his anomalous maladies by a true view of religion, and by the activity which springs from it! The terrors which haunted his darkened spirit have been dissipated by the true light of heaven; his shaken nerves have been tranquilized, and the peace of faith has brought new brightness to his eye; a pleasant buoyancy has lifted his heart, and a resistless impulse of good-will has diffused a healthful vigor through every fiber and every feature. So powerful, indeed, is the habit of man's faith on his person, that sagacious physicians can often correctly infer the religious state and persuasion from the patient's appearance."

Terror is still more influential on the body. Under its mortal spell the blood leaves the extremities, the countenance becomes livid, the brain excited, the large arteries distended; the heart swells, the eyes start, the muscles become rigid or convulsed, and faintness, and perhaps sudden death ensues. A letter, if you please, or a newspaper is brought by the postman to a man who takes, reads it, trembles, groans, drops down dead. Why? No physical weapon has touched him, no bolt from heaven has scathed him. What has thus suddenly wrought this fatal result? It is purely a mental cause. Fear, or terror, or disappointment, as the case may be, has dealt the fatal blow. A case is on record of a woman who had her gown bitten by a dog; she immediately fancied that she had the hydrophobia, and soon after actually died of symptoms so like canine madness that skill-

ful physicians could not detect the difference. An individual once, on being accosted by half a dozen medical students, and being informed by them that he looked very ill, went directly home and had a fit of sickness. Men have been known to fall dead, shot with nothing but blank cartridges. A criminal is said to have died once from the sheer force of imagination and terror, in consequence of the dripping of warm water from his arm, which he was led to suppose, in his blindfolded condition, to be his own life-blood gradually running away from him. Tradition also informs us that, many years ago, a company of college students, intent upon mischief and fun at whatever expense, seized the university warden, hurried him to an extemporized but fantastic court-room, rushed him through a mock trial, and then, informing him that he had been found guilty of the high misdemeanor with which he had been charged, bade him prepare at once to die. Pretending that he understood perfectly well the joke they were attempting to practice upon him, he told them, though with bated breath and tremulous tones, that he thought they had carried the matter about far enough. They solemnly assured him, however, that there was really no joke about it, as he would very soon have reason to know. Thereupon, while one of their number, wielding a gleaming broad-sword in his hands, made his appearance, others proceeded directly to bind and blindfold him. His head was laid upon the block; the fatal word of command was given. The executioner's blow descended upon his neck—not the blow of the glittering steel, but of a wet towel. It might as well, however, have been really the stroke of the headman's ax. The hilarious burst of laughter which followed this last scene of this murderous farce, was checked in mid-valley by the discovery that the victim of their wild sport was motionless, senseless, dead! There is probably no motion naturally so shattering in its effect upon the physical system as extreme fear. Under the stress of this sensation the physical frame is shaken like a reed in the wind. To be literally "frightened to death" is, as every one who has ever experienced the paralyzing effects of terror or dread can testify, very far from being an impossibility.

Perhaps the most stimulating passion that ever agitates the human breast is anger. This usually rouses the heart, produces a glow all over the body, especially in the face, causes the eye to glare, strengthens the voice, and greatly increases the muscular power. Sometimes, indeed, such is the rush of blood to the heart the latter organ, temporarily, partially

paralyzed, fails to supply the usual amount of blood to the surface, in which case we have pallor, trembling, faintness. But ordinarily, fevered by the rage, the blood rushes with delirium over the burdened brain, the heart for a while beats wildly, and the fierce excitement continues to prevail in the system, till at length every vessel is exhausted, then irritability ceases, every muscle shakes, the whole strength is prostrated. Whereupon, if palsy does not happen, or some bloodvessel rupture, obstinate faintings may ensue, and then convulsions, and then death, and the angry man passes to confront his God face to face. Excessive rage, meantime, may be attended by like fatal results, even though entirely involuntarily on the part of the subject, and, so far as possible, suppressed. The writer is conversant with an instance. The victim had been sorely annoyed and irritated by a wicked and grossly insulting neighbor. The former, however, being a humble Christian, resolutely resolved to "revile not again." These trials of his patience were continued, and they were borne with truly heroic, with literally martyr-like meekness and fortitude. One day, after having received a provocation uncommonly malicious and severe, the poor man, still maintaining his resolution to "open not his mouth," instantly fell dead! Eminent physiologists are of the opinion that rage is capable of generating or secreting a most violent and subtle poison, especially in the saliva. However this may be, it is, I think, a matter of common observation, that anger often so increases the biliary secretion—causes such a suffusion of acrid bile as to give the individual a decidedly jaundiced appearance—a most striking illustration, says another, of the "power of the mind to alter, in a direct manner, the wonderful chemistry of life."

Anxiety also leaves its desolating traces on this fleshly tabernacle. Deferred and fruitless longings are not only sure to make the "heart sick," but tend directly to produce such a marked deterioration of the blood as materially to impair the functions of every organ, and especially the stomach. All have heard, no doubt, of the fatal home-sickness, or *nostalgia*, which was wont to spring up among the Swiss soldiers at the sound of their native music—a disease which the kindest associations failed utterly to cure, without returning to the hills and valleys, the sights and sounds, the domestic enjoyments and familiar delights so endeared to the heart by the strong ties of childhood. This distemper, produced thus by the spirit being so localized, by one's memory being so filled with a sense of what he has loved and lost, that his soul can perceive no joy but in home—this dis-

temper, we say, is indicated, we are told by those who have made its symptoms a study, by "loss of appetite, constant pain in the stomach, difficulty of breathing, paleness of the face and palms of the hands, whiteness of the tongue with inky spots on it, white lips, and an indisposition, if not inability, to move. Then the white of the eye becomes glassy, the skin turns of a glossy color, and cold to the touch, water collects in every part of the body, and except in an erect position the sufferer finds it almost impossible to breathe. The glands then become inflamed, the liver hardened; and the blood, poor, vapid, colorless, no longer stimulates the heart, and death, hence, very soon terminates the scene." What picture more melancholy than that, for instance, of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, actually dying of despair, of cruel suspense—sinking gradually beneath a weight of woe which time could neither subdue nor change. Contemplate also, for a moment, a scene of a somewhat opposite character, yet one no less significant or instructive. It is that of a miser. His gold lies about him in heaps. His hands actually clutch every thing his heart can desire. And yet some demon of anxiety, some cunning fiend sits like a nightmare on his bosom and will not let him sleep, whispering perpetually in his ear of robbers, of destitution. No cordial cheers, no wealth makes him comfortable; he grows thinner and thinner; his limbs totter, and his nerves ache. Though in the home of plenty, he gathers no strength; though the charitable whom he has cheated, and the poor whom his rapacity has oppressed, consent to feed him, he sees nothing but the "gaunt and ghastly" skeleton of famine continually at his door. What is the trouble with this man? What is the nature of this wretched man's affection? His starved and shriveled soul is now avenging herself upon her vile keeper by starving in turn, and shriveling and damning his body.

Grief has a marked influence over these bodily functions, especially the circulation. Prolonged distress of mind invariably produces a great preponderance of the venous over the arterial blood, inducing, hence very naturally, general feebleness. So direct, moreover, is the action of grief upon the heart, that instances have been known where that organ, not indeed in any metaphorical sense, but physically, has actually broken. Next to the heart the stomach suffers from continual mental distress. The appetite fails; digestion is suspended; all the secretions more or less affected; and not seldom pulmonary consumption or disease of the heart, the liver or bowels is induced. We have

all heard of those who have become "gray-haired with anguish in a single night." But this is but a very small part of the bodily evidence of mental agony. From the first starting of the tear, the heaving of the convulsive sigh, the utterance of the wail of agony, to the utter prostration of the physical system, the mind, under the sway of violent grief, has power to shake and completely desolate this frail tabernacle of ours.

And thus we perceive every part of the mortal body testifies to the potency of emotions over the organism of life. An idea, as we have seen, has frequently force enough instantly to prostrate the strongest man, as the lightning rives and blasts the gnarled oak. A word, a look, suffices to consign him, pale, haggard, senseless, helpless to his couch. Do I need to ask what is it that thus rules over and sways the body—that animates the features and causes them in so wonderful a manner to present a living picture of each passion—"revealing in a moment the inmost agitations of the heart, so that the wish that would seek concealment betrays at once, in the vivid eye, its presence, while the blood kindling into crimson discovers the thought which burns along the brow?" Do I need to ask what it is that, "when our feelings are tranquilized, and our thoughts abide with heaven, diffuses such a sweet serenity and rest upon our visage—like the ocean in a calm, reflecting the cloudless glories of the skies"—"this indwelling spirit of power that thus blends our features into unison and harmony; and when in association with those we love, and heart answers to heart, awakes the music breathing from the face?" What is this "unsettled fire" vivifying, energizing this breathing form, imparting life, sensation, motion to all the intricate framework of this body, willing when we act, attending when we perceive, looking into the past when we reflect, and not content with the present, shooting, with all its aims and all its hopes, into the futurity that is ever dawning upon it? Is this, after all, nothing else than some material essence or other? Can it be that this mysterious, subtle force that thus controls, and sways, and sometimes rudely shakes and fatally shatters this material organization, is merely the result of this organization—an emanation from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of the *Æolian* harp? Rather is it not some essentially deathless principle—something purer, diviner, by far, than any Promethean fire—a flame from heaven—

"A spark
Struck from the burning essence of its God?"

KATIE'S INFLUENCE.

A LARGE home-room, beautiful with its soft, bright carpet, its pure walls, its pictures, and books, and flowers every-where, made, if possible, more attractive than usual to-day by the crimson fire that smoldered in the little grate. In a great arm-chair sat Mrs. Richards, a slight, pale woman, evidently a perpetual invalid. Half across the room stood Miss Sadie, the young lady of the house, just now, for lack of other occupation, tapping the window-pane restlessly. The sunlight falls on her face, naturally a bright, refined one, but with now all its beauty spoiled by an expression of listless weariness that seemed inconsistent with her youth and health. For Sadie Richards was only nineteen, and having graduated this Summer, was a young lady at home. But the contrast between busy school-life and her quiet home; between being the belle of the school, flattered and admired to her heart's content, and a daughter deferred to, but by no means the autocrat of the household, had been too much for her nervous system, and she had been half sick ever since her return six weeks ago. Her mother thought she had hurt herself studying; her father judged more truly that three years at a fashionable boarding school had made her home distasteful to her, and that this dissatisfaction was the reason of her present state of mind and body.

"My dear," said the mother's fretful voice, "I wish you would n't do that; it makes my head worse!"

The girl turned away impatiently, too well used to these headaches to think of offering any care. "I wish you would tell me of something to do," she said after a minute's silence.

"There's your fancy work. I wish you would finish those mats; I'm tired of seeing them around."

"So am I," answered Sadie forlornly, "and I do n't mean to get them around for three months. Tell me something else."

"I wish you would finish your things," Mrs. Richards said fretfully. "Can't you practice or read?"

"I'm tired of reading, and it is too cold to practice in that gloomy north room. I wish the piano could be moved out here."

"The boys will wheel it out for you this noon. Is n't there any one you can go and see? Can't you walk?"

"I hate walking alone. Fanny Grey has gone back to school and Bell is visiting, you know." The two named did not exhaust her list of friends, but they were the only ones she cared for.

"Well," said the mother fretfully, "there is stitching here to do, and I wish you would fill the vases. They have been empty two days."

Sadie glanced at the brackets where the empty vases were, stood irresolute a moment, then went out into the large south garden glowing with the vivid bloom of Autumn flowers. She filled her hands with heliotrope and geranium, gorgeous dahlias, gladioli, verbena, and phlox—wandering on idly, finding refreshment in the soft sunshine and wind. Suddenly she stopped. From the house across the street she heard a girl singing,

"Not for gold or precious stones,
Would I change my mountain home."

A voice, clear and sweet as a bell, with a certain pure, sympathetic quality that atoned for any lack of culture, Sadie, loving music passionately, fairly held her breath as the song went on. When it ceased and there began instead "Rock of Ages," she went in. She did not like hymns.

"Did you hear her, mother?" real interest lighting up her weary face. "Has n't she a lovely voice? Without training she sings better than Mary Eaton. Who is she?"

"I do n't know. The family moved in last Spring. There are two or three children, but I never heard of a young lady before."

"A visitor possibly. Have you ever called, mamma?"

"I've never been able. You might if you would like. She is a lady, I should say. The father works in the mills."

Miss Sadie's face fell. "A day laborer! Of course I could not call, though I should really like to know her. She sings finely, and—there she is, mamma!"

And refined, elegant Sadie actually peeped through the blinds at the new neighbor.

A slight, well-made figure, a face more remarkable for its sunny expression than for beauty, a step that for grace and lightness could not have been surpassed—that was what she saw. Her suit and hat were both an early Spring style, Sadie saw in a moment, but—

"She looks like a lady, does n't she, in spite of that old-fashioned suit. Now I never look stylish in any thing six months old."

Her mother smiled at the half-forlorn tone. "I never knew you wished to, Sarah. But now, really, had n't you better call?"

The girl looked after the retreating figure half regretfully as she shook her head. "We know nothing about her, mamma, and if she stays it might be unpleasant when Flora Gordon comes."

"I wish, my dear, you would n't quote Miss Gordon so much. I shall be glad when she

comes, so that I may see if she is such a piece of perfection."

"O indeed, mamma," roused into animation to defend her friend, "her manners are perfect, absolutely perfect, and she dresses so beautifully! But I'm beginning to despair of her ever coming. They are just home from the springs, and she writes that they expect such a gay Winter she can't come before Spring."

And Sadie sighed at the recollection of her school-friend, remembering the gay month she had spent with her just after her graduation; a month given up to pleasure, as they called it—consisting chiefly in dressing and flirting—which seemed like to have spoiled her for all simpler pleasures. Sadie had envied her friend her fashionable home, and the brilliant society she was to enter that Winter. It had made her quiet life very distasteful, and her discontent had grown stronger with every one of Flora's letters—filled full of fashion, and flirting, and frivolity. Indeed, her chief pleasures since her return had been to answer those letters, and the days when they were received and acknowledged were to her the brightest in the week.

After dinner that day Sadie asked to have the piano moved. Her father and brother Ned did it, and the latter said as he gave his corner a final push,

"Now play for us, Sadie; none of your stupid stuff, but something jolly—real joy, you know."

"Do n't use slang, Ned. I do n't know what you mean. This is all I can play now."

And she went through a long piece, one-half of which answered her brother's requirements, and the other was voted a bore.

"I wish Sarah sang," said her father as she finished.

"There's a girl across the street can sing, papa," said Sadie wheeling round on the stool. "Do you know who she is?"

"Thorne's niece," spoke up master Ned. "Mrs. Thorne has been sick, and she has come to take care of her."

"I should like to know how you found out, sir?" said Mr. Richards, smiling; "she only came two days ago."

"Heard her sing and asked little Fred. She's pretty, too, I think. I wish you'd get acquainted with her, Sadie," and Ned took himself off.

Miss Sadie was rather disposed to ignore her brother's wish; but when, after an hour's practice, her mother begged her to stop as it hurt her head, when the stitching she took up bothered her, and the new book her father had brought her proved dull, she began to think a change would be pleasant. The beautiful day

tempted her out, and the voice singing so gayly over the way seemed to point the direction of her walk. "It is n't here as it is in the city," she thought; "she may not be here when Flora comes, and it will do no harm to be polite. If I do n't like her she's easily dropped."

So she put on her pretty Fall suit and crossed the street. The young lady herself opened the door, looking very pretty in her calico, though the flour on the front showed the work she had left. The introduction which Sadie had dreaded a little was over almost before she had time to think, and she was sitting in the little parlor hearing the same silver, sweet voice that had so charmed her in the morning. Uttered by those tones the merest commonplaces would have been charming in a certain degree, and Sadie never stopped to think of any fresh grace of expression or thought that made their discussion of the weather so pleasant.

"You sing, do you not?" she said after a little glancing at the small old-fashioned melodeon in the corner.

"A little. Do you like music?"

"Very much. I heard you this morning. Do you know what a lovely voice you have?" Sadie went on, hardly knowing what she was saying. "I fairly envy you. I should like so much to hear you now."

"I'm glad you like my singing," Kate said simply as she sat down. "It relieves me from the fear of not pleasing you," and then she sang two or three songs, and would have given more if Sadie had not been ashamed to ask more, for simple Kate Thorne, so long as she gave pleasure, was willing to use her voice a great deal.

It was a long call. Once launched into conversation the girls talked as if they had known each other for years. Once interrupting one of Kate's sentences came a feeble call from the room adjoining.

"Aunt is better now," Kate said as she returned from the call, "but she is still quite weak and a little fretful."

"Do you like taking care of the sick?" Sadie asked, remembering how she hated her mother's bad days.

"Not very much. I'm not a natural nurse, I suppose. But I have done a good deal of it, and have found that, like some other things, it is pleasant if you only think so."

On the table lay some beautiful sewing. Sadie glancing at it said, "Do n't you use a machine? I think hand sewing so tiresome."

"It is, rather. I sometimes wish aunty were n't so prejudiced against machine work. I have one at home, but aunty insists that all her sewing shall be done by hand."

Sadie, conscious that if she were doing some one else's sewing she would not treat a prejudice so tenderly, said nothing, only looked at the girl before her and wondered in what her charm lay. Not certainly in her face, unless it might be her eyes—brown, deep, luminous, with a certain serenity and peace in them that made them very beautiful. It was that and the voice, she thought, as, after urgent invitations for her to visit her, she went home.

"How bright you look, dear," her mother said as she came in. "Did you enjoy your call? You have been gone a long time."

"She's real nice, mamma. I can't think where she learned her manners, for she says she lives on a farm twenty miles from here, and has never been from home except to this uncle. I should n't think it very nice to visit to take care of a sick aunt and two or three children, but she seems perfectly happy. And she has read a good deal, I should think. I am to lend her some books. I hope she will call soon."

"Really," laughed her mother, "you have fallen in love with this little country girl."

"She is making an Autumn wreath, mother—the prettiest thing I ever saw. She says I can find beautiful leaves and mosses in the woods two miles from here, and she will show me how."

"You could n't walk that far, dear."

"O yes, mamma, with her. Do you know she made me forget all about myself—being tired and sick, I mean; made me feel as if it were wicked to grumble when I have so, so many blessings."

Mrs. Richards said nothing, and Sadie began humming over one of Katie's songs as she sat down at the machine with the piece of work that had bothered her so before her call. She did not know why Katie's unconscious influence had rebuked her selfish idleness; why she felt like helping her mother that afternoon—like reading and playing to her father that evening. When she went to her room she heard from over the way children's voices singing the old, old,

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,"

Katie's voice sustaining the children's trio. Half unconsciously she opened her Bible, for the first time in weeks, and reading, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep herself unspotted from the world," wondered if that was the secret of Katie's happiness.

Ten days later, one lovely morning, the girls started together for a day in the woods. In a

small village one gets acquainted easily, and the liking between these two girls being mutual, they already felt as if they were mutual friends. Kate had been told of Sadie's school, with, however, somewhat brief mention of Flora Gordon, for, as Sadie confessed, fashion seemed out of place with Miss Thorne; and Kate had told her friend of her home, her brothers, and her invalid sister Alice. In her heart Sadie thought the life Kate pictured must be very disagreeable, and wondered how she could endure it.

Mrs. Richards had humored her daughter's fancy by calling on Mrs. Thorne, and had promised to repeat the visit to-day lest the sick woman should be lonely. So, their dinner in their basket, the girls were off for a day in the woods. It was the first real holiday Kate Thorne had had for months, and her keen enjoyment doubled Sadie's pleasure. She acknowledged that day that there were beauties beyond the city, and, to herself, that the brightest, merriest day in Gordon Place was not equal to this.

Just at sunset they started home. Wandering along carelessly, stopping often to gather fresh leaves and flowers, they spied some rare moss just at the roots of an old tree that bent over a deep ravine. In an instant Kate had seized a branch, swung herself down, and secured the treasure. But, with it in her hand, she could not so easily climb up, and while she tried suddenly the branch broke, and she half fell, half rolled to the bottom of the ravine. Sadie screamed in terror, but Kate picked herself up, smiling, though, with her bruises, she felt more like crying. "I must try again," she said. "Bend down that long grape-vine." In spite of her self-control a sharp cry escaped her as she gained the bank.

"I've hurt my foot in some way; I can't stand on it." After an examination, "I think it is sprained."

Sadie stood helpless and bewildered till Kate said, "You will have to go home for help. There is no house on the way where there are horses except Brown's, and they are away. You're not afraid to go alone?"

"No; but you—it may be two hours before I'm back, and there's no house in half a mile. Are n't you afraid?"

"There's no help for it if I am," answered Kate calmly. "No, I am in my Father's hands, and what have I to fear?"

Her tone and manner were the farthest remove from any thing sentimental, and it struck Sadie's ear with strange force. In another moment she was speeding down the road. The two miles were gone over in an incredibly short time, and in little more than an hour she was

back with the carriage. Ned lifted her in carefully; but little was said on the ride, for the fast-increasing pain made all her self-control necessary to keep silence. Welcome was the light of home and her uncle's cheery voice as he carried her into the house.

When Sadie rose the next morning her first thought was Kate. "I'll carry over Mrs. Browning to her," she said to herself as she dressed, "and some of those beautiful peaches. It must be dreadfully stupid to be lame." But when she entered the little sitting-room, there was Kate sitting by the window, her foot wrapped up on a stool, and before her a table heaped with the spoils of yesterday. The room was already put into its usual order, a small maiden of six giving it the last touches under Kate's direction.

"I have begun already, you see," she said brightly. "I concluded that our plans must be changed and we work over here—that is, if you need my help."

"O, I want you, and, besides, I meant to come and stay with you. I thought you would be lonely."

"I am hardly ever that, but I'm glad you came. Now the bird, Allie," to the little girl; and she saw master Dick disposed of before she turned to Sadie. "I should n't care for this accident but for the work. Aunt is n't strong enough, and Allie can do so little. Uncle is to try and find a girl for a week, but I doubt if he can."

"You may engage me if you like," said Sadie, half in jest, half in earnest. "I think I would suit."

Kate looked at her soft, white hands with a comical smile. "It's baking day to-day. Are you perfect in bread, and cake, and pies?"

"I've made bread once or twice," rather doubtful, "and cake, of course. Yes, I think I might venture."

And Kate, secretly in despair at the work, despite her cheerful face, was fain to accept Sadie's assistance. So the girl rolled up her sleeves, took off her rings, tied on a great apron, and went into the kitchen. They had a merry morning, and Sadie forgot all about her supposed illness as she kneaded bread and stirred cake, listening to Kate's merry talk all the while. The mornings that followed were like it. "Sadie is getting well," said the mother. "Sadie is growing contented," said the father; and their delight in the improvement was mutual. It was so odd for the idle girl to work for others, so pleasant a change, that she felt like doing it all the while, and her home was made brighter than it had been for months.

"Kate is converting her," said Mr. Richards one night.

Mrs. Richards started. "My dear, you forget that Sarah joined the Church two years ago."

"I know it; but she is learning the alphabet of Christian life from Kate. I do n't think she quite knew how to go to work before."

A month later Sadie brought her mother a letter from Flora Gordon. That lady's sister was to be married in a month; to have six bridesmaids, and wanted Sadie to be one. Would she come to New York for a fortnight or more? And then followed plans of gayety bright enough to have turned older heads.

"You want to go, of course, dear," sighed Mrs. Richards, for her daughter had been so much pleasanter a companion in the last month that she dreaded to lose her.

"If you and papa are willing, and he can afford it."

Six months before Sadie would not have mentioned the latter clause of her sentence.

"I must have some things."

"Yes, two dresses will be enough, won't it? And your traveling expenses, gloves, and hat; and, of course, you must make the bride a present. Sixty or seventy dollars will cover it."

"For a fortnight's pleasure! It won't pay, mamma."

"If you wish to go your father will be willing. You need some recreation, perhaps. It's rather dull here."

"Not now, ma; and I'm afraid that if I take so much Frank will have to lose his tool-chest. I do n't think I had better."

"You know best, dear."

"I should like to, ma, but there's one thing I should like to do better. Katie goes home next week, and has asked me to go with her. I think—I do n't know as I should like it better, but I'm sure it would be better for me."

So Sadie went to learn, by watching Katie's quiet, busy life, new lessons of hope, and patience, and peace. There was the grandmother, who thought Kate still a child, and treated her as one; there was her father, her two brothers, and the hired men, rough, vulgar men, Sadie thought them, to be seen to; there was the large house, the work of the family, all to be done by Katie's hands, with what little help she could get from an untrained Irish girl; there was, lastly, the invalid sister, Alice Thorne, who needed the most careful attention most of the time. Sadie could only wonder at Katie's cheerfulness and patience, and never-wearying care for those around her. The house in itself was a rude, dreary place. But one room, Alice's, Kate's hands had converted into a wonder of

cozy comfort. The carpet was only rag, made by her, the walls had been papered, the curtains made and hung, the pictures—taken from magazines chiefly—framed, by the same busy hands. But the deep windows were beautiful with flowers, a bird sang in one, and in the other a vine, dropping from a shell, was climbing over the little book-case that held Kate's choicest treasures. There were easy chairs and lounges, and when a faint fire flickered in the little grate, and the great house dog curled himself up on the mat, and Alice's serene face was there, Sadie thought the room the most beautiful in the world.

For five years Alice Thorne had rarely left this room; yet the smile on her face came from the heart, and was no mere martyr-like assumption of complacency in her lot. One day, as the two sat together hearing Kate sing, Alice said, not complainingly,

"Five years ago I had such a voice, and an uncle promised me a musical education. I had the fairest prospects then—and now I am here."

"And you do not murmur?" asked Sadie in wonder.

"Sometimes. It seems to me as if it would have been so much better to have had my way, but I can't tell. I do n't suppose my illness was meant for nothing, though I can't see why it is. I am glad to live even as I am, because it is His will."

"Glad!" Sadie wondered what it could be, and there flashed into her mind a verse she had heard the day before: "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Was there any joy in such service, any strength in this helpless waiting?

"Kate," said Sadie that night, "if I were in your place I should be perfectly miserable, and where I am I'm not happy. I wish you would tell me your secret. If I had your voice I should so want to study and be a singer. Don't you ever?"

"Sometimes; but if I can't, why, I can't. And living is pleasant always."

"But I want so many things. Do n't you ever long for impossibilities? Just this bare, quiet life seems to me so insipid. Are you always content in it?"

"No," said Kate honestly, "but then I'm healthy and strong, and have so much to be thankful for, that I try not to think of a happier life here. Sometimes I get so restless, but then Ally teaches me quiet. Do you know the day you first came to see me, I was so discontented! I had had a glimpse of your careless, easy life, and it made my work seem so hard. But I sang the mood off."

"And it was your singing that first made me

want to know you. And, do you know, you've taught me a great deal."

"I am glad of it," said Katie. "Shall I tell you how I cure myself when I have the blues? You say you do n't like the place God has put you, and neither do I mine entirely. But I think, if some one I loved very dearly asked me to do it, to give up my own will for his, I should do it gladly. And surely I can venture as much for Christ, who knows every thing, and loves more than any earthly friend. We know he is true; that all his ways are just and right, what question is there of our duty?"

"I think if I had some great object it would be easy to live," said Sadie, "but every thing is so small and commonplace."

"I never like to hunt for aims. Let them come to us. There is work always, and you know 'the purpose makes the hero.' If we live each day as if it were the whole of life, isn't that all that is needed? I learned my lesson two years ago from Ally, and knew then that no life is useless or small in God's plan. If we do n't understand the plan, it's just the same. 'It may be grand to doubt; it is grander to believe.'"

Do you want a long-drawn moral? It was the unconscious influence of Kate's purity, and strength, and cheerfulness, that had made Sadie Richards long to be like her. It was that continued influence, that, under God, turned her from a careless, cold-hearted member, into an earnest Christian; like Katie in helpfulness, in brightness, in blessing at home and abroad.

JERUSALEM IN THE YEAR NINE B. C.

IN the year nine B. C., the people of Palestine and Syria awaited with feverish suspense the issue of a terrible tragedy. Mariamne, the beloved and noble wife of Herod, descended from the royal house of the Maccabees, had already fallen a victim to his gloomy suspicions. Insidious intriguers had then succeeded in rendering him distrustful of the two sons which his basely assassinated consort had borne to him, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were the joy and pride of the people, and whom their enemies now accused of being intent on murdering their father. Herod had intimidated a tribunal at Berytus so much that the judges had passed sentence of death on the two young men without seeing or hearing them. Every body asked if a father really could cause his own sons, and, moreover, two sons so noble, and doubtless entirely innocent, to be executed. We place ourselves in the midst of that time of anxious

suspense, and unroll the picture of a day in Jerusalem as it was at that period.

It is a working-day in *Sivan*, the month answering to our June. The starlight night of the cloudless sky has given place to the twilight, which sets in very early, and lasts a long time. The two squads of the temple guard, bearing torches, have met in front of the cell where the bread-offering of the high-priest is baked, and shouted to one another that every thing is in readiness. The priests who were allowed to sleep last night have risen, bathed, and donned their official robes. In the square cell, one half of which was used as a hall where the Synedrium used to meet, the offices of the dawning day have been allotted. The brass basin, which was under water all night long, has been drawn up, and the priests have washed their hands and feet in it. Suddenly the first morning bells resound over the city lying below; priests blow their trumpets, whose ringing notes, owing to the stillness of the morning, are audible throughout the upper and lower, the old and new city.

The Levites, in obedience to the orders of the captain of the gate-keepers, open all the gates of the Temple. The preparations for the morning service, the most important feature of which was the daily sacrifice of a lamb, begin. The altar of the burnt-offering is cleaned; the billets of wood piled up on the embers gradually catch fire; the musicians fetch their instruments, and take them out of their cases; the guards are relieved, and the Levites and priests who were on duty yesterday are dismissed. All this is done by torchlight. Meanwhile the captain attentively looks for the break of day. He sends a few priests to the roof of the Temple. When the morning sky has grown light enough that Hebron, lying south-east of Jerusalem in the mountains, can be discerned, they shout out, "*Barka! ad Chebron*," ("It is light as far as Hebron,") and in a moment are heard the following shouts: "Priests, to your service! Levites, to your *pulpôt*! Israelites, to your stand!" The last shout was destined for the representatives of the whole people, who served for a week as assistants at the offerings, and passed the night at the Temple.

Meanwhile the people in the city and its environs begin likewise to stir. Military signals resound at Antonia castle. Underneath the cedars of the Mount of Olives open the booths of Beth-Hini. In Temple-street, running from the place in front of the castle along the western wall of Mount Moriah, we see cattle-dealers and brokers hurriedly precede the visitors of the Temple to the Temple bazar in the court-yard

of the heathens. Those who wish to attend the morning service repair from the upper city by the Xystus gate, from the new city by the market gate, and by other routes, to the ascent of Mount Moriah. The largest crowd is to be seen on the bridge connecting the Xystus terrace with the district of the Temple. Here and there a person stands still and looks to the left, toward the magnificent structure of the theater, or toward the Tyropoeon on the other side, or down the gorge of the cheesemakers, in order to breathe, instead of the city air, the country air wafted over from the balmy district of the dairies.

But not all of the worshipers go up to the Temple to say their morning prayers, for there are hundreds of synagogues in Jerusalem. The two aristocratic men yonder, who wear a Greek costume and converse in Greek, enter the synagogue of the Alexandrians. The respectable citizen there, who carries under his arm the prayer cloak and the *tefillin* wrapped up in it, goes to the synagogue of the coppersmiths, where he has rented a pew, while the lady yonder, with her hair so carefully arranged by a hair-dresser, and a bouquet of roses in her hand, does not want to hide her beautiful morning toilet behind the women's grate of a synagogue, but hastens with a swinging step toward the Temple in order to exhibit herself in the court-yard of the women. The worshipers disperse in the most opposite directions; most of them look grave and anxious, and whenever two of them walk side by side, and converse with one another, they look around with visible timidity. A venerable old man, with white hair and a long silver beard, murmurs, on passing over the place in front of the Theater, "I thank thee, my God, and God of my fathers, that thou hast assigned me a place among those who sit in the schools and synagogues, and not among those who prefer visiting the theater and circus!" His wife, who walks by his side, or rather a step behind him, says, in a low voice, "Amen!" and looks with tearful eyes to the tower of Mariamne on the left, murmuring, "Thou hast happily passed away; it is good that thou didst not live to see this day, noble Mariamne!"

The sun meanwhile has risen, and the hour of the regular morning prayer, when the sacrifice is performed at the Temple, is at hand. The Pharisee yonder, who has allowed the hour of prayer to overtake him on the street, suddenly slackens his gait, and lays the *tefillin* with their large capsules round his head. The laborer who, with his basket, happens to be in the crown of a fruit-tree, ceases gathering, and performs his morning devotions in his natural

temple amid the branches. Every body prays. Only in Herod's palace there still reigns profound silence. The tyrant is still asleep, and his courtiers walk on tiptoe. The people prays, and couples with its loud prayers prayers for deliverance from the tyrant and for the preservation of Alexander and Aristobulus, the noble sons of the murdered Mariamne. Even the government of a Herod, however, is not mean enough not to have on its side a large number of hirelings and parasites, such as the court-baker, the court-perfumer, etc.

After the morning service, and even already before it is over in the Temple and synagogues, there reigns the liveliest bustle on the large market of the lower new city. But the reader must not imagine that this market was a square with a court-house in the middle, for the court-house of Jerusalem lay on the Xystus terrace; the lower market, on the contrary, was a long and broad street, such as, in modern cities, we call Broadway or Main-street. Stores, booths, and stands lined both sides of the street; here are for sale fine bread and cakes made of Ephraïmic wheat, which hucksters are buying to sell it again at an advance in the more remote parts of the town; fig-pies and raisin-pies, at which a poor little girl, who, instead of earrings, wears only wooden pegs in her ear-laps, looks so wistfully; all sorts of fish from Lake Tiberias, which rivet the attention of those young students who are on their way to the high-school founded by Simeon Ben Shetach; all sorts of trinkets and ornaments, even false teeth with gold and silver wire, wherewith they are to be fastened. Here somebody extols his *dibs*, that is to say, grape sirup; there another dealer recommends his prime Egyptian lentils; still another has caraway seeds for sale, and turns his pepper-mill. Wherever there are no buyers to be seen, the mechanics, whose trade permits it, have established their workshops in the street, and labor so industriously that they even do not interrupt themselves by rising when a *hillel* or another scribe passes by. Here a shoemaker fastens the upper-leather to the sole of a sandal; there a tailor adds handsome trimmings to a fine prayer-cloak; and there an armorer hammers the hilt of a sword made of Syrian iron. In the more deserted and shady by-streets, such as Butcher-street and Woolcomber-street, still larger numbers of mechanics are at work in the street; some persons even break flax there. The market presents a more and more animated appearance. Buyers, sellers, and idlers flock to it from all quarters. Day-laborers stand on the corners, at the market-gate below, and above at the junction of the streets leading to the

northern gate and the gate of the tower of the women. One of them is hired by a man; but his employer says to him, "Bread and peas—that is all you will get to eat at my house. At the market gate yonder—that is to say, in the middle of the most active part of the city—are to be seen the shrewd donkey-drivers, one of whom is fortunate enough to be selected to convey a bedstead and other furniture, together with the indispensable flutes, to Bethany, for a wedding which is to take place there in a day or two. Here is a crowd through which hardly any body is able to elbow his way without hearing impertinent remarks. A grave and thoughtful man of sickly appearance hastens past. "I am sure that man has had a bad dream," says one of the donkey-drivers; "to which of the twenty-four soothsayers are you going?" A barber elbows his way through the crowd. "Good morning, Mr. Barber-Surgeon," shout to him several drivers; "how is business?" "I will bleed you a hundred times for a sus" (five cents), he replies. A corpulent scribe with a bloated face rudely pushes aside an old woman standing in his way. "Old man, old man," she cries scornfully, "how red your face looks! You are either a wine-bibber, or a pawnbroker, or a hog-breeder."

Let us go by the market gate across the lower city, and we reach by the gate of the tower of the Maccabees, inclosing it, the open field close to the sepulcher of the High-Priest John, and by the Gennoth gate to the upper market between the old palace of the Maccabean kings, and Herod's palace, surpassing even the Temple in splendor and gorgeous magnificence. The scene is quite animated here too, but the bustle is by no means as lively as at the lower market. Here every thing is more quiet and aristocratic. This is the seat of those mechanics of the industrial city whom King Herod especially patronizes and protects. Here predominate also the productions of sculptors, skillful horticulturists, etc. Here a goldsmith exhibits a *terpole*, that is to say, a grape-vine artistically wrought out of precious metals, and by his side a potter displays his white and black earthenware; there the sweetest Jerusalem figs, raised at the rose-garden which is manured with blood flowing from the Temple. The old man yonder, dressed entirely in white, and whose feet are incased in shoes which a poor man, if he should find them in the street, would not pick up, is an Essene. He looks about inquiringly, in order to find somebody that might show him the way to the house of the Superior of his sect. The heat of the day becomes very oppressive, and old and young folks crowd around the large cistern

in the middle of the market. From time to time the crowd falls back in dismay to open a passage for one of the dreaded officers of King Herod; and the buyers step aside even when one of the royal eunuchs approaches. But a young Galilean, who has spread a square linen blanket on the ground, and placed on it a large amphora filled with Lebanon oil, and a gigantic watermelon beside it, gazes with a gay and rather defiant expression at the motley crowd manifesting so much cowardice and submissiveness. "Where do you come from?" said to him a trembling little man, with a very thin beard, to whom he gives some oil in a hollow clay egg which serves him as a measure. "I am from the city," he exclaims, "lying, like a free bird, on the crest of a mountain!" He refers to Sepphoris. Seeing, among the passers-by, a man who has drawn through one of his ear-laps red and blue threads, and through the other green and yellow ones, that are to show that he is a dyer, and how skillful he is, the young Galilean burst into loud laughter at this very singular advertisement, and says to the stranger, "Master Tobias, can you dye red (*adom*) white?" This was an allusion to Herod the Edomite. One of Herod's police-spies hastens to the market-guard, and when, soon after, two soldiers order the young Galilean to follow them, he resists them with such herculean strength that they are unable to move him from the spot. A large crowd assembles around the group; the soldiers get frightened, owing to the sudden concourse of people so close to the royal palace, and, while one of them scuffles with the Galilean, the other runs his sword through the offender's body. The Galilean, shouting, "The Lord will visit you in wrath, daughter of Edom, and uncover thy sins!" falls to the ground, and his blood mingles with the Lebanon oil of his amphora, which has been broken into a thousand pieces.

Outbursts of indignation at the brutality of the soldiers and the infamy of the betrayer, outbursts of despair at their ignominiously shackled liberty, outbursts of grief at the infamous assassination of the young martyr of freedom, rend the air; but, as if by a magician's wand, the furious cries suddenly give place to a profound silence in consequence of the discovery, which passes immediately from mouth to mouth, that there is approaching a man who had just emerged from the Gennoth gate, and with a light, scarcely audible step, turning his searching glances in every direction, and holding a very neat case in his hand, walks across the market-place. His costume is that of an Alexandrian, rather than that of an inhabitant of Jerusalem;

his hair is black, but it seems to have been dyed; his fingers are covered with sparkling rings. Upon passing the stand of a scribe who keeps for sale *tefillin* and all sorts of parchments with verses destined to exorcise evil spirits, he casts a glance on them and exclaims, "Why, you rival *Diophantes*!" Such was the name of the scribe who had forged a letter purporting to have been written by Alexander, the now imprisoned son of Herod and Mariamne, to the commander of the fortress of Alexandria, whom he asked in it to receive him and surrender the fortress to him as soon as he had made away with his father. "You do me too much honor," replies the old scribe, highly indignant at the comparison. The dreaded man directs his step toward the densest part of the crowd. It opened a passage, and the bloody corpse of the young Galilean became visible. Unmoved by the heart-rending spectacle, he exclaims in a shrill and disagreeable voice, "Friends, you act in accordance with the proverb, 'Where the ox falls, there are many butchers.'"

This man was Tryphon, the King's barber, who intended to ingratiate himself to-day more than ever with his royal master by dint of intrigues and cunning tricks. An honest old soldier named Teron, grieved so much at the fate of Alexander and Aristobulus that he almost went mad. He ran about like a lunatic, and called Heaven to witness that truth and right were trampled under foot. At length he gave vent to his indignation in the presence of Herod himself, and told the King the names of his numerous sympathizers in the army. It was easy to foresee the consequences. He was now imprisoned in a dungeon of Antonia Castle, with his son, who was a friend of Prince Alexander. "I can not injure or serve these two men any more," said Tryphon to himself; "hence I believe I am at liberty to turn to account the misfortunes which their imprudence has brought upon them." So saying he entered the portal of the palace, in order to ascend the magnificent marble staircase leading to the high platform of the royal palace, where he hoped now, between ten and eleven, or as they said at that period, between five and six, to find the King; for last night a banquet of a hundred covers had been held at one of the large dining-rooms of the palace, in honor of Nicholas of Damascus; and the guests had continued their carousal to an advanced hour of the night, and called down the wrath of Heaven upon all the enemies of King Herod.

The Sivan sun grows more and more intolerable. The crowds at both market-places disperse. We are likewise thirsty and somewhat

hungry. What will we drink? Median, or, rather, Babylonian beer, or Egyptian zythum, or domestic cider? We need not ask for an *ush-piza*—landlord—who keeps these beverages. We saw on Woolcombers'-street large jars standing in front of a house on the sunny side. They contain wine, which is to ferment in the sun. We enter the house, and, in order to add to our knowledge of the country, even in eating, ask if we can get a dish of locusts, whether baked in flour or honey, or merely salted. How crowded and noisy it is here! Before the landlord answers our question in the affirmative, a coppersmith, whom we recognize as such by his large leathern apron, holds out his goblet of wine to us and exclaims, "Fools! to eat without drinking is to consume one's own blood." A soldier joins us, and saying, "The strangers seem to be scholars," he clinks glasses with the coppersmith, and then he shouts in a deafening voice, "*Chamra wechaje lefoum rabbannan wethalmidehon*;" that is to say, "I drink to the health of these scholars and their pupils." "O you *chamor*"—ass—exclaims another, "what do you know about scholars? 'Either the book or the sword,' as the old saying is." Two more quiet guests, playing at *nerdskir*—something like backgammon—offer us seats beside them. The noise in the sooty room grows more and more deafening. We are not long in discovering that the despotism of the government has divided even the lowest class of the people into Herodians and Liberals. "What about Aleph and Aleph?" asks one of the guests, alluding to Alexander and Aristobulus. "Blockhead," replies his neighbor, smiting his face, "Silence is the best spice." "Who was the young fellow at the upper market?" asked another. "*Afra lofuma de Ijob*"—"Dust into Job's mouth," that is to say, Hush up your impudent mouth—says a tanner to him. "What, you miserable swamp-plant," he replies, "you want to silence me?" "Go on, go on," says the tanner, "your invectives will not hurt me; a myrtle remains a myrtle, even under a pile of rubbish." No bold words are allowed to be uttered, for the walls have ears. But when a strong Herodian sneezes in the trumpet-tone of a crocodile, the whole unprincipled crowd shouts, "*Ias, ias!*" *Prosit, prosit!*

The sun has meanwhile reached the zenith. The white marble of the palaces reflects the vertical rays of the sun in a dazzling manner. The Temple floats over the city like a flood of light. We can not bear to look upward, either toward the Temple or the Antonia Castle, or toward the city of David with the three towers of the Herodian palace. The streets are

deserted, and the stillness is broken only here by a water-carrier, and there by a man who praises in a deafening voice his Idumean vinegar—made from wine to which barley has been added. Laborers and muleteers lie down in the shade and dip their bread in a sort of milk-sop called Babylonian *cuthach*. At the dyeing-house yonder, people proceed in a somewhat more aristocratic style; the journeymen eat a soup made from small pieces of onion and roast meat, and sip to it *zouman*, water mixed with bran. On the table of the goldsmith stands a large jug of wine, and a vessel with an Egyptian palm-sieve through which the wine is filtered, and all around juicy fruits, to be eaten as the second course of the repast.

The day is sultry, but still sultrier is the spirit of the people, a rumor having spread like wild-fire through the city, that King Herod has flown again into a towering passion, and sworn to put to death hundreds of those of whom he is afraid. Some relate that they have seen Tryphon, as he was led across the palace-place by four soldiers, who seemed to have him in custody. "Yes," said one of them, "I was in the Temple at the second hour of prayer, and when I came down Temple-street and reached the palace-place, I saw that the iron gate closed, and Tryphon, hanging his head despairingly, was driven by the soldiers over the bridge of the Antonia gorge toward the palace gate." These reports were but too true: Herod's favorite had hoped to ingratiate himself still more with his royal master by revealing a secret to him. He had shaved the King, and then left the room. He had then paced a long time, struggling with his conflicting emotions, the alleys surrounding the place in front of the palace. At length he had made up his mind, returned to the King, and falsely told him that Teron, the old soldier, who was already in prison, owing to his attachment to Alexander and Aristobulus, had often tried to persuade him to cut the King's throat with his razor; and, in that event, promised him Alexander's special favor and liberal rewards. "I thank you for your sincerity," replied the King, who believed to be true all falsehoods of this description, especially when they concerned his slandered sons. But, after brooding over the disclosure for a long time, he started up and cried like a beast, rather than a man, so that a violent shudder ran through Tryphon's frame, "He often tried to persuade you, then, to murder me, and it was not till to-day that you told me about it? You lent that dog a willing ear all the time, and laid treacherous plans with him? I suppose you were not quite satisfied

with the reward which you were to receive for bleeding me?" Tryphon was about to reply, but the King thrust the door open and shouted, "Arrest him and take him to Antonia Castle, and tell the commander that he is an accomplice of Teron and his son!" So Tryphon was taken to a dungeon, and while the mechanics of Jerusalem rested a little in the noonday heat, the torturers were at work in Castle Antonia, and the clerks noted down the statements made by the tortured culprits.

We need not look in Jerusalem for sympathy for Tryphon, whose lies had driven so many happy families to despair. But, if we were at liberty to enter the houses, we should hear every-where anxiety and pity for Mariamne's two sons, now uttered timidly—for mutual distrust had seized even the members of common families—now declared in fearless and defiant tone.

It is now about three in the afternoon. A large concourse of people, principally composed of young persons, approaches hurriedly in the direction of the northern gate, and other persons hasten forward in an opposite direction. Many ask what is going on. Others reply that a Bicurim procession is at the northern gate. Bicurim are the first-fruits of agriculture, which were sacred to the Lord, and had to be deposited in the Temple. The country was divided into twenty-four districts. Those who were to bring the first-fruits to Jerusalem assembled at the district town, where they did not go to a tavern, but passed the night in the open air in order to be ready as soon as the supervisor of the district shouted, "Let us go up to Zion, to the house of our Lord God!" Such a Bicurim procession had now arrived at the northern gate, and waited there till its arrival had been announced in the Temple; meanwhile the first-fruits were tastefully arranged and the finest specimens laid conspicuously around the others. Already the delegates of the Temple came to meet the procession. They are the substitutes of the priests and Levites on duty, and the treasures of the sanctuary. Already the sweet notes of flutes are heard from afar. A more charming interruption of the gloomy mood to which Jerusalem is to-day a prey can not be imagined. The scene strengthens the national feelings of the Israelites, which had been kept down by the King's tyranny; and we feel that this spectacle agrees better with the peculiarities of the people than the Greek music and theater, the struggles of the gladiators, and the bloody scenes of the circus, which Herod has introduced in Jerusalem. The new-comers, who live at no great distance from the city, bring in

golden, or silver, or willow baskets, fresh figs, and, although it is only toward the close of June, already fresh grapes. Those who come from a greater distance bring dried figs and other fruits; and on the baskets hang pigeons, destined for the burnt-offerings. A steer, which is to become the common thanksgiving offering, heads the procession; its horns are gilt, and a wreath of olive branches surmounts its head. It is a long procession that now enters Jerusalem amid the sweet notes of the flutes. The deputation from the Temple, which is to receive the numerous new-comers in the most solemn manner, is for that reason likewise very numerous. The question whence the new-comers have arrived has already been answered: they are from Sebaste, the old city of Samaria. Whenever the procession passes mechanics working in the street or in the hall-ways of the houses, they rise reverentially and shout, "*Achenu anshe Sebaste batthem leshalom!*"—"Dear brethren, men from Sebaste, welcome!"

Upon reaching Mount Moriah the strangers take their baskets from their shoulders. As soon as they enter the court-yard of the men the Levites intone the Psalm, "I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." The pigeons, hanging on the baskets, are used for burnt-offerings, and the fruits are given to the priests; the strangers repeating the words which Moses had ordered to be spoken at the offering of the first-fruits. All this is done between five and six in the afternoon. A large concourse of men, women, and children has followed them to the Temple, and crowds around them when they leave it. Relatives and friends take their acquaintances home, and the rest of the strangers are overwhelmed with offers of hospitality.

And when the men now sit at the supper-tables of their hosts, or repose on their cushions, all of them ask, "What about Mariamne's sons?" One replies, "They are still imprisoned at the Sidonian village of Platane." "No," says another, "they are confined in a far stronger jail; they have been removed from Platane to Tyre; but you, men of Jerusalem, tell us what the King is going to do with them?" "He will put them to death," says the host, "and then build two towers in honor of them." "He never loved them," adds his wife, "for he hates whosoever is better than he; I saw him every now and then walking with the two princes; they were much taller than he, but they bowed their heads lest he should think he was not at least as tall as they." A rabbi, who was likewise at the table, thought that, being a pupil of Hillel, whom Herod had highly honored, he

must defend the King. "Fie," said they to him, "if thou hast entered God's career, don his garb!" (If you study theology, practice charity and love!) And when they then related in a tone of bitterness what a mustache day—the barbers of Jerusalem called a bad day a "mustache day"—Tryphon had had to-day, and that Teron and his son, owing to Tryphon's atrocious falsehoods, had been cruelly tortured till they had falsely accused themselves, and that no doubt hundreds of persons would be executed on the morrow, the stranger from Thirza exclaimed, "I shall be glad to get out of the holy city, this den of murderers!" And when he returns to his native town, what mournful news will meet him there! Alexander and Aristobulus have meanwhile been taken from Tyre to Sebaste and strangled there. In Jerusalem a great deal of blood was shed in the following days. The task of sweeping the streets was a horrible one. The King had told the people at the theater that the captains of his soldiers and Tryphon were traitors. The populace of Jerusalem, now that its vindictiveness against the captains, most of whom were very unpopular, was unchained, acted with unheard-of brutality. Three hundred officers were slain, mostly with clubs or stones. Teron, too, was killed. But pious persons prayed, here in the stillness of the closet, and there in the corner of a synagogue, or in the darkness of an arched vault, for the speedy appearance of the Messiah, that an end might be put to this bloody tyranny and these infamous orgies. Yes, this atmosphere needs a thorough purification, impregnated with the sickening perfumes of voluptuousness, the reeking blood of the victims of injustice, and the smoke of the burnt and bread offerings. And this purification is close at hand: when Jesus of Nazareth a few years hence will emerge from the iron gate of Antonia Castle, and carry his cross along the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha, the hour of Herod, the hour of redemption, has struck.

It is pleasant to say to all the brotherhood and sisterhood of ugliness and lameness, that there is every reason to believe that there is no such thing in heaven as a one-legged or club-footed soul—no such thing as an ugly or misshapen soul—no such thing as a blind or deaf soul—no such thing as a soul with tainted blood in its veins; and that out of these imperfect bodies will spring spirits of consummate perfection and angelic beauty—a beauty chastened and enriched by the humiliations that were visited upon their earthly habitations.

CHANGE.

THE grapes are purple on the vines ;
The ripened peach falls from the trees ;
The sun through misty vapors shines ;
While happy birds and murmurous bees
Drop music on the wandering breeze,
No more, no more.

The grasses wear a faded look ;
The violets died long, long ago ;
The river bright and glancing brook,
With sad and gentle whisperings flow,
And roses in the sunshine glow
No more, no more.

The cricket and the katydid,
That told their love in merriest tone,
Beneath the velvet grasses hid,
From out their pleasant haunts have blown,
Since Summer sits upon her throne,
No more, no more.

Each leaf that quivered in the air,
Through all the splendor of the days,
Now listless drops as if some care
Had changed the sweetness of its ways,
And in the mellow sunshine plays
No more, no more.

There rests o'er all the azure sky
A chastened look of tenderness,
Like those who 've watched some loved one die,
Yet learned the chastening hand to bless,
E'en while they felt love's warm caress,
No more, no more.

O Summer-time, sweet Summer-time,
Too soon we 've seen thy beauty fade ;
Scarce had thy mourning bells' soft chime,
O'er the glad earth their music made,
Till Summer comes, sad voices said,
No more, no more.

So youth departs, and love and hope,
And the sweet Summer of the soul ;
While o'er each fair and sunny slope,
The wint'ry floods of sorrow roll,
But peace is ours if heaven 's our goal,
Once more, once more.

ANGEL VISITS.

AN angel came once to our humble dwelling,
But with his presence brought no song of joy ;
Our tuneless hearts with bitter grief were swelling,
For O he came to claim my baby boy.

It seemed my heart-strings must be rent asunder,
Till the good Shepherd spoke and calmed my mind ;
So when the angel bore my lamb up yonder,
I dried my tears and strove to be resigned.

He came again, my heart was almost broken,
He claimed my precious, blue-eyed little girl ;
And left me in remembrance not a token,
Save her dear memory and one little curl.

And yet I did not say that God was dealing
Too hardly with me, for I knew the hand
That chastened me, my simple soul was healing,
And making meet to share the better land.

Once more he came, my heart nigh ceased its motion,
When his grim shadow o'er the threshold fell ;
He took my babe—I drank the bitter potion,
Then bowed my head and whispered, "It is well."

Ah yes, 't is well, nor would I call them hither,
My precious ones so early lost and blest ;
I know they 're waiting just across the river
To welcome me to their bright home of rest.

He 'll come again, O why should I be fearful
To hear his sandaled footsteps on the floor ;
I 'd yield a dear one, though my eyes were tearful,
Then count another waiting on the shore.

It may be my poor form he next will sever
From the loved ones that bless my happy home ;
Then would my Savior help me o'er the river,
And give to me a blood-washed robe and crown.

HOME.

O HOME is a cheering word,
The light of a golden star,
Gilding the gloom of the stranger's heart,
Guiding his thoughts like a swift-wing'd bird,
When waiteth the lov'd afar.

It rings in the exile's breast,
The harp of a thousand strings ;
Tenderly swaying affections deep,
Ever it murmurs with fond unrest
Of dear, old familiar things.

'T is heard in the streamlet's flow,
And all through the twilight dim,
The soft winds whisper of home, dear home,
Bringing its music so sweet and low,
Its sighs and its prayers for him.

In sunny lands bright with flowers,
Midst treasures of ages past,
The traveler lingers to cull rich gems,
But to the meek roses of childhood's bowers
His lonely heart turns at last.

O home is a garden sweet,
The soil of our kindred ties,
Whose twining roots nourish the truant vines,
And ever the absent in spirit meet,
In a love which all change defies.

But Time's dark, erasive hand,
Brings shadows and sure decay ;
He lays in the dust earth's beloved abodes,
Their tenants go down to the silent land :
Thus ever we pass away.

Not so with the Christian's home,
Where changes and tears are o'er,
And time's mournful dirges will never ring,
Where the spirit shall dwell in eternal bloom
On that beautiful upland shore.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON.
A STORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE RETURN.

AMID war and war's uproar, five years had passed since my little son John's death, and nearly seven since Valentine went away. It was July, in the year 1639.

The beautiful Spring had come again, but all over the land was misery and ruin. Only fifty citizens, mostly widowed and childless, had the pestilence spared in Sommerhausen. Since that time war and famine, fire and sword, had not ceased to rage. Many houses stood empty; of others, only the blackened walls remained, and grass grew in the streets. The fruit-trees, which had once surrounded the town, were hewn down and burnt, the fields lay waste, and weeds overran the vineyards, for hands failed to cultivate the land. The country roads were infested by soldiers and by robbers, who lay every-where in ambush. If one man met another he would slink away in terror; and if, perhaps, only a hare or fox sprang from the hedge he would run, trembling as if it were an enemy.

Upon the evening of a warm, delightful day, the full moon, from a cloudless sky, looked down into my solitary chamber. From the hazel hedge outside my garden wall sang a night-ingale, whose sweet tones for many evenings had delighted my heart; but, upon the street, all was silent as the grave. Suddenly I heard the house-door open, and a heavy step ascend the stairs. Hearing the click of spurs, I supposed that some soldier came seeking quarters, and thought I would go down to appease Fidelis, the warder's dog, as, since the death of his old master, he always attacked soldiers. I hastily opened the door, and stepped out with a light. But the dog was coming up the stairs with the soldier. He did not bark, but snuffed, and sprang around the stranger as if delighted to see him. The stranger was a tall man in the uniform of a cavalry soldier. He was unarmed, but bore a little bundle in his hand.

When he had mounted the stairs, and stood before me, he drew a deep breath, and said: "God bless you, dearest father! I am Valentine!"

My God, could it be possible! Before me, the widowed, childless man, stood a being who belonged to me, the son and living image of my departed Margaretha, the child whom I had mourned as lost, whose name was the last upon his dying mother's lips!

As I gazed at him, the son of my youth, the past, with all its joys and sorrows, again became

alive. Fear and hope, anguish and delight, by turns overmastered me, as I heard the deep, musical voice of my son, and looked into the face so familiar, and yet so strange. I could not speak, and only by great effort I kept from falling to the floor.

My son came slowly to my side, took from the table the Bible in which I had just been reading, and pointed to this passage in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke:

"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Then he lifted his sorrowful face to mine, and I found strength to whisper:

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Then I took him in my arms, embraced, and kissed him.

"Where is my mother?" he asked.

"She is dead," I answered.

"And Regina and Ottilie?"

"Dead, my son."

"And my little brother John?"

"He too is dead."

"And the quarter-master?" he asked after a long pause.

"Dead also, my son."

"Dead—all dead!" he repeated mournfully. "I have indeed been very long away! I am weary, very weary, my father."

He spoke in a strange, hollow tone that went to my heart, and, for the first time, I looked steadily in his face. His beautiful brown hair fell over his shoulders, and his features, as of old, might have served as models for the sculptor's chisel, but his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheeks had a hectic glow, which came and went, leaving them at intervals colorless as marble. His breathing was quick as in a fever.

"Valentine, my child," I asked, "how has it gone with you since you left home?"

"Well, my father," he replied. "I went away with a sound body, I come back with a healed soul. I am not yet home, but I am going—very soon. The prodigal has returned to his earthly father, but not to tarry. He will soon be called to his Heavenly Father's house."

My son said this with a voice so solemn that, for a long time, I could not bring my heart to answer a word. At length I said, "Are you ill, Valentine?"

"Very ill, and very weary, my father," he replied. "I have made my last journey in this world, and now I must rest. Show me my bed, tell me that you have forgiven me even as my Father in heaven has done, then take and read the manuscript that lies at the bottom of my bundle. It is a letter which I wrote while lying

sick at Wertheim, never expecting to see you again. It contains all I could tell you, had I the strength. I can speak no more. I am very, very weak."

I spoke a few comforting words to him, and then led him to the little chamber he had occupied when a child. After commending his soul and body to God, in prayer, I left him, and went to seek the letter. The bundle contained some linen, the musket-ball, found within his cuirass at the battle of Nordlingen, carefully wrapped in paper, and his discharge from the celebrated Gordonian regiment of dragoons. Last of all I found the letter. It was sealed with black, and had this superscription:

"To Ulric Gast, Schoolmaster at Sommerhausen, or his wife, Margaretha neé Späthin."

"He into whose hands this letter may fall is implored, for the love of Christ, and for the sake of deeply afflicted parents, to forward it immediately."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LETTER.

Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

About to leave this world, I now bid adieu to you, my dear father and mother. I hoped to see you face to face, and to beg your forgiveness for all the sorrow I have brought upon your declining years. But God, in his infinite wisdom, wills otherwise. When you receive this letter weep not, but bless and praise the Lord for his forbearance and loving-kindness to sinful men.

I was not a thief and a traitor. How I became so in your eyes, and those of the world, you shall hear. One Saturday evening, while I sat drinking and playing with the gamekeeper, he beguiled from me my secret, which was that, upon the following day, I was to accompany the quarter-master to Würzburg, and we were there to be paid a thousand thalers. The wine had stolen away my senses, so that I knew not what I said or did. The moment the words had passed my lips my reason returned, and, in great terror, I begged the gamekeeper not to betray my secret. He solemnly promised that he would not. But this very evening a stranger entered the tavern. He was recognized by none but the gamekeeper, who soon informed me that he was Captain Paradeiser in disguise.

The Captain had not been long in the room before he turned to me, and said that he and his men would lie in ambush, and take the money from the quarter-master as he rode through the fir woods, and we three would divide it among ourselves. Then I knew that the Captain had betrayed me. I was horrified at this proposal of the Captain's. I called the

gamekeeper a vile traitor, and the Captain a thief and a villain. The Captain became white with rage, and would have attacked me, but the gamekeeper restrained him, and laughing, said, "He was only in sport, brother." I at length believed this.

On that morning, when old Guy and Karl Mundlein were killed, and the castle plundered, when my conscience accused me of being the cause of their death, and I was almost beside myself with anguish, the man from Erlach came, bringing Paradeiser's message, and as I was looking around for you, dear father, resolved to tell you all, suddenly the gamekeeper stood before me and advised me to fly. If I remained, he said, I should only bring you new shame and sorrow, for no man would believe in my innocence; least of all the quarter-master. I could join the Captain, and by serving in the army wipe out this disgrace.

He appeared to speak the truth, and I followed his bad counsel. The gamekeeper conducted me to the Captain's retreat in the woods. Paradeiser received me with a derisive laugh, but the gamekeeper bade me be of good courage. He said that he would make my case appear in the best light to the people, and if, in a few years, I came home a lieutenant or a colonel, not a whisper of the old story would be heard.

The gamekeeper then went away; but the Captain's servant afterward told me that, on that very day, he was found dead. He said, also, that the Captain and his men had followed him. As they returned soon after, and the Captain had in his possession a purse of gold which had been the gamekeeper's, and doubtless contained his share of the thousand thalers, there could be no doubt that Paradeiser or his men had committed the murder. How this may be I do not know.

Very sad at heart, I now went to join Paradeiser's band of soldiers in the fir-wood. As the Swedish army lay near, we were obliged to be very cautious in our movements; that night we were to lie concealed in the woods. A fire had been made in a great ditch, and there we halted. My comrades were merry enough, but I sat by the fire, silent and depressed.

"How does a soldier's life please you?" asked the Captain. "Lying on the ground and gazing up at the stars is n't quite so pleasant as sitting behind a decanter and playing cards, I confess. But cheer up, lad. It will not always be like this. Soldiering has changes enough."

I replied that I cared little for personal discomfort, but it grieved me to be looked upon as a traitor in Sommerhausen, and thus to

disgrace my father's honorable name. I added that he well knew the villain was not I.

"Stop your whining," was his reply. "I don't want these melancholy fellows in my company."

"It is well you do not want me," I replied, "for I have decided either to go back to Sommerhausen and confess the whole truth, or to enlist in the Swedish army, where it would be a greater honor to serve, than to steal with a gang of thieves like you."

At this the Captain burst into a loud laugh, and said, mockingly, "You have decided to go back to Sommerhausen or to join the Swedes? You are, indeed, an unsophisticated youth! Why, you milk-sop, you poor little quill-driver, do you not know that you are my prey—a dove who has fallen into the clutches of the hawk? Look at me! If one gives me a finger he belongs to me, body and soul. Now, Sir Secretary, get up and put some wood on that fire!" Then he kicked me.

I was beside myself with rage, and knew not what I did. I threw the villain upon the ground, and beat him upon the head with a stone. The men then seized me and released the Captain, who sprang upon me, threw me down, and stamped upon me. After venting his rage in this manner he ordered me to be bound, declaring that I should be hung to-morrow. I was now bound hand and foot, and thrown into the ditch in mire and water, where I must remain till morning. Although the cords were so tightly drawn around me that I could not move a limb, one of the soldiers was ordered to climb a high tree and keep guard over me. The others lay down and slept.

No sleep came to my eyes. But amid all the cold despair and hours of that night, when almost every sense was benumbed, one thought was uppermost in my soul—that thought was revenge. I felt that I would gladly die, if I could first take the life of my deadly enemy.

As I lay there brooding over this thought, some one came softly creeping to my side. "I will cut your cords," a voice whispered, "and then we will flee together to the Swedish camp. We are not more than half an hour's distance from Kitzingen. Answer quickly, but speak softly."

By the moonlight I recognized Paradeiser's servant.

"I thank you for your kindness," I replied, "and will gladly fly with you to the Swedes. But, after you have cut the cords, lend me your knife a moment, that I may plunge it to the heart of the villain who has brought all this misery upon me."

"Then remain in your ditch and be hung to-morrow morning," said the boy.

And he would not set me free till I had sworn to go quietly away with him. Then he cut the cords, and we escaped without waking the guard. In half an hour we reached Kitzingen, and concealed ourselves in a vineyard till dawn, when we presented ourselves to the Swedish camp. We were cordially received by the commandant, an affable, friendly man, who finding that I could use the musket, but would prefer to enlist in the cavalry, took me into his own regiment of dragoons, which was accounted one of the best in the army. His men being drilled both to the use of the sword and the musket, illustrated the old proverb, "If dragoon falls from his horse, a musketeer rises." The same day we went to Nürnberg, where the whole army was assembling. Here I lost all trace of the boy to whom I owed my life. I never saw him again.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LETTER CONTINUED.

Proudly and exultingly, I who had always longed to be a soldier, began my soldier's life, little dreaming how mournfully it would end. Our regiment was composed of young recruits from Sweden and Finland. They were the sons of respectable people, mostly farmers and fishermen, and their habits were the same as those of the first Swedish soldiers who came to Sommerhausen. They sang their hymn morning and evening, and never sat down to eat without first asking God's blessing upon their food. These pious habits made them the derision of the other soldiers. Our regiment was every day exercised in shooting, fencing, and riding. Our head-quarters were in a mill. One of these new recruits, a noble Christian youth, Olufsohn by name, was very kind and friendly to me, but I preferred the society of those wild fellows who had been a long time in the army, and had come to regard neither God nor man. With them I smoked, and drank, and played.

As Olufsohn one day remonstrated with me, I asked him why he had joined the army if he preferred to be a bigot, and how he thought such a pious fellow was going to get along as a soldier. He replied that he had not come as an adventurer, but his old mother had sent him to fight for his king, and he would try to do his duty, leaving the rest with God.

Now there were among us many who had run away from their parents, but not one who had come by their express desire, and so all made sport of Olufsohn because he had declared that he had been sent by his mother. They used to

ask him if she had given him his pap-spoon to take along, and did not now and then send him pennies to buy milk with, but all these jests he received with the greatest indifference.

The Swedish king having raised the siege of the Friedlander's camp, on the 8th of September, 1564, withdrew to Neustadt with nearly his whole army, but he left behind him in Nürnberg five thousand horse and three hundred foot soldiers. Among those left behind was our regiment of dragoons. After the departure of the king, we suffered greatly for want of provisions. As a natural consequence, fever and other diseases followed, and great numbers died. But I, thanks to my vigorous constitution, remained in good health.

After a while the Friedlanders withdrew, and we received orders to follow the king, who had withdrawn to Donauworth. Here I was for the first time under fire. Gustavus Adolphus had taken this little town in the Spring, but the officer placed in command had, in the most cowardly manner, surrendered it to the enemy. Several of our regiments had taken part in the Spring siege, and all said it would be bloody work to retake the town, which had already cost us many lives.

After our preparations for the siege were ended, we gathered at evening around the camp fires, spurring up our courage after the usual manner of godless soldiers. A soldier of our regiment bought a cask of wine, which he opened, and we went to feasting and drinking.

"Drink, comrades," cried a corporal, "for this is the last wine many of you will ever get."

Then many voices joined in a bacchanalian song.

I drank like the others, and joined in the blasphemous singing. May God forgive me! When, at midnight, I went to my tent, a light was burning there, and near it sat Olufsohn. He had by him his weapons nicely cleaned and polished, and was so absorbed in reading from a little book that he did not notice my entrance. I asked him how he had passed the hours of my absence. He replied, "In reading, and praying, and thinking of my mother."

"What are you now reading?" I asked.

"The Psalter," he answered, "and in it I find many words of wonderful comfort and encouragement to the soldier who bears the sword in a holy cause."

"You would have done better if you had been with us," I said. "Then you would have gained new courage, and could go to the battle to-morrow joyfully as to a dance. Really this is no time for praying, and making the heart heavy with serious thoughts."

But, at these words, Olufsohn shook his head, saying that he hoped also to do his duty. Then he bade me a cheerful good-night, and lay down to rest.

By four o'clock the next morning we were mounted and posted in a thicket. The whole of the preceding day and night had been occupied by some of our soldiers in building a bridge. During the day the king had ordered a great smoke to be made by burning pitch and other combustible substances, so that the enemy could not see our work. The pillars were driven into the stream and about half the planks laid, when morning dawned, revealing all to the enemy. Then the Bavarians began a cross-fire upon the bridge, and we saw several soldiers, who were laying the planks, fall into the water. The enemy also opened a murderous fire upon the thicket in which we were concealed, and, from the cracking of the trees, one would have thought that a hundred wood-cutters were at work. Here and there a man fell from his horse or was struck by the falling trees and branches. The horses snorted, reared, and were with difficulty restrained from breaking away. The king had commanded us to hold the wood till the bridge was built, and we were determined to do so at all hazards.

But it seemed impossible that the bridge could be built. Scarce did a man set foot upon it ere he was shot down. Only three planks were needed to make the bridge passable, but no soldier could be found to undertake a work which had proved death to so many. In this emergency a corporal came riding into the wood and said, "His Majesty demands if among the dragoons in this wood there is not one who will volunteer to lay those three remaining planks? He will give twenty rix thalers to each volunteer." All cried out, "What good will the money do a man after he is dead? Who is going to rush into the jaws of death for twenty thalers?" "Will no one volunteer?" asked the corporal.

"I," said Olufsohn. "And I also," cried one of the Finlanders. Olufsohn, who was near me, dismounted, and would have given me his horse to hold, but I thought, "What you can do so can I," and springing from my horse, I said, "I am the third." So we went to the king, who greeted us very cordially. We then, under a murderous fire, rushed over the bridge with the planks, and made them fast. We did this very quickly, and just as we had finished, the Finlander fell, shot through the heart. Olufsohn's hat was shot from his head, but I remained unharmed.

Now, our whole regiment was ordered to pass

over the bridge, and many lost their lives. The corporal was the first to die. His horse, hit by a shot, reared, and fell backward with him into the stream. "He goes into hell wetter and colder than he thought yesterday," said one who had an old grudge against him, because he had been made corporal instead of himself. But Olufsohn said, "God have mercy on his soul!" Meantime, the rest of our soldiers had taken the Bavarian intrenchments. At this the enemy lost heart, and gave up the little town into our hands.

The following day the king held a review, and when he came to our regiment he asked for the two dragoons still surviving from the three who had volunteered to finish the bridge, and ordered them to step forward. Olufsohn and I did so, and he spoke very kindly to us. He asked me to what country I belonged, and handed me the promised twenty rix thalers. Then turning to Olufsohn, he offered him the same reward, but Olufsohn said, "I do not want the money. I have only done my duty as a soldier of the king, but my comrade, the Finnlander who was killed, was from the same village as I, and has there an aged father and seven younger brothers and sisters. These are very poor, and I implore your Majesty to send the money to them, if such may be your sovereign pleasure.

"It shall be as you wish, my son," said the king, giving the young man an approving smile, "and to these twenty thalers I will add twenty more. You appear to be a soldier of the right stamp. Here, Colonel, let him succeed to the place of the corporal yesterday killed in your regiment."

So Olufsohn was now our corporal. A large share of my twenty rix thalers went to buy me a magnificent collar. With the rest I treated my comrades to wine. While they drank, they praised me as another knightly St. George, declaring that I should have been corporal instead of Olufsohn, and assuring me that I could not possibly remain long without the promotion I had so richly earned. As I listened, I thought that in time I should be sure to rise higher than Olufsohn.

Still I could not dislike the new corporal, who was kind to me as ever, and declared that he had done no more to deserve promotion than I.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LETTER CONTINUED.

As I had won so much praise in my first fight I resolved to do great things in future. That I should soon become an officer I did not doubt. I resolved that when this happened I would write you a letter, dear parents, explaining all

to your satisfaction and that of the quartermaster, and proving that your Valentine was not a disgrace but an honor to his family. Day and night this thought was uppermost in my mind.

I panted for renown. To achieve my heart's desire there was no sacrifice I would not make, no peril I would not dare. A hero's life or a hero's glorious death should be mine. I did not pray to the Lord for his help or his blessing; and yet I often felt uneasy when I contrasted Olufsohn's sentiments and habits with my own. I saw that he looked upon his warlike profession as a Christian duty, and that the great bravery he at all times displayed, arose from his firm religious faith. He bore the sword to honor God, and served God by the faithful discharge of every duty.

He was far happier than I. He could think of his old mother with an untroubled conscience, and when he read her letters he could feel that her confidence in him was not misplaced. But I, the prodigal son, had no right to expect the honor of men or the blessing of God.

Yet I made myself magnificent by my shining weapons and scarlet hose, like those worn by the highest officers. I adorned my horse with the gayest trappings, surpassed all in shooting, riding, and fencing, and listened with delight when my comrades called me another St. George, and swore that I should soon be a captain.

I was not at Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus, the great Christian hero, breathed out his noble life. To my intense sorrow our regiment had only been engaged in one small skirmish, but we were soon to take part in the great and bloody battle of Nordlingen.

Upon the morning of this battle, by command of General Horn, prayer was offered and the hymn sung, commencing,

"Despise not, Lord, this little band."

This hymn the king had composed, and had caused it to be sung at Leipsic. Although I had myself become a godless man, as I listened to the prayer and the hymn, I could but recall the words of Holy Writ, "This people draweth near me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." The king had often lamented that God's fear, reverence, and worship had departed from the army since so many foreigners had enlisted. At Nürnberg he had for this cause shed bitter tears in the presence of all the people. After the death of Gustavus Adolphus, as is well known, things grew worse and worse.

The battle raged terribly. Our soldiers were giving way on all sides, one outpost after another being taken by the enemy. Our regiment,

which stood in the rear, became engaged at length. Though the tide was turning against us, our men fought with the most desperate bravery. Eight of our dragoons, myself among them, were posted on a little hill, somewhat removed from the thickest of the fight. We had been ordered to conceal ourselves there behind some bushes and watch the progress of the battle. Olufsohn was placed in command.

The roar of muskets and artillery, the clashing of swords, the crashing of pikes, the groans of the wounded, combined with the sound of trumpets, drums, and pipes, made a loud uproar—a horrible discord. In breathless suspense we remained at our post, longing to plunge into the thick of the battle. Soon they brought to us the wounded; horses with empty saddles came rushing by, baggage-wagons rumbled past, and we saw that our men, though contesting every inch of ground, were being driven back. As, pressed by the enemy, they came nearer and nearer, we saw the color-bearer of our regiment fall, and one of the emperor's soldiers seize the flag from his hand and raise it aloft.

Several of our men, with a great outcry, rushed after him, but he turned quickly and ran for his own army. In his flight he approached us, not being aware of our presence. A trembling seized me when I saw him come near. Now I hoped to do a great deed, and to win honor in sight of the whole regiment. But Olufsohn was calm and motionless as a marble statue. The soldier with the flag passed us as I had hoped. Olufsohn and I gave the spur to our horses at the same moment, and before our comrades knew what we had in mind, we were in the midst of the enemy. Olufsohn struck the color-bearer upon the head, and I grasped after the flag; but just as I reached out my hand an imperial soldier came up behind Olufsohn, raised his sword, and in another moment would have cleaved my comrade's skull.

For an instant I was tempted to leave Olufsohn to his fate and only seek to rescue the flag; but it was only for a moment. I could not be so base as to thus treat one who had shown me so much love and kindness; so I turned and felled the assailant to the earth. Two other soldiers now attacked me. One shot at me, and I felt a severe pain in my breast; the other stabbed my horse and he fell with me to the earth.

I had fallen beneath the horse, and before I again stood upon my feet all was over. Our comrades had come to our rescue, and the enemy had fled. Olufsohn stood near, flushed with his exertions to free me from the horse. His face was bloody from a slight wound, but

he had rescued the flag and it was lying near him. As I saw this I could not refrain from tears. Olufsohn thinking I was troubled for the loss of my horse, said, "Be consoled, brother, I have a horse for you when we get to our regiment; but, best of all, we have the flag, and although God has suffered our army to be put to flight, let us praise his gracious name for this one mercy." He then loosened my vest, and we found that the ball had struck just over the heart, pressing against the flesh and causing great pain, but inflicting no wound.

I was in despair. My horse was dead, my foot much injured by the fall, the enemy was approaching, and I advised Olufsohn to fly. "I am the most unlucky person in the world," I said, "and would much rather die than live." My comrade would not listen to this, but lifted me upon his horse. Then removing the flag from its staff he wrapped it around him, and we rode quickly away. That night a peasant, who knew Olufsohn, at the peril of his life, concealed us from the enemy and gave us food and drink. The next day we reached our regiment in safety.

Those of our men who remained after this disastrous battle were much depressed in spirit. As we rode up the Colonel said, "Ah, Olufsohn, is that you? God be thanked that I see another brave soldier alive. But, my son, the flag is lost—the flag which her Majesty, Queen Christina, gave us with her own hand when we embarked at Calmar for this unblest war. How can we ever again enter the presence of our loyal mistress?"

"Be of good courage, Herr Colonel," said Olufsohn. "It is not so bad as you think. Our noble Queen has embroidered a beautiful motto upon our banner, 'God with us;' and God nerved the arm of my comrade and myself to rescue the lost jewel." Then he unwrapped the flag and raised it high over his head.

When the Colonel saw the precious flag he kissed and embraced Olufsohn and said, "Ericksohn, who once bore this flag, is killed, and I know of no one more worthy to bear and to defend it than you. Good luck to our standard-bearer!"

Olufsohn said that I, his German comrade, had also risked life and limb to rescue this flag, and was equally deserving of reward with himself. But after the Colonel had heard him relate all, just as it had happened, he said to me, "You are a right brave soldier, my son, and if you go on as you have begun, you will not long remain unrewarded. But this time the fortune of war was with Olufsohn, and he must be recompensed as I have said."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LETTER CONTINUED.

Now I began to be at variance with God and man, and plunged ever deeper into my wild life. When I had money I squandered it in gaming and drinking; when it was gone I often suffered from bitter want. Now I would despise war because I had won no promotion; now an insatiate thirst for martial glory would goad me on to risk all its attainment. One day I would be what my comrades called the prince of good fellows; the next so discontented and misanthropic as to shun the society of all.

Olufsohn's good advice fell upon a heedless ear. I avoided his company and yet I could not dislike him, for I saw that he was my true friend, while my other comrades were only friendly to my face. A third time, from the success of Olufsohn and my own failure, I was to learn that disaster follows the godless, even when he dreams that the prize for which he has struggled is just within his grasp.

After the fortunes of war had taken us up and down the length and breadth of Germany, our regiment was at length joined to the command of Duke Bernhard Von Weimar. On the 9th of August, 1638, we stood before the little village of Wittenweyer, in Bregau, opposed to the imperial and Bavarian forces under Count von Gotz and the Duke of Savelli. A few days before our regiment had won great praise at the village of Freisenheim, by surprising the imperial guard and capturing a lieutenant and eight cavalry soldiers. Upon the morning of the 10th the Duke held religious services in the camp, and then drew up his soldiers in line of battle. Our war-cry was, "God with us;" but with the French and our other foreign allies, who could not speak German, it was "Emmanuel." That of the imperial soldiers was "Ferdinand!"

Before the battle had raged long our right wing was driven back.

We withdrew, slowly at first, but as the enemy pressed closely upon us our retreat ended in a rapid flight to our main body. On the flight we came to a wide and deep brook with steep banks, which at this place flows into the Rhine. This brook was swollen by recent rains. Over it a stone bridge led, at whose entrance was an ancient tower of great strength. In this tower a small body of French infantry was posted. When they saw us flying toward the bridge they were alarmed, and abandoned the tower, so as to be first across the stream, and were already out of sight. If this tower were not held by our forces, the enemy would take it and prevent our reserves from passing the bridge.

When Major-General Taupadel found the tower deserted he was very angry at the cowardly French soldiers, and cried, in a loud voice, "This tower must be held if it costs our last man." Olufsohn wounded, and so weakened from loss of blood that he could scarcely sit upon his horse, was near the General, and I was holding the bridle of my comrade's horse.

"Olufsohn," said the General, "you are a brave man. Throw yourself with twenty men into this tower, and for God's sake hold it till our reserves are united to the main body across the bridge, otherwise all is lost!"

"Most cheerfully will I obey your command," replied Olufsohn. "Comrades, who of you will join me?" he cried, and endeavored to dismount from his horse. When the General remarked his wounded condition, he said, "No, no, standard-bearer, you are not fit for this service. Take care of your wounds at once, or the Duke will lose one of his bravest soldiers."

The enemy pressed nearer, and loud above the tumult we heard their rallying cry, "Ferdinand! Ferdinand!" and the General cried out: "If there is no officer here who will take command of this tower I will do it myself."

"That must not be," said Olufsohn. "There may be no officer who will do this service, but here is my friend and comrade, Valentine Gast. Give him twenty of ours, and, upon the word of a Swedish soldier, you can find no man in the whole army who will do his duty better."

"Ho, dragoon," said the General, "I noticed your bravery yesterday, when your regiment surprised the imperial guards. Would you be an officer? There is the tower. Hold it only half an hour, till our scattered forces cross the bridge, and, upon my word and honor, you shall to-morrow have command of a company. Thirty thalers to every man who will volunteer to help Gast hold the tower! Obey his commands as if he were myself."

Instantly twenty men sprang from their horses, and rushed up into the tower. We threw off our hats, placed our muskets at the port-holes, and awaited the enemy. Then our comrades passed on over the bridge, Olufsohn waving his hand, and bidding me be of good courage.

I felt the strength of a thousand men in my single arm. As I heard the imperial trumpets sounding, and saw their troops advancing, I could have shouted for joy. My heart beat high with the thought that the goal of all my hopes and longings was close at hand. "God with us, comrades," I cried. "A life of glory or an honorable death!"

"A life of glory or an honorable death!" echoed every voice, none dreaming of retreat.

In a moment the imperial forces were upon us. When they found the tower closed, and muskets pointing from every port-hole, their leader cried: "You scoundrels, we offer you quarter if you will give up the tower. But hasten, or you will all be put to the sword."

"And we offer you, you cowardly rascals, powder and shot, and the edge of the sword! Fire, comrades!" I shouted in return.

We fired, and the captain and several of the men fell from their horses.

Then the imperial soldiers leaped from their horses, rushed upon the bridge with axes in their hands, and threatened to hew down the door of the tower. We rushed down the stairs, and met them just as the door fell in. There was now an end of shooting. Man against man, we fell upon each other, and fought hand to hand. We first beat our enemies over the head with muskets, but as they came nearer daggers, fists, and teeth came into play. Each grasped his adversary around the body, and sought to lift him up, and throw him into the stream below. Many, in falling, dragged down their adversary with them, and the next day several bodies rose to the surface of the stream, firmly clasped in each other's arms—that last terrible grapple not being loosed even in death.

While we fought a terrific thunder-storm arose. The earth trembled beneath the shock of the loudest artillery of heaven, and darkness, relieved only now and then by vivid flashes of lightning, enveloped us. Still, regardless of the rage of the elements, we fought with ever-increasing desperation. The more horrible it became, the more fiercely raged the battle thirst within me. I fought blindly, recklessly, not knowing that half my comrades had fallen around me.

At length one of my men fell close by my side. As I sought to lift him up he said, feebly, "Secretary, you will receive your captain's commission in paradise. Let me there be your corporal. Meanwhile, I will go to prepare quarters for you." So saying, he pointed to a band of Croats who were crossing the swollen stream to attack us.

I now heard my comrade, who felt that his last hour had come, pray to the Lord Jesus to receive his spirit. Then an imperial soldier came up, placed his foot upon the wounded man's breast, raised his dagger to give the fatal thrust, but paused to listen to the prayer. When the amen was spoken, he plunged the dagger to the heart of the already dying man.

The Croats now advanced in overwhelming numbers, and made short work of it, shooting down one after another of my men with pistols,

till I alone was left. As my musket had been knocked from my hands, and my sword broken in pieces, I could make no defense; so I turned and rushed upstairs into the tower, where I had seen a battle-ax hanging upon the wall. Seizing this, I resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible.

The imperial soldiers followed me, and a mocking voice cried, "Will you now accept quarter, fellow?"

I recognized the voice, and saw before me Captain Paradeiser!

"God be thanked that I live to see this day! You or I!" I cried, and lifted the ax high above my head.

But before I could reach the man I hated, another soldier came behind me, beat me upon the head with a musket, and I fell senseless to the floor. Then Paradeiser and his comrades fell upon me, plundered me, and stripped nearly all the clothes from my body. Thinking me dead, they then lifted me up, and threw me over the tower wall into the stream.

Here I came to myself, but dared not venture out because the enemy was so near. By clinging to a willow-bush I was enabled to keep my head out of water. The emperor's soldiers did not go forward as I had hoped, but stood anxiously deliberating and gazing over the plain to the left. I knew the reason of this delay, when I heard, ringing out loud and clear, our own rallying cry: "God with us! God with us! Emmanuel! Emmanuel!"

General Rosa and the Count of Nassau had driven back the enemy's right wing, and the Duke, who commanded the center, had fortunately brought his reserves over the bridge, and, uniting them to our right wing, had driven the imperial soldiers from the field.

Though the enemy had retreated, they had left a considerable force to hold the tower, and I did not dare venture from my hiding-place.

At length the Duke was sole master of the field, and I heard from afar our song of victory—the 124th Psalm. The force in the tower began silently to retire, and then my courage rose. I had been almost in despair, for I knew that I could not hold out much longer.

But some retreating Croats saw me clinging to the willow-bush, and dragged me forth. They beat me almost to death, and, placing their spears to my breast, were about to plunge them in my heart, when one of them cried out, "Hold, he is an officer. I saw him to-day in command of the tower. We may obtain a heavy ransom for him."

So they bound me as I was, placed me upon a horse, and bore me swiftly away.

THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF DIVORCE.

MARRIAGE is one of those divine ordinances which is limited to no country or dispensation, which has most vital relations to the moral and spiritual, and even immortal destinies of the race, and is therefore properly subject to the Divine will and law. But it is also an institution having most intimate connection with the safety and welfare of the state, and therefore must of necessity be subject to control and regulation by civil law. There are not very many who have become so absurd as to suppose that an institution, so vitally related to the welfare of society, can be left wholly to the will and caprice of individuals. There is, however, a very considerable school of writers who maintain that it should be "trammelled" by as few laws as possible, and that both entrance into the married state, and exit from it, ought to be left as nearly as possible to the freedom of individuals; that it is a mere civil and individual contract, and the terms of the contract ought to be left to the parties themselves. Perhaps but few are willing to state the theory so boldly as this, but this is the ultimate meaning of much that is said of the tyranny of marriage laws, and of the demands for increased facilities for divorce.

While there is at present not much danger of these extreme views obtaining very general adoption, yet their influence is at this moment very widely felt in American and English society. They are depreciating the solemnity and sacredness of the marriage contract; they are leading multitudes to look lightly on the force and significance of the marriage vows; facilities afforded for obtaining release from these obligations, and familiarity with the frequency of separations and divorces, are leading husbands and wives, and even those contemplating marriage, to admit to themselves the practicability of separation as a remedy for disappointment or for domestic disagreement and hardship. While multitudes would be startled at the announcement that marriage is to be left to the freedom of individuals, and is to be without law, they are not startled at the frequency and facility of divorce, which is silently undermining the foundations of the whole institution, and practically reducing the marriage contract to one of convenience and pleasure, to be continued or discontinued at the will of the parties.

It is evident that an institution of such vital relations can not be left without the restraints and regulations of law. If there were no consequences of marriage, if it were only a matter of convenience and pleasure between two individuals, the State could well enough afford to let

it alone. But marriage is the parent of families, is the creator of nations, is the conservator of morals and of patriotism, is the educator of citizens, and is in a thousand ways connected with the safety and welfare of the subjects whom government is bound to protect. It must therefore be regulated by law, and the question is only how much and how far should the law interpose its guards and restraints. For ourself we would answer this question by saying that, of course, the more nearly civil law conforms to the will and law of God in this case, the better will the solemnity and sanctity of marriage be maintained, the better will the purity and stability of society be preserved, and the better will the interests of the married parties, of their offspring, and of society at large be subserved. The object of all laws of the State is the protection of its subjects, both individually and collectively, and it is the duty of the State to save its individual subjects from oppression, from peculiar hardships even, so far as this can be done without incurring risk of a greater evil to her subjects collectively. Easy divorce might often work admirably for a few individuals, but facility and frequency of divorce must work ruin to society. The very least that civil law ought to do in creating guards and restraints over this institution may be arranged under the following heads:

1st. The State should aim in all laws, and all its treatment of this great interest, to preserve the solemnity and dignity of the estate of marriage. To this end the statute law should, as far as practicable, prevent all hasty, secret, illegal, and irresponsible marriages. The State has the right to know who and how many enter into this relation, the age, and legal qualifications of the parties. All marriages should take place only under the license of the State. And yet in many of our States there is almost absolutely no law on the subject of entering into marriage. In many places men and women, known and unknown, publicly and privately, at any hour of the day or night, without signature, without witness, without identification, clandestinely or otherwise, are allowed to enter into this state without let or hinderance. In other States, the whole burden of ascertaining the marriageability of the parties, and the respectability of the legality of the marriage, is most absurdly thrown upon the clergyman who performs the ceremony. Such a state of things tends in advance to demoralize society on this subject. The State gives it no attention, does nothing to dignify and indicate the true honor of marriage, does nothing to identify the parties for the sake of the peace and good order of the community. It gives the

friends of the innocent and unsuspecting no opportunity to detect and expose profligate designs. It treats marriage so lightly that the people soon learn to look upon it with the same levity, and it is not at all surprising if the parties to hasty and ill-assorted unions, after their plans are accomplished, easily slide into the current of divorce; and when, as is so widely the case, the divorce itself may be easily obtained, no wonder that in time we have an increasing multitude of hasty and ill-assorted unions.

2. With regard to divorce itself, there are three aspects in which the legislator should view it. First, there may be injustice and great individual wrong in the marriage itself. There may have been certain obstacles existing at the time of marriage, fraudulently kept from the knowledge of one of the parties, or even obstacles unknown to either party, sufficient to vitiate the contract. For frauds or vital mistakes in the marriage itself, the State certainly has the right of interference for the protection of its subjects. Hence jurists are nearly all agreed that certain causes invalidate the marriage from the beginning, and several of the States make provisions for this. Most of the New England States, and others, provide that, on account of forbidden consanguinity, insufficiency of age, lunacy, or idiocy of one of the parties existing before marriage, force or fraud used to obtain consent, etc., the court, on sufficient proof, may declare the marriage void from the beginning.

Secondly, even when adultery is not charged, there may undoubtedly be cases where the law should interfere for the protection of oppressed and wronged citizens. Certain cases of intolerable hardship, of violent and shameful treatment, of abuse and indignity, of habitual drunkenness, of convicted crime and long imprisonment, of willful and continued desertion, and of other gross conduct which ruins all the moral purposes of marriage, evidently call for the interposition of the civil law. And in such cases the State, by virtue of that authority by which she protects the lives, the property, and the public order of her citizens, may justly separate the husband and wife, and deliver the oppressed party from all legal rights and claims held by the oppressor. But the State is not hereby justified in granting absolute divorce. It may and should decree a *legal* separation, because the marriage contract is a legal contract; but it is more than a legal contract, it is a divinely appointed joining together of God, and what God has joined together let not man put asunder, except as God himself declares the union annulled. The State may declare null and void

the legal claims of a wrong-doer over the oppressed party, for the State is to a great extent the creator and preserver of these legal claims. The power of the State in these cases justly extends to a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and no farther. Beyond this the divine law prevails. The State goes too far when for such causes it declares such a dissolution of the bond as permits either of the parties to marry again during the lifetime of the other. This limitation is not only required by the divine law, but we are satisfied it is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the sanctity of marriage and the purity and safety of society. Absolute divorces for causes of this kind is exactly what is now demoralizing society, and is the evil that is awaking alarm in thoughtful minds. The law of *separation only* may bear heavily on a limited number of individuals, but less heavily of course than the evil from which it delivers them, or they would not seek the remedy, while no human laws can avert entirely, even from innocent persons, the consequences of wrong doing by others; and in this case the hardship of the individual is a vast less evil than would be the demoralization of marriage from frequency of absolute divorce to society at large.

3. There remains the third ground for interference on the part of the State; namely, the right of the State to annul absolutely the marriage, when its whole moral significance has been subverted by connubial infidelity. On this ground all are agreed, and the laws of man are sanctioned by the higher laws of God. But here still are grave questions which we have not space to discuss, and on which we can only affirm our own conviction; first, that the law should be equally emphatic in condemning connubial infidelity on the part of the husband as on the part of the wife, and, secondly, that a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, by which the marriage is utterly dissolved, should either confer the right of remarriage only on the innocent person, or the statute law should make provision for the punishment of the crime of adultery; otherwise it is not difficult to see the danger of inducing the commission of adultery as a means of dissolving a hated marriage, and bringing about a union with a new and preferred partner.

Such protection and interference we believe are demanded of the State for the preservation of the sacredness of this vital institution, and for the guardianship of her own subjects from oppression and fraud. She has a right to demand that all marriages shall be matters of publicity, and shall be known to the State. She has the right to declare marriages accomplished through fraud and force, or deception,

null and void; in certain cases of peculiar hardship and suffering, she has the right to interpose for the protection and relief of her suffering subjects, so far as to deliver the sufferer from the legal rights and claims of the oppressor; and in cases of connubial infidelity she has the right to declare the marriage contract obliterated, and the injured party absolutely free. Beyond this she has no right to go; less than this does not sufficiently guard this institution so intimately connected with the peace and order of society, as well as with the highest moral and religious welfare of the race.

We are not unaware that these views are not in accordance with the demands of certain reformers, and will draw only a smile from some who like to be recognized as the "advanced" thinkers of the age. Yet we are convinced that the laws of God are the wisest and best in this matter, as in all others, and that the laws of God can not be broken by States, any more than by individuals, without consequences of evil as much more serious and far-reaching, as the State is greater than the individual. God's law in this case, as in all other cases, is not arbitrary, but wise and good, growing out of the necessities and relations of the marriage institution to society. The world is not so young that we have not had ample opportunity to experiment with this matter, and history contains abundant warning and admonition. We need not stop to do more than refer to the solemn warnings of French history, and to see how intimately social decadence and demoralization of marriage are associated. When the French Revolution swept away the usages of ages and the sanctity of religion, its special war seemed against the marriage contract; and six thousand divorces are said to have taken place, in the city of Paris alone, in the space of two years and three months. From this fearful shock French society has scarcely yet begun to recover, and Paris still retains her notorious preëminence as the most licentious city of the world.

But the lessons of antiquity are better, because worked out on a larger scale, and exhibiting more clearly the natural and necessary consequences of a disregard of these inviolable social laws. Greece and Rome for ages shame our Christian licentiousness. Roman philosophers, poets, and satirists hold up to public scorn and indignation doctrines less latitudinarian than are taught in our own days, and foretell, with vivid distinctness, the certain ruin that eventually came from a wanton abuse of a liberty of divorce which did not greatly exceed ours. The Institutions of Romulus made the marriage union

indissoluble. Three hundred years afterward, the Twelve Tables gave to the husband the freedom of divorce; yet the Republic had existed five hundred years, when the first instance of divorce occurred, and the experimenter was loaded with public opprobrium. But it was the beginning of the end. The law that gave to the husband power to dissolve the marriage almost at will, struck its first blow by producing a state of things wherein the Roman daughters would not enter into legitimate marriage at all. The marriage was simply *inferred*, and the wife never came "into the hand of her husband." While this system prevailed almost universally among the plebeians, its influence had the effect of producing among the patricians a state of things in which the marriage contract might be dissolved by either one of the parties. So universal was the custom of *inferred* marriages among the plebeians, which the husband could and did set aside at his pleasure, and so common and alarming were the voluntary divorces among the patricians, that Augustus made several powerful attempts to put some restraint on the facility of these separations. But it was too late, and his laws and decrees were overpowered by the prevailing corruption of manners. The nation perished, "utterly corrupted in its own corruption."

Gibbon, certainly no bigot in this matter, tells the results of this freedom in a few emphatic words: "When the Roman matrons became the equal and voluntary companions of their lords, a new jurisprudence was introduced—that marriage, like other partnerships, might be dissolved by the abdication of one of the associates. In three centuries of prosperity and corruption, this principle was enlarged to frequent practice and pernicious abuse. Passion, interest, or caprice suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage. A word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation. The most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure. . . . *A specious theory is computed by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue.*"

One would hardly suppose that this "specious theory" would need to be confuted by actual historical experiment. It ought to be apparent to every thoughtful mind, that liberty and facility of divorce, so far from "contributing to happiness and virtue," must of necessity undermine the very foundations of both. Remove legal restraints and social disgrace from these separations, and they would be needlessly multi-

plied a thousand-fold; the sacredness, the stability, the moral significance of the union would be at an end; thousands would never enter the marriage relation at all, thousands more would treat the relation as lightly as any other mere matter of caprice or passion; all love, all mutual confidence, all forbearing one another in love, all the moral effect and discipline from the conviction of the all but irrevocable force of the vow of union, would be lost out of society; trifling disputes, instead of being healed, would be inflamed and allowed to increase and gather till they would force the final plunge.

Facility of separation is a two-edged sword in its destructive power on society. It removes from the married pair the wholesome moral effect of restraint and discipline, which arises from the consideration that the union between them is irrevocable, that they are to live together, adapt themselves to each other, overcome little differences of temper, grow into one spirit, and build up in their own little circle a home of happiness and virtue. On the other hand, if husband and wife are perpetually admitting to themselves the possibility of separation, the very facility of a dissolution is a temptation to resort to it, even in cases of mere domestic disagreement, in the haste and passion of a transient dispute, and many would make the fatal plunge under a momentary aggravation, probably to spend the rest of their lives in repenting their folly.

But facility of separation necessarily draws after it the possibility of marrying with the premeditated intention of terminating the union after a limited time, and thus a fatal blow is struck to the whole meaning and sanctity of marriage. For if, when the union is formed, it is not intended and fully expected to be a life-union, what is the marriage but a formal and recognized prostitution? Exactly this point was reached in Roman demoralization, and then came the end. So old Sims in Terence represents, that there can be no great harm if a young man, where it seems to be convenient, marry a lady whom he does not love: "You need not be afraid to take her. If you find you do not like her, you will *only* have to give her up." Not to reprobate and detest such pretended marriages, is to justify the sensualism of every libertine. Says an English writer, who is by no means illiberal in his views on this subject, "No persons of high and pure mind can ever intend not to reprobate, not to detest, not to express disgust, at 'temporary unions,' intended to be temporary from the first; but if unlimited divorce is to be permitted, and is not

to be resented, we lose all right to judge or reprove any union which covers itself by the mere word 'marriage.' For though we may be clearly convinced that it is intended to be temporary, we have never a right to assert it while the parties keep their own counsel." The purpose may, indeed, be that of only one of the parties, unknown to the other, and the whole marriage, as far as he or she is concerned, be only a base fraud and deception of other parties. Thus would be undermined the foundation of all domestic virtue and happiness. What parent could feel the least security in giving his daughter into hands that may cast her off at pleasure, or to a husband who, at the very time, may mean that the union shall be only temporary? What bride would feel the joy of confiding and hoping love on entering into a union that may soon be repudiated?

But our article is growing too long. We have said enough to indicate how vitally the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage relation is linked with the purity, happiness, and safety of society. God foresaw this from the beginning, and prescribed for the very first pair, the only, perpetual, and irrevocable law, that can adequately guard and preserve this institution. If there be a truth beyond all question, where God's law, social experience, the uniform record of our species, the inevitable and horrid results of its violation, every source of testimony, warning, and appeal concur, it is the sacredness of the marriage bond, and the national decline which attends a tolerated disregard or facile rupture of its divine constitution. "From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

WHERE the predisposition or susceptibility exists, a book read at the right time often gives an abiding complexion to the character, or a life-long direction to the faculties. The delight with which Pope, when a schoolboy, read Ogilby's Homer, resulted in our English Iliad; and the copy of the "Fairy Queen" which Cowley found on the window-seat of his mother's room committed him to poetry for the rest of his days. Alexander Murray used to ascribe the first awakening of his polyglottal propensities to the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in many tongues in Salmon's Geography; and James Wilson was made a naturalist by the gift of "Three Hundred Wonderful Animals."

MARQUETTE'S GRAVE.

A LITTLE while—but yet a little while,
 And I shall know if my poor life has solved
 The riddle of its mortal destinies !
 I've striven hard with a man's strong resolve—
 But not as one who trusted in himself—
 Proud, confident, as who should say : " I am !
 And of my own strength I will find a way,
 Or make one in this stubborn wilderness !
 Defiant of the praise or blame of men,
 And of the natural forces which do hide
 In all obstructions—and the secret powers
 That dwell in darkness, or enthroned sit
 On worlds of light mid seas of hyaline !"
 But I have striven as a soldier strives,
 To be obedient to his captain's word,
 Trusting in him, and in his own good sword,
 And braveries of nature ; humbly true,
 But feeling more and more each day I live,
 That mine is not the strength the battle wins,
 Although my heart and arm are in the fight,
 And my calm soul doth make the scheme of war.

At fifty I looked back upon my days,
 A half a century of completed work !
 And to my soul I said, " This harvest 's thine !
 Thine are these golden fields that bow their heads,
 Resplendent to the sun's bright beams ; and man,
 For whom thou, toiling oft in vain, and oft
 Not vainly, tho' he laughed to scorn
 Thy delvings in the rock, and on the sand,
 Thy sowing on the stony ground, and arid soil,
 In ignorance of thy purpose and high aim,
 Shall ne'ertheless draw bounteous fruits, and stores
 Of grain, all ripened in the smile of God,
 Now that thy harvestings are surely made."
 I meant it not in pride, but I was proud !
 And through it all the great large eye of self,
 Conspicuous shone, although I knew it not.
 I was the Lord of my own life, I thought,
 And what I did, or well or ill, was mine,
 And mine the praise, or mine the blame of all !
 'T was very natural, and its naturalness
 Did blind me to the vision of its sin.
 For what am I, O Lord ? Of nothing worth—
 A weed upon the wall, poor, poor weed
 At best, whose life is a mere sufferance ;
 Who, when all is done, as done it nearly is—
 Ah, yes ! I know it by these sweet voices,
 These callings to me in the moonlight hour,
 And in the silence of the lonely woods,
 And by the comings and the vanishings
 Of angels, half revealed in robes of white,
 And bursts of glory like a rain of gold,
 Out of the darkness when I can not sleep !
 And O ! I feel it round about my heart,
 Which heaves in mighty throbs against the bars
 Of these old tottering walls, to get away
 From its long, long imprisonment on earth !
 And so when all is done, and the array
 Of figures added up which make the sum
 Complete of my poor life, that seems so large

To me its owner, conscious of its days—
 And is so small—that but for God's promise
 He would not make a blot of any man
 That lived and strove to do his sovereign will,
 Telling how he doth count the very hairs
 Of every head that bows to Jesus' name—
 I should despair of any after-life ;
 Seeing so insignificant and mean
 This mortal life must be, to him who holds
 The Universal being in his hands—
 Vast worlds that people the immensities !
 The orbs and galaxies that swim in space—
 Leviathans of the firmament's great deeps !
 The awful sense of this huge weight of things,
 How often in my gloom has it uploomed,
 Vaster and vaster, all above, around,
 Till in its dread omnipotence it seemed
 To crush me like a gnat to nothingness !
 But O, the mercy of the Lord of All !
 He will not have us crushed by these dread thoughts.
 In the dread presence of his mighty power,
 I stand upon his promises, and claim,
 That I, a speck in these great visible shows,
 Which make the awful pomp of earth and sky,
 Am an eternal soul ! Can think and feel,
 And worship God, and love his Son, the Lord !
 Nay, nay ! 't is not a boast, 't is true of all !
 Immersed in matter we do see it not,
 Save when we think, and thought dissolves it all.
 A little thing is a man's life, 't is true :
 And mine how little ! Lord, thou knowest well !
 But it is thine, not mine, and lent to me,
 To use it for thy glory and man's good ;
 With destinies eternal hung on it ;
 Tho' what they be and where, no tongue can tell,
 For none returns whence all must go who live,
 And live that they may go whence none return.
 And yet we are not mocked, tho' once it seemed
 To me that all the world was but a jest,
 A cruel jest ! We the puppets used
 To make a sport for insufficient gods,
 Who lacked the genius of love and truth,
 And lived on scorn, and the vile harlotries
 Of pleasure, and the joy of seeing men
 Tripped at the portals of their happiness ;
 Setting fools high, and keeping wise men down ;
 Heaping around the bad and base—the criminals,
 Who circumvent the seats of power,
 All that the vile and sensual can ask,
 And giving to the honest, truthful soul,
 Who follows where the star of Bethlehem leads,
 Spurning the dross wherewith they seek to buy
 His manly purpose and eternal aim—
 Giving to him a spear and crown of thorns,
 Their foolscap for the fools who love the truth,
 As if the truth could buy a penny loaf,
 Or save a man from famishing for bread !

Ah me ! long while this ghastly show of life,
 Which I beheld with my own natural eyes—
 A clinic picture of the world's disease,
 And had no cure for it, and no light from heaven
 To lighten it, and make it clear to me—

Did scare my soul to madness ; and Despair
Seized me, and dragged me to his den, and made
Such horrid whisperings in my shuddering ears,
That tho' I loathed, and felt them creeping o'er
The dark lone galleries of my desolate heart
Like living things, that moaned and blasphemed God,
Still I grew like them, and blasphemed, too, him
Who made a world for evil things to rule,
And resting from his labors, called it "good!"

But O, my soul ! the beauty of the Lord,
The glory of the lilies of his love,
The music of his heavenly messages,
The pathos of his sorrows and his pangs,
As in the garden of Gethsemane,
As on the bloody Hill of Calvary,
And the sweet joy wherewith he hailed his friends
Upon the resurrection morn, when he
Had saved the human race from death and woe,
And crucified, had triumphed over death,
And o'er the grave, ascending into heaven
At last, preparing there a place for all,
Who lived the life that he had preached on earth,
And lived so well himself. These precious themes,
These sureties of a love that can not die,
Tho' died the symbol on the cursed tree,
These woke my soul into the inner life !
The life within the life, and made it plain,
That not for selfish aims a man must live,
Nor for the things that are the substances
Of every worldly life within the world ;
But that the soul must be within its house,
A very Christ in truth, and love, and tears ;
In mercy and compassion for the wrong,
In pity for the fallen and the lost ;
And must go forth as he to do a good,
A life of good to every living man,
Or friend, or foe, or white, or red, or black.

And so, my Lord, I have with faithful heart
Devoted all my faculty to thee,
And here, in this lone wilderness, with men
Who never heard thy name till named by me,
Have labored, teaching them to love thy name,
To love and do thy Father's will in heaven.
A little light, O Lord ! a little gleam
Has, here and there, thro' their poor windowless souls,
Athwart the darkness shot that dwells within,
To give us hope that they will one day see
Thy glory, O my Lord, in its full blaze,
As it is seen in heaven by all the saints
And martyrs round thy throne ; that they may feel
Its beauty and significance to them,
And they may wear it in their hearts and lives.
I trow not, Lord, how many there may be
Who have renounced their sin to do thy will ;
I am not inward with them, hence to know
The secrets of their being, when alone,
With the great silence, and with thee, dear Lord !
But O ! I fear my harvest is but small ;
I can not show my garner in thy sight,
But, Lord, thou knowest I have labored hard,
And all the fable of my life has passed,

A micro-cosmos infinitely small,
Compared with thine in magnitude of love ;
But I too, Lord, have had disciples here,
And one poor soul, whom I did special love,
Who leant upon my breast until he died ;
And there was Judas, too ! but him I saved
From horrible death, because he too was thine,
Bought by thy blood ; but O ! the obdurate hearts
That would not bend nor break before the cross ;
That would not bow unto my Savior's name !
I've had my Garden of Gethsemane,
O Lord ! my agony and bloody sweat,
Wrung from my heart to see thee spurned and mocked,
As in old time when Jewry killed its God !
And then the Tempter came to drive me hence,
And taunt me with my vineyard of the Lord,
Asking to see the grapes upon the vine,
When there was none to show ; not one, not one !
For all the labor, agony, and tears,
I have prayed with them ; for them bowed my head
In the wild dust, crying aloud to God
To save them from the wrath that is to come,
To pity my lone lot and give me one,
But one dear heart that loved thee, O my Lord !
But all in vain ! or vain to outward eye,
Looking no deeper than the poor red skin.
Thou knowest I did my best—their language learned
That I the better might proclaim thy truth.
But, Lord, thou art the keeper of the Times,
And all is well ! I know it ! all is well !
They can not hear thy name, O Lord, and live !
They do inhabit darkness—thou art light ;
And thy great name 's the shadow of thy self !
So all who hear of thee must surely die
Out of their darkness into thy marvelous light.
It is a spell celestial, all divine !
Invisible working, not the less at work,
Changing all things and renovating all.
Silently, surely, tho' in thy good time
Not mine ! not mine ! for who am I to ask,
To see a change ?—with my own eyes to see 't ?
O soul of little faith ! canst thou not wait ?
And so the seed is sown ; O Lord, on stony ground
It may be—doubtless has been—many times ;
But thou canst make the desert bud and bloom,
And all the barren rocks to burst in flowers,
And kindle these poor hearts with love divine.
May be already there are some who feel
The new life of the Christ, the Son of God,
Within them burning like a sacred flame,
Upon the holy altars of the Church,
At a great festival ! May be it is so !
May be there is a great change in some soul
That once was bloody, bawdy, and profane,
Cruel and merciless in its revenge,
And now thinks other thoughts, goes other ways,
Does other things, more and more like to Christ,
At every conquest of its former self !
May be ! who knows ? Who knows the heart of man ?
Who sits beside it when temptation comes ?
Knows what it is to whom the temptings come !
Knows all the struggles, triumphings, and falls,
That go to make its life up for a day—

Who, when the bloody deed is done, can tell
 What went before, within the secret walls
 Of that man's heart—bloodthirsty at its birth—
 To move the hidden forces of the will,
 To do that deed which makes the angels weep?
 Or who beside the self-same heart has stood
 With the same temptings; who has seen the cause
 Which did compel the bloody hand to hold
 Its vengeance, and to take him home in love?
 Who was the object of his bitter hate?
 But I have seen sad changes, O my Lord,
 Wrought here among these piteous savages!
 And I have pitied them, and loved them all.
 In their worst deeds, my heart has bled for them,
 And on my face to earth, in prayer to God,
 Have I prayed for them, knowing what they are,
 And praying they might be what they are not,
 Thine, O my Lord, thine ever, ever thine!
 And yet I feel, O Lord, I might have done
 Far more for thee, who did so much for me.
 Alas! I fear that I have slothful been;
 Impatient, angry, losing precious time,
 In vain, vain words—with thy words lying by,
 Which uttered, might have saved a soul alive!
 Away, false heart! I will not bear thy plea.
 Unprofitable! me a sinner, Lord,
 Unworthy of thy love! How shall I bear
 Thy just reproaches at the judgment-seat,
 When thou dost ask me for my interest, Lord!
 What shall I say, "The talent, it is thine?"
 Is there no more? I shall not bear thine eyes
 When thou dost ask me for these red men's souls!
 O Lord, be merciful to me thy son!
 I've tried to do my best—but I am old
 And weary with my years; but never loth
 To do thy work—O never, never loth!
 I would that I could show my garner full
 Of grain, ripe grain! reaped here upon this soil;
 I am not sure, O Lord, of one ripe ear!
 O, strengthen me to do more work for thee!
 And put away this present weakness, Lord,
 Which so unmans me, shivering all my bones,
 And make me very strong to do thy will,
 Who am so weak just now that I could faint.
 Canst thou forgive me? Ah, thou canst and wilt!
 I know thou wilt; for here, on this dear book,
 I carry at my heart that thy dear voice,
 From its dumb pages, may remind me, Lord,
 When I'm remiss in any thing, that I
 Thy servant am, to love thee till I die!
 Thy promises are made and sealed with blood,
 That thou forgivest all who come to thee!

Thus, as they rowed along the pleasant shore
 Of Michigan's fair waters, mused Marquette,
 The brave, old man, evangelist of Christ,
 Who, in the wilderness, for many years
 Had preached, and prayed, and worked to save the
 souls

Of perishing savages, and worked alone,
 With no white man to cheer him, no friend's voice
 To gladden his great heart; his love for Christ
 Sustaining him—planting and watering

Thus, in hope and faith, in love and humble trust,
 That God would bless his labors in the West.
 We all do know his life, for it is writ
 In every heart that loves a good man's name.
 But now upon the margin of life's stream
 He glided on as glided the poor barge
 Urged by the oarsmen, who knew not his state
 Of mind or body, but bent merrily
 Unto their oars, and sang a pleasant song
 As the flat shore and woodlands of the lake
 Went drifting past them like the life of man.
 And when unto the mouth of a small stream,
 Which ran from the peninsula, they came,
 Marquette, with all his sorrows on his soul,
 And racked with pains, but cheerful as of old,
 Proposed to land and celebrate the mass,
 But said that they must wait here in the boat
 While he awhile did step apart to pray.
 And there upon the prairie grass he knelt,
 Bowing his good, gray head in prayer to God.
 Alone he prayed—but he was not alone;
 For round him stood angelic choirs from heaven,
 And saints and angels to sustain his heart,
 With all the sweet and loving words of Christ,
 His precious promises and most dear love.
 Then with pathetic tears he raised his eyes
 Up to the dark-blue sky, and prayed for peace
 And preparation for his final change,
 When putting off his frail mortality,
 He should his immortality put on.
 And as the gentle winds blew his gray hairs
 Over his pale brow and his placid cheek,
 He, with clasped hands, still looking up to heaven
 Was carried thither, borne on angel's wings!
 And there the image of repose in death,
 His face a prayer, and all his aspect love,
 The anxious boatmen found him—and they wept!
 For these rude men had tender, loving hearts
 For him, who was their father, well beloved.
 And then they dug a grave within the sand
 Upon the margin of the lake, and laid
 Him there to wait the resurrection trump,
 While they were left alone to mourn his loss,
 Which unto them was like the loss of heaven.

They called the stream whereby they buried him,
 Marquette; and there, for more than fifty years,
 He slept in peace. The very winds and waves
 Did pay him homage, and forgot their wrath
 In adoration o'er his hallowed manes;
 For tho' it lay exposed, that little mound,
 Unto the rising waters, they retired,
 As if obedient to a higher power;
 And made a breach above it in the rocks,
 Through which they flow unto the present day.

HEROES FOR THE TRUTH.

THE hights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO THE HUGUENOTS.*

DO the English possess a high degree of originating talent? Have they shown themselves equal to other European nations in productions of art and in contributions to the comfort of material life? It is difficult to answer; and for the reason that it is not easy to discriminate in what we find in the England of to-day, the elements that are native from those that are of foreign origin. It is even difficult to determine as to which element of the mingled blood—Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Norman, French—which flows in the veins of the modern Englishman, shall have the honor of constituting the basis of the British nationality. Doubtless it is the Saxon or Germanic; but was not this element so modified by the combined influence of the others as to lose most of its primitive peculiarity? Certainly the tastes and habits of the England of to-day have but little more similarity to those of Germany than to those of France. The main characteristic of English life, its outward-working energy, its restless, enterprising realism, is evidently a result of its greater youthfulness—of its not having coursed through the same arteries so long as that of continental nations. It is but recently that England's voice has been heard and felt in European history; but recently that her shipping took the mastery of the seas; and but recently that her wares were respected for quality and quantity in commerce.

And it is a curious circumstance, and not a little humiliating to England's just pride, to note how large a proportion of the artistic and mechanical improvements which have powerfully contributed to her recent greatness, has sprung, not from indigenous, but from imported talent. Mr. Smiles has put the fact beyond dispute, and his book is a refreshing instance of historic truth triumphant over national prejudice.

"The early industry of England," says he, "was almost entirely pastoral. Down to a comparatively recent period it was a great grazing country, and its principal staple was wool." All their wares of any degree of elegance were imported from France and Flanders. The English kings, desirous of instructing their subjects in industrial arts, held out repeated inducements to foreign artisans. By the middle of the fourteenth century large numbers of Flemish experts in the arts, "settled in various parts of

England, and laid the foundations of English skilled industry." Under Edward III many Flemings arrived and ere long had erected large factories and become masters of great fortunes. Not many years elapsed before some of their number became members of the House of Commons.

But it was much later that the two most important streams of emigrants poured into England. Both of these were occasioned by the bigoted persecutions of Catholic princes, and both contributed mightily to the defeat of the Papal cause, and to the erection of a Protestant nation to the rank of a first power. For it is from the atrocities of Philip II against the Netherlands that Spain begins to fall into contempt; and from the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV that France began to lose her national prestige, and to enter that gulf of vice and bankruptcy which culminated in the Revolution. Most truly in both of these cases the wrath of man contributed to the praise of the just cause.

The first of these immigrant streams began in 1550, and continued far into the reign of Elizabeth. The Duchess of Parma wrote to Philip II, in 1567, "Within a few days a hundred thousand men have left Flanders, taking with them their money and effects, and many others are preparing to follow." And it was not the ordinary men that thus for conscience' sake left the land of their fathers; for men of the ordinary make easily yield when it comes to bitter battling for mere principles; but it was the sturdy talent, the independent thinkers—the very cream of society. Of their moral character we may readily judge from the words of Bishop Jewel in reply to the Pope's demand that the heretics be no longer allowed to flock into England. "They beg not in our streets," says he, "nor crave any thing at our hands but to breathe our air and to see our sun. They labor truefully, they live sparingly. They are good examples of virtue, travail, faith, and patience. The towns in which they abide are happy, for God doth follow them with his blessings." The Bishop desired to know whether, when the Pope was pleased to harbor in his own Rome 6,000 usurers and 20,000 courtesans, the Queen of England might not welcome to her shores "a few servants of God."

Enraged at the Protestant attitude of Elizabeth, Philip II prepared against her the great invading Armada, and with its defeat gave an immense down-hill impulse to a kingdom which as yet belted the globe. In England, on the contrary, a period of the greatest prosperity now began. Large colonies of skillful artisans

* See *The Huguenots*, by Samuel Smiles, Harper & Brothers, 1868; and an *Essay* on the same subject by M. Esquiros, *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

settled in waste lands or decayed towns, and every-where created prosperity and wealth. This was the case with Sandwich, Norwich, Dover, Winchelsea, etc. Men from Anvers and Bruges established immense woolen factories. The art of working the metals, that great source of England's wealth—who would suppose that, in a great measure, it was taught to the English by Frenchmen from Belgium? And yet it is true. It was a colony of religious refugees from Liege who, in their establishment near Newcastle, introduced the secret of making steel. Other artisans, skillful in metallurgy, settled at Sheffield, and obtained the patronage of the Count of Shrewsbury on condition of their taking English apprentices and teaching them the art. The immediate effect was to give to Sheffield wares a reputation which they retain to this day.

Other exiles introduced elsewhere other arts, for example, lace-making, by French refugees in Bedfordshire; bone-lace by Flemings in Devonshire; salt-making and herring-curing by the same, at various points of the coast. In horticulture also the refugees were favorably felt, having established, in the environs of London, excellent gardens, which to this day largely supply the metropolitan market. The hop, a plant which the English to-day find so indispensable, was introduced to the soil by Walloon refugees. Many of the more delicate English fabrics bear in their names to this day the stamp of their foreign origin. Thus we have mechlin lace from Mechlin, duffle from Duffel, the diaper from Ypres (d'Ypres), cambric from Cambray, arras from Arras, tulle from Tulle, delph-ware from Delft, etc.

Though it was mainly in the sphere of skilled industry that the refugees made their influence felt, their history is also interesting in a religious point of view. Though not precisely revivalists, yet by virtue of their unobtrusive piety, their fidelity to conscience, their regular attendance on the house of God, they obtained universal respect, and wrought beneficently, as a quiet leaven, in the then rude English society. They uniformly hired or erected a plain chapel for their simple Calvinistic service, many of which were used for more than a century before the native tongue gave place to the English. These little Churches were formed not in despite of, but under the direct sanction of, the English State clergy. Archbishop Cranmer, the real founder of the Episcopal Church, seems to have favored the Tyng rather than the Potter party of modern Churchmen, as it was under his express sanction that the first Calvinistic French Church was formed in London. In 1550 the king issued

royal letters, appointing a general superintendent of the refugee worship, and setting apart a State-Church edifice in Austin Friars and another in Threadneedle-street for their use. At Sandwich the old church of St. Peter, at Norwich the Bishop's Chapel, and at Southampton the church of St. Julian were given to the strangers. But the most interesting of the refugee Churches is that of Canterbury. As early as 1564 a company of exiles came to this city and began the manufacture of "Florence, serges, bombazines, Orleans, silk, bayes, mouquade, and other stuffs." Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, with the royal sanction, assigned to them the free use of the Under Croft of the venerable cathedral, in which place "gentle and profitable strangers," as the liberal prelate styled them, not only celebrated their worship and taught their children, but also set up their looms and carried on their several trades. This Croft was once a sacred Popish shrine, and contained the ashes of Thomas à Becket and other Church dignitaries. It is of considerable extent, and served several families for a long while in the threefold capacity of church, workshop, and dwelling. They remained unmolested in their worship till the times of the bigoted Laud. But he did not finally succeed in casting them out. Under the Commonwealth they numbered more than one thousand weavers. And this little Croft chapel is one of the few Huguenot churches that remain to this day, and in which the French worship has not been merged into the English. The visitor to the cathedral has usually pointed out to him the place used as the *French church*. It is plainly fitted up with a pulpit, reading-desk, and pews. It is a dissenting chapel, though forming part of the High Cathedral of Canterbury. There, for more than three hundred years, the descendants of the French exiles have continued to celebrate their simple Calvinistic rites. The preaching is still in French, and the psalms are sung to the old Huguenot tunes, almost within sound of the High Church services of the Established Church. Though numbering at present only about twenty members, the little chapel is still a touching and significant memorial of the past.

The promulgation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598 had procured for the French Huguenots a degree of tranquillity. Under their intelligent energy various parts of France, and especially the cities Tours, Lyons, and Nantes, assumed an unwonted prosperity. Their superiority over the Catholics was acknowledged even by Papal officers. "If the merchants of Nimes," wrote the provincial governor, "are very poor Catholics

they are at least very fine and very honest business men."

But now broke out the most furious storm of all. Bigoted Louis XIV, in the futile hope of forcing all his subjects under the centralizing yoke of Papal unity, abrogated the Nantes edict, proscribed the Huguenot worship, razed their temples, banished their pastors, and outrageously placed their children under the care of the Catholic clergy. The decree was signed in 1685. As to the Huguenots only two alternatives remained—apostasy or exile. They did not hesitate a moment. Not only their faith but their self-respect dictated flight. It was in vain that royal decrees made of attempted flight a capital crime. It had been far from the King's thoughts to drive them from his kingdom; he simply wished to compel them to adjure their heresy. But though he could hold in abject dependence the greatest geniuses of literature, bow into servility the greatest prelates and statesmen of the age, and cause even kings to tremble at his might, he met with total failure and defeat when he attempted to force the conscience of a seemingly insignificant minority of his subjects.

Disposing of their beautiful lands and ancestral homes for the merest trifle, they made ready to escape into exile. Journeying by night through obscure ways and untracked forests, hiding by day in caves and barns, the women disguised as men, with shorn hair and disfigured face, to avoid suspicion and to protect their sex—in one way or another they managed to reach the coast, and, in ship or bark or whatever craft they could find, to reach the chalk cliffs of England. It is estimated that France lost by this stroke of blind bigotry more than 400,000 of her most useful citizens.

But thousands of them did not go directly to England. Many went to Holland, and thus doubled the number and talent of the army of the Prince of Orange. James II, the Papal bigot and servile tool of Louis XIV, was now on the throne of England. Would not the dethroning of James be an indirect thrust at Louis himself? So thought the Huguenot refugees; and the flower of the little invading force, with which William of Orange overthrew him, was, says Mr. Smiles, made up of French exiles. They formed three entire infantry regiments, and one squadron of cavalry, not to mention seven hundred and thirty-six Huguenot officers who were distributed throughout the army. Many of them were veterans who had conquered under Turenne and Condé. William's three aids-de-camp, as well as a large portion of his body-guard, were French gentlemen. Marshal

Schomberg, the commander of the invasion, was himself a refugee. It was in reality a sort of Protestant crusade *en route* for the recapture of the holy land of constitutional liberty. For that little fleet did not bear simply the fortune of William III and of English freedom; it also bore above the waters of the boisterous channel the future prosperity of North America and the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand. The Bill of Rights, which William conceded to the English, contained the germ of the American Constitution.

When William had introduced into England a liberal Protestant *regime*, the Huguenots poured into the country with more eagerness than ever. And of the half million whom Louis's bigotry drove from France, more than 120,000 found homes on English soil.

Among the refugees were men of eminence in every sphere of life. Of military men, De Bostaquet and the Marquis de Ruvigny are historically noteworthy. The latter had held high offices under the French king, and might have enjoyed the liberty of private worship unmoled. But he rejected all offers, and cast in his lot with his brethren, exchanging, at the age of eighty, the favors of Versailles for a modest house at Greenwich. Five of his sons did valiant service for William. One of them, Henry, was largely instrumental in the final defeat of James's troops in Ireland, and as a reward was promoted by William to the peerage under the title of Earl of Galway. He afterward served as a Chief-Justice, and on weighty diplomatic missions.

On English science the Huguenot element was not uninfluential. "Dr. Denis Papin, one of the early inventors of the steam-engine, and probably also the inventor of the steamboat," was among the refugees. He was the inventor of an instrument, Papin's Digester, which once excited considerable interest. One of its practical uses was, by raising water far above the boiling point by the prevention of the escape of steam, to extract a large amount of nourishing matter from bones and other articles, which had hitherto been regarded as worthless. "The Fellows of the Royal Society had a supper cooked by the digester, of which Evelyn gives an account in his diary." In 1687 Papin left England, and became professor at Marburg. But he ever kept up scientific correspondence with his English friends. One of the last acts of his life was to construct a model steam-engine fitted in a boat—*une petite machine d'un vaisseau a roues*—to be sent over to England for trial on the Thames. "It is important," wrote he to Leibnitz, in 1707, just one hundred

years before Fulton's first steamboat began to navigate the Hudson, "that my new construction of vessel should be put to the proof in a seaport like London, where there is depth enough to apply the new invention, which, by means of fire, will render one or two men capable of producing more effect than some hundreds of rowers." But, unfortunately for Papin, the little boat never reached the Thames. It was seized by German boatmen on the Weser, and barbarously destroyed. By this it may be judged how near he came to be the inventor of the steamboat.

Dr. Desaguliers was another refugee who, as professor of physics at Oxford, as improver of Savery's steam-engine, as author of the best *Course of Experimental Philosophy* as yet known in England, and as lecturer before the Royal Society, contributed materially to the wellbeing of his adopted country.

Few of the exiles, however, cast more glory around the Huguenot name than the profound mathematician, De Moivre. Arriving in England about the time of the publication of Newton's *Principia*, he immediately read the work, and so fully mastered its author's views, that when Sir Isaac was asked for explanations of its more abstruse parts, he was in the habit of saying: "Go to De Moivre; he knows better than I do." He was author of many original works on mathematics, and revolutionized trigonometry in its higher departments. So great became his fame that, stanch Protestant as he was, the French Academy chose him to membership in their body, and, at his death, honored him with an eloquent eulogy.

Other literary men of the exiles were: Du Moullins, professor at Oxford; his brother, prebendary of Canterbury; Motteaux, translator of Cervantes and Rabelais; Gagnier, author of learned works on Rabbinical lore; Boyer, whose French-English dictionary is yet a standard work; and Graverol, who dedicated to his refugee brethren a history of their sufferings in Languedoc, exhorting them at its close ever to study to render their confession and their faith glorious, by discreet and modest conduct, by an exemplary life, and by entire devotion to the service of God."

But the most eminent of the refugees were among the pastors. Such were Abbadie, Saurin, Pineton, Allix, De l'Angle, Drelincourt, Capell, Marmet, De la Mothe, Bourdieu, and many others. Abbadie was a profound thinker, and among the ablest defenders of Christianity. His renown spread throughout Europe. Madame de Sevigné, though a bigoted Romanist, wrote of him in a high strain of panegyric. "I do

not believe," said she, "that any one ever spoke of religion like this man." Saurin preached four years in Threadneedle-street, and then was called to the Hague. His sermons are the finest examples of sacred eloquence. "Nothing," says Weiss, "can give an idea of the effect produced by his inspired voice, which for twenty-five years resounded beneath the vaulted roof of the temple at the Hague, unless it be the profound veneration and pious worship with which the memory of this great author, continually revived by the perusal of his writings, has remained surrounded in Holland." Allix, though less ornate, was scarcely less celebrated. He preached in Spitalfields, became canon of Salisbury, and left many esteemed writings. Pineton was made a royal chaplain. He wrote a most affecting narrative of his terrible sufferings at the hands of the Papists. Drelincourt became Dean of Armagh, and wrote a work on *Death*, which has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and reprinted in French more than forty times. Capell had held the chair of Hebrew at Saumur at the early age of nineteen, and, on coming to England, taught the Oriental language with distinguished success. Many of the ablest ministers of the next generation were trained by him. He died at the age of eighty-three.

"There is little reason to doubt," says Mr. Smiles, "that the earnestness, eloquence, and learning of this distinguished band of exiles for conscience' sake exercised an influence not only on English religion and politics, but also on English literature, which continues to operate till this day."

In respect to domestic economy, the Huguenot refugees exerted a happy influence on English habits. Necessity forced them to shifts which English cooks had never thought of. "They were satisfied," said Mr. Smiles, "if they could keep a roof over their heads, a clean fireside, and the *pot-au-feu* going. What English artisans despised as food they could make a meal of. For they brought with them from France the art of cooking—an art almost entirely unknown even to this day in the homes of English workmen, and a source of enormous national waste." For example, the English butchers had been accustomed to throw away their ox-tails. Who, in fact, would ever dream of eating ox-tails? But the French women understood the matter. They bought up the tails for a mere trifle, enriched their *pots-au-feu* with them, and reveled in what has now come to be the national delicacy of *ox-tail soup*.

As soon as the refugees could find a resting-place, they began the practice of the trader in

which they had been experts at home. Thus, in a very short time, they became a source of immense saving to the wealth of England, by producing a home supply of that large variety of articles of finery and fashion for which the English had hitherto been dependent on France and Italy. Among these articles were velvet, satins, taffetas, ribbons, lace, gloves, serges, fans, girdles, needles, combs, beaver hats, and jewelry of all sorts. Calico-printing was introduced by French refugees; and the first successful tapestry manufactory was established by workmen from the Gobelins, in Paris. But it was in the manufactory of silk that the Huguenot immigration was especially profitable to England. Efforts had been made by Elizabeth and James I to introduce silk culture, but with little success. Within fifteen years after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, however, the Huguenot refugees from Lyons and Tours had so far introduced both its culture and its manufacture as not only to supply the English home market, but also to export large quantities to other countries which had till then been supplied by France.

In the making of paper and glassware the English are largely indebted to the French refugees. Before the revocation nothing but the coarsest papers were made at home; all elegant sorts came from France. The first factory for fine paper was established by Huguenots in 1685. For the elegant goods known in commerce as "Irish poplin" the English are likewise indebted to Huguenot settlers in Dublin.

"In short," says Mr. Smiles, "there was scarcely a branch of trade in Great Britain but at once felt the beneficial effects of the large influx of experienced workmen from France."

It is now three centuries since the outrages of the Spaniards in Flanders, and nearly two since the bigoted efforts of the great monarch to convert his Protestant subjects. What has been the fate of the descendants of those whom these great National crimes cast upon the shores of Protestant England? We can answer but in general terms. For many years they cherished hopes of one day returning to their native climes. But finally they became reconciled to their new home, formed alliances with English families, and gradually assumed English habits. But in assuming the English type they modified and ornamented it. And their influence is still traceable not only in some of the first families of the realm, but also in some of the tastes of the common people where they most thickly settled. For example, one finds to-day among the silk-weavers of Spitalfields men who are in every respect English except their un-English

love of birds and flowers, and their un-English names, such as Vendome, Blois, Racine, etc. In many cases, however, even the names were translated or disguised, thus: L'Oiseau became Bird; Le Jeune, Young; Le Blanc, White; Le Noir, Black; Le Roy, King; Lacroix, Cross; Le Monnier, Miller; Le Macce, Brown, and so on. Other pure French names were dreadfully vulgarized; for example, Condé into Cundy; Chapuis into Shappee; De Preux into Diprose; De Maulins into Mullins; Huyghens into Higgins; Beaufoy into Buffy; Dieudonne into Dudney; Gebon into Gibbon. By a strange freak of taste M. Jolifemme (Prettywoman) changed his name into Mr. Prettyman.

Many of the children of the Huguenots have arisen, in each subsequent generation, to reflect honor on their ancestry. The great actor, Garrick, (Garrigue,) was half French. Mrs. Radcliffe, whose romances once created such a stir; the Unitarian Martineau; the novelist, Marryatt; the brothers Newman; the celebrated Dr. Pusey, (Bouvieres,) were of Huguenot blood. Sydney Smith attributed the gayety of his temperament to the fact that one of his grandmothers was French—a woman "of a noble countenance and as noble a mind." The celebrated historian of Greece, Grote, (De Grotes, Groots, Grotius,) descends from Flemish refugees through his father, and French through his mother. In the name of the archbishop of Dublin and author of the *Study of Words*, two Huguenot families are honorably united—Chenevix Trench, (Tranche.)

Huguenot blood has penetrated every class of English society, and even mounted the throne itself. Queen Victoria is part Huguenot, through her descent from a granddaughter of a Protestant nobleman of Poitou—Sophia Dorothea, who became the wife of George I. From the same woman—her daughter having married Frederick William—the Huguenot blood has reached the throne of Prussia.

Many of the Huguenot families have reached the peerage. Such is the case in the noble names Ruvigny, Russell, Cavendish, Osborne, Drummond, Romilly, and many others. Others of them have constantly held high offices both in Church and State.

Such is a meager sketch of the immense benefactions which Papal bigotry unintentionally cast into the lap of England. From that period England has risen, while Spain and France have proportionally deteriorated. English art, industry, liberty, and commerce sprang into fresh life, and have ever since been marching from victory to conquest. But where is the Spain of Philip II? Where is the Golden Age of Louis

XIV? And what are the inferences we must inevitably make? Why were the Protestant exiles so superior to the artisans they left behind? Why did the loss of such a mere handful of men so palsy the material prosperity of entire France? The difference of religion will alone answer the question. The Huguenots belonged to the great body of the French people; but the Gospel had watered their heart and quickened their intelligence, so that now they stood in skill, and energy, and morals, head and shoulders above their Popish neighbors. But what may we infer from their having found the English people in such a backward state, and from the sudden and prolonged impetus which they gave them in the career of progress? Is it not that the Gallic race is in many respects equal, if not superior, to the Anglo-Saxon? and that all that France, and indeed the Latin nations in general, need to raise them to a moral and political equality with England and Russia is to throw off definitively the nightmare of Popery, and to bask, for at least one generation, in the invigorating sunshine of political and evangelical liberty?

MOTHERS OF HOUSEHOLDS.

IN the Holy Scriptures due mention is made of her who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Many a fair young bride launches out among the responsibilities of wedded life with small thought as to whether she will be able to meet them all with firmness and discretion, and be a pillar of strength and honor to her husband's estate, or whether merely an incumbrance which will soon weigh upon him like a burden from which there is no release.

In too many instances, after the excitement of a brilliant wedding has passed, after the bridal robes, and the snowy veil, and the orange blossoms have been laid away, the bride sits down with a sigh and wonders vaguely, now she has dismissed the freedom of her girlhood, what she shall do to amuse herself for the future. If she is the unfortunate victim of a superficial training, the lover whom she sought to please will soon deteriorate into a very commonplace husband, whose opinion or tastes are of too small account to be the subject of consultation. The only alternative is a flight to gayer society and more enticing pleasures than ever before, and when the era of maternity dawns it is denounced as most annoying and inconvenient.

In such a case the design of a most beautiful and mysterious order of nature is sorrowfully perverted. The mute appeal of helplessness

and innocence to love and protection is rudely thrust aside, and the being whose soul should thrill with a mixture of awe and strange delight when she gazes upon the gift of nature and of God, closes the windows and shuts herself from a Paradise where the spirit might be developed, and glimpses obtained within the veil that hides the extraordinary design of human life from the ordinary gaze. It would seem that a serious and thoughtful woman might here find ample employment for her mind and heart—room abundant for conjecture and love.

Beyond the butterfly class who thoughtlessly neglect their children, is another class whose purposes and intentions are affectionate and correct in regard to their offsprings, but the cares of life press heavily, and the struggle from want to comfort has imbued the nature with a desire to continued strife, and a determination that before the muscles shall relax comfort shall be superseded by wealth.

It is very true that many American mothers have too many other duties upon their hands, besides those of attention to the minds and bodies of their offspring. Too often the little, active, inquiring child has to be neglected in mind and body, because of the mistaken idea that other things of more importance demand attention. A few fleeting, enjoyable years of worldly good to the body, are tacitly acknowledged to transcend the importance of educating a soul that shall exist after the body has been given to decay, on and on through ceaseless ages; and while the physical powers are taxed to meet the demand of fashion, of custom, and of pride, the intellect is neglected both in the case of parent and child together. It is a fearful thing for a woman to repudiate her holy and peculiar privilege, and ignore the solemnity of the duties imposed by virtue of her sex and position.

While it is *very* desirable that a house should be cleanly, orderly, and comfortable, this should not be brought about at the expense of the wife and mother, an expense involving drudgery and unmitigated toil. She should possess a clear head for control and superintendence, and having exercised these magical traits in setting the family machinery in motion each day, the remaining hours should belong to her and her children. A man with an ordinary degree of intelligence and aptness for business can soon gather together means that shall render such an arrangement easy and justifiable. He will abundantly receive his reward in the refined and graceful appearance of the woman who greets his return from his daily occupation, and the happy, cleanly appearance of the bright little beings who kiss

him with clinging arms and smiles of affectionate welcome.

Servants are often regarded with compassionate feelings, but many mothers of households are far more to be pitied, for their tasks are often more harassing to the body, while they have the added weight of anxiety and apprehension concerning their children weighing upon their minds. There is sorrowful strife often as to which path is the right one to follow, whether duty to husband and duty to children do not clash when brought to the test, and the burdened wife and mother feels as did the Egyptian woman casting her child under the bushes, that she might not see its death, and in her heart casting reproaches upon the author of her misery, then escaping from life and its accountabilities. The question of domestic finance is sometimes the giant with which many an anxious mother contends, and between that and a consciousness that something is due to the immortal part of the little beings intrusted to her care, her life is fretted away, and she passes out at last, sighing for what might have been, sighing on the verge of eternity over the conviction of a mission unfulfilled before leaving the probationary shore.

A choice flower does not naturally proceed from a coarse, uncultivated stock, and the degree of culture and elegance in the mind and character is to a certain extent dependent upon the source from which they sprang. It is admitted by all observers of nature, animate or inanimate, that a generation of plants and animals progresses in fineness and value only by slow and continued process of culture, and care that they are not permitted to retrograde. This theory may properly be applied to human beings, the parents must be cultivated and intelligent or the children can not become so, except by long and difficult effort. The state of our country demands that the mothers of the land shall have every advantage for their improvement, both physically and mentally, for is it not their offspring that will be chosen to high places in the councils of the nation? Then let every woman that is crowned with intellect be reprieved from all that will tend to deteriorate that noble power—allow her time and opportunity to become the wife, mother, equal of those to whom the weak of the nation look for strength.

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SEE that each hour's feelings, and thoughts, and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such. The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

THE ARK OF BULRUSHES.

A FRAIL bark, indeed, this cradle of woven bulrushes, to bear so precious a freight! We read of the boat which carried Cæsar and his fortunes; if we measure human greatness by the extent and durability of a man's influence over his kind, the mighty Roman is dwarfed beside Moses, and his "fortunes" appear comparatively a thing of a day. Many ages have passed since Cæsar exercised sway in the world; all that remains of him is a mighty name: Moses, who lived some fourteen hundred years *before* him, is still a living power on earth. The nation which Moses was the instrument of delivering reverence his laws to this day, while myriads of Christians, yea, *all* who to the latest time will study the Word of God, will honor Moses as a prophet, obey him as a teacher, and drink in wisdom from his inspired writings. Cæsar raised a Babel structure of grandeur, cemented not with slime but with blood, and it has not left even a ruin behind it. The work of Moses, heaven-guided as he was, resembled more one of the everlasting hills which the Almighty himself hath planted and made firm, from which flow, and to the end of time will flow, pure streams to fertilize earth, and which from age to age remain unchanged in their calm, majestic beauty. Cæsar was a great conqueror. Moses stands before us in dignity of a loftier kind; so glorious as deliverer, law-giver, prophet, that we almost forget that he was a mighty conqueror also. Cæsar climbed up to a point where a halo of fame shone around him. Moses soared high above it; the glory which beamed from his countenance was glory derived directly from God.

Did the hopes of Jochebed venture to picture any thing like this, as she labored at forming this little ark, twining in and out every green bulrush with a prayer for her helpless babe? A scene of touching domestic interest rises before the imagination as we think of the home of Amram the Levite, near the bank of the Nile, in these old, old days which the Scripture narratives bring so freshly before us. There is Jochebed, in a retired part of her dwelling, anxiously pursuing her labor of love, working and weeping, and praying as she works, trembling lest a cry from her hidden infant should betray the secret of his existence to an Egyptian ear. Perhaps little Aaron disturbs her ever and anon with innocent prattle, lisping in his childish simplicity dangerous questions which the mother knows not how to answer; while Miriam, the future prophetess, of an age to share her parents' anxieties and guard their secret, watches

to give notice of the approach of any stranger, her child-face already stamped with the impress of care too natural to one brought up in the house of bondage.

The story of Jochebed and her little ark of bulrushes seems to be one especially recorded for the comfort of mothers. Though in our peaceful land such perils as those which surrounded the cradle of Moses are unknown, yet every parent who watches by a baby boy may learn a lesson from the Israelite mother who, strong in faith, twined that green nest for her little darling. For every infant born into this world of danger and trouble an ark should be woven of many prayers. In two points of view we may regard every such infant as in a position not unlike that of Jochebed's babe, when found by Pharaoh's daughter in his little floating cradle.

The child has been born to danger, and under the doom of death; he is redeemed, adopted, and may be destined to great usefulness and exalted honor. Should a mother's eye rest on these pages, let her follow out with me a subject which can scarcely fail to be one of deep interest to her heart.

Your child, my Christian sister, has, like Moses, *been born to danger, and under the doom of death*. You have transmitted to him a fallen nature: he has first opened his eyes to the light in a world of which Satan is the prince—that Pharaoh whose *wages is death*, that tyrant who seeks to destroy the babe whom you so tenderly love. You can not keep your little one from all the perils and temptations which, if he live to manhood, will certainly surround him. You can not prevent his being exposed to trials as perilous to his soul as the waters of the Nile were to the body of the infant Moses. What can you do to guard your child from dangers in which so many have perished? Like Jochebed, strong in faith, make him a little ark of your prayers.

And to turn to the brighter side of the subject—if you have to share Jochebed's fears, may you not inherit her hopes also? It is no earthly princess, but the gracious Savior himself who has raised your child from his low estate, reversed his doom, adopted him as his own, and placed him as a little Christian in your arms, with the words, *Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages*. The destiny which may await your babe is one which is more great, more glorious, than your imagination can conceive.

Can the human mind grasp all that is contained in the titles, "Member of Christ, child of God, inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?"

You are tending an immortal being; a future seraph may be cradled in your arms! Those soft lips, pressed so closely to your own, may hereafter utter words that shall influence the destiny of souls through the countless ages of eternity; to that mind, which can scarcely yet hold even the sweet assurance of a parent's love, may be unfolded mysteries into which the angels desire to look. If care and anxiety press on your soul when you think of what your child *is*—feeble, helpless, born to trouble as the sparks fly upward—there is deep rapture in the thought of what that child *may be*. O! dedicate him now to his God; ask for him not fame, power, or wealth, not the riches of Egypt, but ask for him grace to follow the Lord fully, to choose "the reproach of Christ;" ask for him the spirit of humility, faith, and love, which was given to Jochebed's favored son. In view of the glorious destiny to which he is called, as well as of the perils which beset him, make him a little ark of your prayers.

An honored woman was Jochebed, mother of Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, all peculiarly favored by God; and thrice blessed is every Christian parent, whether her offspring live for usefulness below, or be early taken to bliss above, who at the last day shall appear with an unbroken family before the Heavenly King! "Thou whose blood hath redeemed me and mine, and whose grace has preserved us—lo! here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me!"

ENGLISH GIRLS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IN a former article the Knight of the Tower's book of counsels to his daughters was noticed, and it was suggested that even so early as the fourteenth century there was a marked contrast between English and French ideas about women.

The Early English Text Society has given us a volume containing a collection of early English manuscripts and books, treating of the education and manners of young people. The present article will excerpt some of the facts about the education of girls contained in that book, and notice some of the points of difference between the ancient customs of the two sides of the channel.

It seems at first sight incredible that, though England was long ruled by a Norman king and court, the two peoples remained very wide apart in their character, especially while the same Church forms and creed prevailed in both. But the truth is that French character was overborne by English, though the former have

all the advantage in the struggle. If it had not been so, there would have been no independent England in the sixteenth century. And there is scarcely a fragment of early English literature but shows us that Romanism, pure and simple, did not take root in the English mind. England was Protestant before Wycliffe. The Reformation revealed, did not create, the gulf between the religious ideas of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races.

One of the pieces in this collection is entitled, "How the Good Wife Taught her Daughter," and doubtless belongs to the fourteenth century. From the number of manuscripts containing the substance of these counsels, we may infer that this was a popular poem extensively circulated among the English portion of the people. It is much shorter than the Knight's book, and contains only about two hundred lines for his two hundred pages; but if his stories and repetitions are left out, the difference is not very great after all. Each set of counsels may be taken as national in their time, inasmuch as numerous manuscripts of both remain to us.

The very idea of the mother as the teacher of her daughters has an Anglo-Saxon face, and the devolving of this upon the father is not less Latin in feature. Not that the mother in France would in no case counsel her daughter, but that, in general, she would be less recognized as the guide of her girls; and it is to the credit of the French character that fathers sustain a closer relation of affection to children of either sex. An English father may be expected to instruct his sons; the daughters would, according to English ideas, depend more upon maternal wisdom. This divergence carries us to the radical difference between French and English female character; the latter has the higher and purer moral tone, and consequently a stronger position in the family. There were always two heads to an English household, rarely more than one in the French family. Not that the French woman was perfectly subordinated to her husband, nor that the reverse was always true on the other side of the channel; but that the woman of Latin stock is seldom a law-giver or a spring of authority.

We miss in the good wife's lines all the purely ceremonial parts of religion; but devotion is encouraged. The blessing of the Virgin is invoked; but there is nothing said of praying for the dead, or of their power to deliver girls from temptation. For such deliverance depends upon the shrewd, common-sense advice which is still given in all well-regulated Anglo-Saxon households: "Don't put yourself where your lover may get you into trouble." The fair

inference from the Knight's teachings is, "Do what you will, if you have prayed for the dead, their dead bodies will intervene between you and peril at the critical moment." Our good wife's creed is so short on this subject, it is so homely and practical, so like the best teaching girls get on these matters in our days, that she does not, like the French knight, need to teach modesty by numerous chapters through which one must hold his nose while he reads.

There is nothing in the religious precepts to show that the writer was a Papist. The invocation for the Virgin's blessing on her daughter is the only sign of Romanism. She exhorts her daughter to love God and holy Church, to go to church when she can, and not to stay away for the rain, to give tithes and offering with a glad heart, to be kind to the poor, and not to be hard: "He prospers well who loves the poor." Her daughter must not laugh at people, old or young, when in church, and must not chatter or gossip with her neighbors.

The practical parts of the advice show differences between the olden time and now. It strikes us oddly enough to read a warning not to get drunk, and to have this counsel made important by repetition, and a statement of the evils of female drunkenness. It may be hoped that no modern mother needs to give such a lesson to her girls. And yet the writer heard Cardinal Manning say in a public meeting, in 1867, that intemperance was destroying the character of English women, and, what was worse, of English children. A friend tells us that he rode recently in a car, in Philadelphia, which contained a drunken young woman whose respectability was vouched for by his fellow-passengers. These unpleasant remnants of old English vices mark another contrast between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon stocks, to the credit of the former, which is the less given to debauches of intoxication.

The good wife's daughter is counseled to despise no offer of marriage, but speedily to tell it to her friends. This would show that early English customs were similar to those which still prevail in this country. Marrying men first consulted the girls, and thereafter the girls were expected to report to their mothers. The Latin custom of consulting the young women last, and then, rather as a matter of form, has never taken root in Anglo-Saxon life. It is another proof of the superior position of woman in the English social system.

The strength of the wife's language on this point, "Scorn him not, whatsoever he be," prompts Mr. Furnivall to query whether the mothers of that time did not find it hard to

marry off their daughters, as hard as their descendants find this business. The subject is not very pleasant, and, in fact, is not altogether wholesome. Late English novels, and a good deal of writing in English weekly papers like the *Saturday Review*, afford material for a large book, which might be called, "The Perfect Angler for a Husband;" or, "How the Good Mother got her Daughter Married." After some reflection and balancing of pen and certain moralizings, this writer decides to hand the subject over to the other sex.

The virtues which are praised by the good wife have a certain English flavor about them; they grow elsewhere, to be sure, but the fruit is more ruddy, and has a refined aroma in Anglo-Saxon life. The girls, when they become wives, are to be cheerful, and true, and blameless of life, and to *love their husbands above all earthly things*. Thrift and forethought are the good wife's strong points. Her daughter is charged not to waste her husband's substance, but to help him to get and to keep. When her daughters are born, she is to begin to lay by things against their marriage. Pleasant reminder of blankets, bed-quilts, pillow-cases, feather-beds, and numberless pieces of household stuff, collected against happy wedding days by old-fashioned American mothers.

The persistence of early customs is shown by the caution given to housewives to keep their own keys. The English housewife keeps them to this day.

The subject of dress could not be passed by in a book for girls; but it occupies a small place in the good wife's. Her daughter must not ruin her husband by extravagance, nor show off in borrowed glitter, nor envy people who can dress better than her purse permits.

To such thrifeful counsels on the use of money much of English home-life owes its success. The farthings which the prudent Anglo-Saxon wife lays up in housekeeping gear for her daughters, her Latin race sister is too apt to spend in jewelry, lottery tickets, spectacular displays, or fine dresses. The English household, with a prudent wife at its head, never leaked out farthings, much less shillings, through these social crevices where so much of our money goes in these days. But let us not forget that it is mean to keep, and stingy to save, and that self-denial now means doing as your neighbors do.

It is to be regretted that our good wife thought it a duty to charge her daughter against profanity. Women did swear in those days, even when they went regularly to Church, not staying away for the rain. There was a very coarse grain in the life of that time. Even

good Queen Bess, long after that, was rather careless in her choice of words when she got angry, which she did pretty often. Another bit of the wisdom of Solomon appears in the command not to curse your children when they are saucy, but to give them a smart flogging. The rod was not spared in those days; but probably some children were spoiled by it, or in spite of it.

The collectors and editors of old manuscripts have found a good many incidents of early English education, from which it is known that young people of both sexes have *durus* and *stultus* declined to them very freely. Perhaps the boys had the hardest time of it; at any rate, we know most about their tribulations. But there are not wanting proofs of the sorrows of the girls.

Agnes Paston not only sent (1457) to pray the master of her son that, if her boy "hath not done well, nor will not amend, he will truly belash him till he will amend;" but she seems to have "belashed" her marriageable daughter with her own hands. Cleve writes—Paston Letters—on the 29th of June, 1454:

"She—the daughter—was never in so great sorrow as she is nowadays, for she may not speak with no man, whosoever come, ne not may see nor speak with my man, nor with servants of her mother's, but that she beareth her on home otherwise than she meaneth; and she hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on a day, and her head broken in two or three places."

Ascham was stimulated to write his "schole-master" by the news "that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating;" but the girls seem also to have appealed to his compassion, for he represents Lady Jane Grey as saying:

"One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that he sent me so sharpe and severe parents and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand or go, eate, drinke, be merie or sad, be sewing, playeing, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it as it were in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfetlie as God made the world, or els I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea, presentlie some tymes with pinches, nippes and bobbies, and other waies, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke myself in hell till tyme cum that I must go to *M. Elmer*, who teache theme so gentlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurements to learning, that I thinke al the

tyme nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping."

One can not but revolt at this picture; but thinking of the young Miss who is heart-broken because a new hat is denied her, one can not but wonder whether she would not be of a happier temper if she had a few of these "pinches, nippes, and bobbes." This is speculation, not advice to parents.

An old Anglo-Saxon custom gave form to a great feature of early English education. The Teuton chieftain gathered about him a crowd of well-born lads, who were voluntary servants about his person. They only, for the most part, were allowed to touch his person. Our oldest books on education are instructive to well-born lads serving in this way in noble houses. From this practice grew the custom extensively used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of the rearing of lads in the houses of patrons. It appears that girls were frequently brought up in this way. In the absence of full information about the female education of those centuries we must conclude that the girls got their best culture in that way. The convents did less for them than for their sisters across the channel, and the girl was fortunate who was placed in a household where she could learn female crafts and manners, if nothing else.

There is doubtless less sympathy between parents and children in the Anglo-Saxon than in the Latin races. The English treatment of children, especially this custom of sending them into other people's houses to be reared, at from seven to nine years of age, struck foreigners very strangely. The "Italian Relation of England," of the reign of Henry VII, contains a hard statement of the matter. Mr. Furnivall thinks the tradespeople and not the gentry are referred to. The relator sets forth that the children are placed in the houses of other people to do menial offices, and, no matter how rich the parents are, few children of either sex escape this fate. He says the parents excuse the practice on the ground that the children learned better manners, "but I for my part believe that they do it because they like to enjoy all their comforts themselves, and that they are better served by strangers than they would be by their own children. Besides which the English being great epicures, and very avaricious by nature, indulge in the most delicate fare themselves, and give their household the coarsest bread, and beer, and cold meat, baked on Sunday for the week, which, however, they allow them in great abundance. That if they had their own children at home, they would be obliged to give them the same food they made

use of for themselves." He thinks the pretext of having the children learn better manners would be good if the children were ever taken back to the home roof-tree, but they are not. Their patrons set them up, or get them married, or they make shift for themselves.

It is easy to see that girls must have had a rough time of it under such a system; and it is perhaps not strange that English women acquired a sturdier character, a higher moral life and less grace of manner than French women obtained. The English girl who was educated in this way must have learned to help herself in many ways, and early discipline of rather a coarse sort may have taught her to take care of herself in her relations to the other sex. Some instances are recorded in early manuscripts of girls losing their places because they were suspected of having designs on the affections of well-born young men. If it is permitted to remark on this worldly view of the matter, it may be conjectured that the girls seldom lost their places or—the affections which they coveted.

We need not sigh for a return of this olden time when girls needed to be advised not to swear or get drunk, and were "truly belashed" after they were old enough to be married.

"PLANCHETTE;" OR, SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY.

WHEN the spirit-rapping monomania first came West some sixteen years ago, I at once began to take interest in the operations. I have always considered it fortunate that I had seen and known something of the feats or tricks of animal magnetism or mesmerism before the spirits were heard of. I was soon convinced that there were realities that should receive attention. As long as the tables did tip it only made the matter worse to treat the phenomenon as a humbug. I saw, too, that the new developments needed the treatment of the scientific man rather than that of the theologian. If science had not turned away with sneers the mania would have done far less harm.

Charles Beecher wrote and pronounced the phenomena a possession of devils. But there was too often the spirit of gentleness to make that theory acceptable. Others pronounced the whole matter a system of trickery; but too many reliable persons witnessed the movings of tables to make the "humbug" theory prevail. Hundreds of people who never had faith in "spirits" have had evidence that the tables do move by some power beyond control. By the

advice of Dr. Dempster, twelve years ago, I took pains to study the matter, and at that time I came to conclusions that are every day being proved to be true. I was soon satisfied that as regarded "trance mediums," the cause was due to one-third trickery, one-third partial insanity, or monomania, and the remainder animal magnetism. I have since learned that opium and hashish—Indian hemp—played an important part. It was proved that young ladies purchased written speeches which they delivered under the influence of hashish. Concerning the table-moving I wrote the following in the June number of the *National Magazine* for 1858:

"Galvani perceived the peculiar convulsions of the flesh of a newly dressed frog, and from that hint followed along till animal magnetism and the Galvanic battery were produced. . . . There are two or three principles, galvanism, mesmerism, magnetism, electricity, which have a difference of operation under different names. . . . Whether it is all *one* power, and that electricity, or two or three different principles, we can not as yet tell. There is perhaps a combination of elements. We may throw the whole into a *genus* with three *species*, magnetism, mesmerism, and electricity, and the premonitions are that the scientific jury will add a fourth species to our *genus*, giving it perhaps the name already hinted at in the scientific world, the *odylic force*. . . . Or it may be only a new development of electricity."*

"People have supposed table-tipping was the action of spirits, and have tried to bring something good out of a false idea. You might as well strive to get useful teachings out of the puffings of a steam-engine, calling the puffs the voice of spirits, as to get any good out of the tippings of a table when consulted under the idea that spirits are present. Magnetism has gone into the service of man through the instrumentality of the Galvanic battery, which sends in undulating streams news items fraught with weal or woe over our wire-webbed land. Let us hope this new force will accomplish something. The magnetizer of whom I spoke [an exposé of rappings] threw himself into magnetic connection with the table and *willed* it to move hither and thither. The will in this case seemed to be a powerful battery putting its subject into life. Now I suggest that this power be applied to machinery. We will get us a large propelling wheel to which we will connect our machinery. We will then engage a company of mediums,

who shall get into 'rapport' with one wheel and stand willing the wheel on in its evolutions. . . . If a table may be made to spin around a room, why may not a wheel be made to turn as well?"

I trust the reader will remember these last two sentences, printed ten years ago, while we describe "*Planchette*."

Within a year some enterprising New Yorker has put this table-tipping power, for the first time that we know of, to some use. The invention, however, is a mere toy. It consists of a thin board in triangular form, with wheels at two angles and a pencil at the other. The point of the pencil is made to rest on paper, and two persons put their hands on the board, and if they have sufficient magnetism the toy will move and write out answers to questions. The mysterious little creature is called "*Planchette*," and is no humbug. And it conforms to all the customs of the old time tipping-tables. The operator magnetizes *Planchette*, and by a mysterious will-power causes it to answer questions.

Before giving illustrations we may as well state the laws that seem to govern it. *First*. It will always answer correctly *if the operator knows the answer*. *Second*. While it will answer other questions, in all the experiments I have engaged in it has never answered correctly. With one operator it would not answer at all when she did not know what should be the answer; with another it would always answer, but never correctly. *Third*. If a person standing by who has strong magnetic powers asks a question, *Planchette* will answer. But in *all cases* in our experiments some ruling mind must have knowledge of what the answer should be if a correct answer is returned.

I asked Miss L. what New York magazine I was taking. *Planchette* wrote a letter or two that made the operator conclude—so she said—it was the Ladies' Repository, and the pencil wrote out "Ladies' Repository." The answer being incorrect, the question was asked again. *Planchette* wrote something that resembled faintly *Har*; the operator at once concluded it was *Harpers*, and *pers* was written very plainly. The answer was still incorrect, however. I asked many questions, the answers to which Miss L. was ignorant of, and *Planchette* would only scribble; but as soon as Miss L. learned the answer *Planchette* would at once write it out.

I asked *Planchette*, in the hands of Mrs. R., who preached at the Methodist Church a week ago, and asked Mrs. R. if she knew. She answered, "I don't know," and *Planchette* immediately wrote—I *do n't know*. Mrs. R. does not attend the Methodist Church. I repeated the question twice. The first answer was—

* This was written ten years ago; since then it has been pretty clearly settled that all kinds of magnetism are but electricity.

The presiding elder; the second—A man from Mendota. Now these two persons had preached on one Sabbath two weeks before the time the question referred to, and I presume Mrs. R. had heard that they preached, as the pastor was sick. I asked Planchette to tell us what was my mother's name. It wrote once *Betsey*, and the second time *Elizabeth*. Both were incorrect. I asked it to give my middle name, once it gave *James*, and then *John*, neither of which were correct. There is a mystery in these answers I have not yet solved, but whenever Mrs. R. was aware of the true answer to a question Planchette always wrote correctly. I asked who preached in Dupee's Hall on the last Sabbath. The Hall is occupied every Sabbath, the Baptist preacher preaching one Sunday, and the Congregationalist the next. Planchette wrote in answer to my question, *Brown*, it should have been *Smith*. It was not *Brown's* day.

Thus far this mysterious power has only produced a toy; will it ever be put to more useful work? To solve this question I held the pencil fast, forming a pivot, and Planchette then followed Miss L.'s hands revolving regularly around. Why may not some light machinery be attached to a circular table, which can be made to revolve by magnetic persons? The chief question would be as to the amount of power evolved. And since tables have been broken to pieces when held, we conclude there must be power sufficient to drive light machinery.

There are mysteries about Planchette. No one is ready to explain the mysterious connection between the mind and the little machine, but there can no longer be any doubt that these curious phenomena, table-tipping and all, are produced by magnetism or electricity, and I believe that Planchette will have a great influence in showing deluded people the folly of believing that spirits are present in tipping tables.

That electricity furnishes the power in these things is corroborated by an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1868. A servant girl created great confusion where she was living by the strange movement of the household furniture whenever she was present. Tables would tip, beds rap, etc.

"Conceiving the idea," says the writer, "that the sounds might be produced electrically, we caused the bedstead to be perfectly insulated by placing the posts upon glass. The effect was all that could be desired. Although the raps continued to follow her all day from room to room, and to her chamber at night, yet so soon as she was fairly in bed every thing of the kind ceased. For six weeks or longer the bedstead

was kept thus insulated and no raps were ever heard except once, when an examination showed the insulation to be destroyed, one of the posts having slipped off the glass. It was replaced with the same effect as before. The cherry table in the kitchen, at which Mary took her meals, was nearly always agitated when she sat down to eat. At such times the rappings were very loud, frequently troubling her so much she had no desire to eat. On one or two occasions this was peculiarly the case, and a remedy for it was sought in insulation. The table and her chair were placed on glass, but before she was ready to sit the former suddenly jumped off the insulators, but was at once replaced, when she took her seat and was able to finish her meal in peace, there being no movement and no raps."

It is useless to ignore these things or to laugh at them. It were better to account for them, and subject the influence to the power of man. And if these mysterious agencies can be put to no use, let us at least disarm them, that unwary souls may no longer listen intent for messages from the spirits when the "spirits" are only the occult—because not yet understood—powers of a living mortal organism.

When some scientific man will condescend to toy with Planchette we shall have the curtain drawn aside, behind which the "spirits" have operated these years, and this calamitous spirit-rapping mania will destroy no longer.

A CUP OF TEA.

A CUP of tea! Blessings on the words, for they convey a sense of English home comfort, of which the proud Gaul, with all his boulevards and battalions, is as ignorant as a turbot is of the use of the piano. What refinement or gentleness could there have been in those times when our rude ancestors in the peascod doublets and trunk hose and our rugged ancestress in the wheel ruff and farthingale, sat down to breakfast over a quart of humming ale or a silver tankard of Canary?

There was no pleasant tea-table for Shakespeare to talk wisely at, no cup of fragrant Souchong for Spenser to recite poetry over. No wonder that wise men then ignored the fairer sex, shrank from the bottle, and got together in taverns where wit might lighten and wisdom thunder. Lucky Milton—lucky because he over smoking Bohea no doubt saw visions of the golden gates of Paradise and the amaranthine meadows of Eden. But, seriously, has not tea ministered vastly to our tranquil home pleasures and calm home life, and was it not a

kindly providence that raised the tea-cup to our tired lips just as our city life grew more busy and more sedentary? Happy the brave brain-workers who were born after the coming in of the sweet herb of China!

It was for a long time supposed that the use of tea began in Tartary, and was not introduced into China till the empire was conquered by the Tartars, ten years before the restoration of Charles the Second; but this is entirely an error, as Bontius, a Leyden professor, who flourished in the reign of James the First, mentions the general use of tea by the Chinese twenty years before the Tartars clambered over the Great Wall, or marched past the great blue-tiled Pagodas.

The Chinese have two curious old legends, which are worth repeating, as first contributions to the mythology of the tea-pot.

The first relates to the Origin of the Tea-Plant.

Darma, a very religious prince, son of Kasinwo, an Indian king, and the twenty-eighth descendant of Tiaka, a negro monarch, (1023 B. C.), landed in China in the year A. D. 510. Probably a Brahmin or a Buddhist of great austerity, he employed all his care to diffuse a sense of religion, and for this purpose denied himself rest, sleep, and relaxation. He lived in the open air, and devoted himself day and night to prayer and contemplation of the nature and beneficence of God, aiming at eventual absorption into the Divine Essence when purified by long prayer, fast, and vigil. Flesh is flesh, however. After several years, worn out by want of food and sleep, Darma the great and good involuntarily closed his eyes, and after that slept soundly, reckless of any thing but rest. Before dawn he awoke, full of sorrow and despair at having thus broken his vow, snatched up a knife, and cut off both his offending eyelids. When it grew light he discovered that two beautiful shrubs had grown from them, and eating some of the leaves, he was presently filled with new joy, courage, and strength to pursue his holy meditations. The new plant was the tea-plant, and Darma recommended the use of it to his disciples and followers. Kaempfer gives a portrait of this Chinese and Japanese saint, at whose feet there is always a reed to indicate that he had traversed seas and rivers, and had come from afar.

The legend seems to prove that from the earliest times tea was known among students and austere people as a dispeller of drowsiness. Its first use was, no doubt, accidental, as was that of coffee, the virtues of which, the Arab legend says, were discovered by some goats

who had browsed on leaves of the coffee-plant, and became unusually lively after their meal. It is a singular fact, too, that Jesuit writers who visited China in the reign of James the First, expressly state that they used the herb tea common among the Chinese, and found that it kept their eyes open, and lessened the fatigue of writing sermons and hearing absolutions that lasted late into the night. No doubt the figure of Darma and his reed could be found on old China.

Our second Boheatic Myth is a legend about Old China.

The Island of Mauvi, now sunk deep in the sea near the island of Formosa, was once wealthy and flourishing, and its silken-clad pigtailed people made the richest and finest porcelain in the world. The King of Mauvi, being a pious man, was warned in a dream by the gods, that when the faces of two of the people's most famous idols grew red, the island would suddenly be destroyed, for the great wickedness of its inhabitants—who were probably tea-merchants; that is, tea-adulterators. Two very sharp villains, hearing of this dream, went in the night, and at once incontinently painted both the images a bright red, with a dash or two of pea-green, upon which the king, without due inquiry—though he proved right in the end—instantly took ship, and started for the south of China. As soon as he was gone the island settled down, with the two rascals, the tea-merchants, and all the porcelain. There can be no doubt about the story, for the tops of the highest rocks of Mauvi are still visible at low water; and, moreover, if any further proof was needed, divers often venture down into the blue depths, when the sharks are asleep above in the sun, and recover old tea-pots, shaped like small barrels, with short, narrow necks, and of a greenish-white color. They used to be worth about seven thousand pounds apiece when cracked, and fissured, and having shells sticking to them. An old Dutch writer computes the price of the large and sound at five thousand thails. Now, a tail is ten silver maas, and ten maas are equal to seventy Dutch stivers, and twelve stivers are worth thirteenpence of our currency, and all that makes a heap of money.

Many antiquarians—but not Dreikopf; O, no, no!—are of opinion that the Arabian Malobathron—mentioned by the writer of the *Periplus*—or first survey—of the Black Sea, supposed to be Arrian, the learned preceptor of Marcus Antoninus—is tea, as the golden fleece is thought to be silk, and the Spartans' black broth coffee; but we do not hold to this belief, for, as Drei-

kopf knows, and Horace shows, people put mabobathron on their hair, not in their stomachs. Ramusio, a Venetian writer on geography, who died in 1557, mentions tea; and so does Giovanni Botero, who, in 1589, particularly praises tea as a "delicate juice which takes the place of wine, and is good for health and sobriety;" so, also, does Olearius, whom the Duke of Holstein sent to Russia and Persia. Gerard Bontius, a Leyden professor who invented diabolical pills known as "Tartarean," and went to China in 1648, gave a drawing of the plant. We hear of tea in Europe in 1557—the last year of the reign of Queen Mary—and yet it was not till 1660—the year of the Restoration—that we find tea in pretty free use in England.

In 1660—12 Carl. 2, c. 23—a duty of eightpence a gallon was laid on all tea sold and made in coffee-houses—started in London by Pasqua Rosee, 1652. The tax-collectors visited the houses daily, to ascertain what quantity of tea had been made in the day. That same year Thomas Garraway, landlord of Garraway's Coffee-House, near the Royal Exchange, started as "tobacconist, and seller, and retailer of tea and coffee." "That the virtues and excellencies of this leaf and drink," said Garraway in a circular, "are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it—especially of late years—among the physicians and knowing men of France, Italy, Holland, and other parts of Christendom; in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garraway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travelers in those eastern countries, and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garraway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, and merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley aforesaid, and drink *the drink thereof*; and to this intent, etc., these are to give notice that the said Thomas hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound." Fifty shillings the pound, forsooth; and now we get good Sou-chong, that deadly enemy to beer and wine, at three shillings a pound.

Soon after this Pepys, that rarest of gossips, whose curiosity for novelties was insatiable, mentions tasting tea in September, 1660. "Tea—a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before." But it does not seem to have made much impression on the worthy admiralty clerk, for in 1667 he says again, "Came in and found my wife making tea, a new drink which is said to be good for her cold and defluxions." The Earl of Clarendon, that grand party historian, writes in his diary, "Père Couplet dined with me, and after supper we had tea; which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China." Sir Kenelm Digby mentions with great emotion a way of preparing tea used by the Jesuits when coming in tired and waiting for a meal.

"The priest that came from China," he says, "told Mr. Waller that to a pint of tea they frequently take the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and beat them up with as much fine sugar as is sufficient for the tea, and stir all well together. The water must remain upon the tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere psalm very leisurely; you have then only the spiritual part of the tea, the proportion of which to the water must be about a drachm to a pint."

In 1688 the Court of Directors, writing to their factory agents at Bantam, in Java, ordered them to send back home one hundred pounds weight of the best tea they could get, and the next year there arrived their first consignment of tea, in two canisters of one hundred and forty-three pounds and a half each. The directors had previously presented Charles's Portuguese queen, who had learned to like the Chinese beverage at home, on the shores of the Tagus, with twenty-two pounds of tea on her birthday. It was on this presentation that courtly Waller wrote his verses:

"Venus her Myrtle, Phœbus has his Bays,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise;
The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the first region where the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The muse's friend, tea, doth our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen."

Nicholas Tulp, the same eminent Professor of Amsterdam, whom Rembrandt painted with his pupils gathered round him over the dissecting-table, had already, about 1670, written on tea, and collected opinions of eminent physicians on the subject of the new liquor. But in 1671 tea found a champion indeed, in Cornelius Bontekoe, a Leyden doctor, who upheld the chemical theory of Dubois, and considered tea a panacea against all the ills that flesh is heir to. He pronounced it an infallible cause of health, and

thought two hundred cups daily not too much even for a moderate drinker. The Dutch East India Company is said to have made it worth his while to uphold this opinion.

By Queen Anne's time tea had come into full use, and tea parties were much what they are now; indeed, there is now to be seen at Leeds a picture painted before 1681, which represents a tea party which strictly resembles one at the present day, except that the kettle stands by the side of the lady on a sort of tripod stove.

In 1763 Linnæus had the satisfaction of receiving a living tea-plant from China. He seems to have believed it possible to grow tea in Europe, for he says he looked upon nothing to be of more importance than to shut the gate through which so much silver went out of Europe. In the time of the amiable Lettsom, who died in 1815,

"And if they dies, I Lett's-em—"

tea-plants were introduced into England, and they are now common in our conservatories. The plant resembles a camelia. In France, at one time, hopes were entertained of being able to prepare the leaves for sale, but the scheme was soon abandoned.

It must not be supposed that this Chinese stranger forced his way to our tables without opposition from the timid, the prejudiced, and the interested. Hundreds of rival herbs and spices were tried as the basis of refreshing beverages. Medical men have gone alternately mad after sage, marjoram, the arctic bramble, the sloe, goat-weed, Mexican goose-foot, speedwell, wild geranium, veronica, wormwood, juniper, saffron, carduus benedictus, trefoil, wood-sorrel, pepper, mace, scurvy-grass, plantain, and betony. Sir Hans Sloane invented an herb tea, and Dr. Solander—Captain Cook's companion—another, but nothing has displaced the Chinese leaf sprung from the eyelids of King Darma.

Cowper—circa 1782—did much in one of his poems to associate tea with home comfort, and to sanctify it with memories of domestic happiness; what a pleasant interior he paints with the firelight pulsing on the ceiling:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
To let us welcome peaceful evening in."

We do not exactly know at what date the urn, "the offspring of idleness," as it has been somewhat metaphorically called, drove "the old national kettle, the pride of the fireside," into the kitchen. Nor do we know whether the English urn of classical shape is an imitation of the

Russian samovar, which is not heated by a concealed iron, but by a small fire of red-hot charcoal, far more efficacious. The urn is an imposing and pleasant Summer friend, but is not nearly so useful as it is ornamental. Yet it is a pleasure to see him in the hands of a neat-handed Phyllis, thumping, hissing, and throbbing like a little undeveloped locomotive, the whiff of white steam waving like a thin plume from his bronze crest; but when his youthful ardor dies away, and one or two faint sighs are symptoms of the gradual declining of the heat, the result upon the second cup of tea is certainly most deplorable.

How pleasant to revive recollections of pleasant tea-times long since passed! The meal—generally after a late dinner rather a work of supererogation—used to begin, as far back as we can remember, with a jangle and clatter of spoons and cups, and a stirring of restless saucers in the neighborhood of the kitchen. We youngers, stirred by the sound, roused ourselves for the impending meal. The tea-tray would at last appear borne in by Susan—we are recalling an especial period of youth—the palladium of the family—the silver tea-pot—conspicuous as a monarch among those lesser retainers the slop-basin, the sugar-basin, the milk-jug, and that regiment of household troops the tea-cups, of Worcester china. It was usually the custom of us youngers to shout at the appearance of the tea-tray, hunger being strong within us, and a meal the chief pleasure of our existence. Then the tea-poy was opened, and the fragrance that arose we always associated with pagodas, willow-pattern plates, and pig-tails. When we had an opportunity we used to like to dip small hands and pretend to be Hong merchants sorting teas. Next the kettle arrived on the scene, and this kettle had a strong individuality of its own. It had always a swathe of soot on the side, and beyond that a prismatic streak where the fire had painted rainbows on it. The way it began to sing softly was a perpetual wonder to us, and might have led, if Watt had not been so quick, to the discovery of the steam-engine. A little purring note faint and distant, then grew gradually louder and fiercer till the lid began to vibrate and the water to gallop.

The pouring out, too, of the first strong brown cup, gradually paling as it mixed with the milk, the springing of the bubbles from the melting sugar—strong basis, those bubbles, of discrimination touching money—how familiar the sights to us now, how fresh, and new, and wonderful then! There was a new delight to us children when the pot had to be filled with a jet of steaming transparent water from the kettle, and then,

before the dregs of the cups were emptied, we had other divinations to perform with the grounds, that raised us in our own estimation almost to the dignity of magicians.

The Chinese, it is now well known, do not use the flowers of the tea-plant, fragrant though the yellow blossoms are. The different sorts of tea are easily discriminated. The Pekoe consists of the first downy leaflets, picked from young trees in the earliest Spring. In May, the growth succeeding these forms the Sou-chong. The third gathering is the strong-flavored Congou. Bohea is a late leaf from a special district. In green teas, the Hyson is a gathering of tender leaflets. The Gunpowder is a selection of Hyson; the coarser and yellower leaves are the Hyson Skin. The Twankay is the last-gathered crop.

The tea-drinker must not think that he is any surer of a pure, unadulterated article than is the wine-drinker. Tea in its finest state never reaches, never can reach, England. It is over-dried for our market, and the over-drying destroys the aroma, which is still further impaired by the sea voyage. Canton Bohea is composed of last year's refuse mixed with fresh inferior sorts, all over-dried to fit them for transportation. The Chinese not only adulterate tea with other leaves, but they give the leaf an artificial bloom with indigo and gypsum, and scent it with resinous gums and buds of fragrant plants. They turn damaged black leaves into green by drying them over charcoal fires and coloring them with turmeric and indigo. Then comes the English cheat. In 1828 a manufactory was discovered where ash, sloe, and elder-leaves were dried to imitate tea, and then coated with white-lead and verdigris to give color and bloom.

If tea can only be grown in Assam, there may be soon found a remedy for all this cheating. In 1835 tea was found growing wild in Upper Assam—a country which we took from the Burmese. The climate is like that of China. At present, the tea from Assam rather resembles a coarse, strong Congo, and is better for dilution with inferior growths that have more flavor, than to be used by itself.

We can only blame the use of tea when carried to excess. Tea is but an infusion of an herb in warm water, and half a pint of warm water at one meal is enough for any one.

THE progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we can not see it moving; but after awhile we perceive that it has moved; nay, that it has moved onward.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

PEOPLE who habitually make the best of things may be subdivided into several classes, the members of which may be totally unlike in all other respects. There are the people who make the best of their own concerns, and there are those who make the best of other people's; while some are consistently cheerful on all subjects. Or they may be divided according to their motives; some people make the best of things upon principle, some from timidity, some from want of feeling, and some from natural lightness of heart. But the most important distinction is, that the habit of making the best of things arises in some cases from genuine cheerfulness, and in others from the very opposite cause. There is a large class of people, commonly called cheerful, who behave in a cheerful manner, not because they see no reason to the contrary, but because they see so much that they feel it necessary to interpose to redress the balance by an effort of will. In their case cheerfulness is only a sort of inverted gloom, and its effect upon other people is apt to be any thing but cheering. A resolute determination to make the best of every thing may take the form of heroism, of sternness, of severity, of pride, or of pathos, according to the temperament in which it occurs, and the occasions on which it is exercised; but it can scarcely ever, except upon the most indiscriminating observers, produce the effect of genuine sunshine. It is, however, often combined with natural cheerfulness, and may serve admirably as a sort of backbone to it. Without natural cheerfulness it is about as pleasing as a skeleton without its covering of flesh and blood. There is nothing more grim and repelling than an unbending refusal to acknowledge pain which nevertheless can not be concealed, and people who have strength enough to endure much pain of body or mind often miscalculate their power of concealment.

To persist in making the best of things, if it does not deceive anxious friends, can only make them feel that they are kept at arm's length. People who have much to endure are of course entitled to any alleviations which they can innocently obtain. Their friends would not grudge such alleviations, even if obtained at the cost of pain to themselves; but if the erection of a barrier round the sufferer by a resolute denial of his pain be an alleviation to him, he ought to use and accept it as such, and not to confound the protection which his own weakness may require with a protection to his friends from the pain of seeing him suffer. It is so only if it really deceives them, which it does much less

often than those who use it are apt to imagine. And nothing adds more bitterness to the pain of seeing suffering than to be denied the right of offering even sympathy. These considerations do not apply only to those great calamities of life which bring them into strong relief. They are equally true in all the little troubles of every day, and as these are not unimportant in their sum, so neither is the pain which is given by too unbending a habit of making the best of things unimportant in the sum of its effects. And this is not the less true because the opposite error is so much more common. The dangers peculiar to the higher and rarer types of character are quite as real as those which belong to lower natures, and are much less likely to be provided against.

There is another form of inverted gloom, assuming the appearance of cheerfulness, which is less repellant, less voluntary, and therefore less likely to be seen through, than that of which we have spoken, but which to those who rightly interpret it is perhaps even more sad to see. This is the optimism which arises from timidity. Persons who have a quick apprehension and a constitutionally excessive dread of pain, often hold exceptionally mild and cheerful views. Indeed, courage is as much required for maintaining a firm grasp of painful truths as for encountering painful events. Excessive sensibility to painful impressions leads people to evade the facts calculated to produce them. And this applies equally to facts which concern themselves and to those which concern others. It is quite possible to daub one's self as well as one's neighbors with untempered mortar; to lull one's self into actual unconsciousness of the dark side of one's circumstances, and in all good faith to give a delusively good account of one's self which may look like courageous cheerfulness, while it really arises from want of courage to face the true state of the case.

That people do by this means to a considerable extent actually succeed in eluding the pain appropriate to their circumstances can not be denied, and the contrivance is one which it would be hard to condemn severely; but it is nevertheless a piteous thing to witness. If it is sometimes melancholy to see people resolutely making the best of things to others, because they can fight their own battles best without sympathy, it is far more melancholy to see them unconsciously making the best of things to themselves because they can not fight their own battles at all, and feel instinctively that their only safety is in flight. The same tendency to evade painful facts sometimes produces a real or apparent want of sympathy; and a more or

less clear perception of the true source of this kind of optimism accounts for the apparent perverseness with which it is often rejected by those whom it is intended to console.

But, happily, cheerfulness is sometimes *bona fide*. There are people who habitually make the best of things, not from a sense of duty, not from a dislike of sympathy, not from any shrinking from pain on their own account or for others, but simply from a natural and unconquerable lightness of heart. These people supply the oxygen of the moral atmosphere, and should be maintained at the public expense to keep it sweet and pure. Even if instead of being, as they generally are, active and otherwise estimable members of society, they did nothing but enjoy life, they would still be worth cultivating for the sake of the light and heat which they kindle. The only difficulty is, how to regulate them. They are so irresistibly impelled to sing songs that, in a world where heavy hearts are unfortunately common, it is difficult always to keep the vinegar and niter apart. As a general rule, it may be said that the burden of avoiding such collisions lies on the sad and sober persons, rather than on the singers of songs, because very cheerful people are so much more readily recognized than those to whom cheerfulness is unwelcome; and because, by a little care, one may generally avoid provoking any active ebullition of cheerfulness, whereas the state of mind which is hurt by cheerfulness is passive, and therefore comparatively permanent.

It is also unreasonable to expect any great consideration for the susceptibilities of melancholy people from the constitutionally cheerful, because the very fact of their being so implies a certain degree of insensibility, which involves a corresponding amount of blindness to other people's sensibility. A genuinely cheerful person makes the best of your troubles, because they really do appear to him very distressing, and it is for you to decide whether such a view will act on your mind as a tonic or an irritant. Considering how apt people are to exaggerate their own troubles, we should in all doubtful cases recommend a very free application of this remedy. In one case out of twenty, perhaps, the cheerful external view will be less true than the sufferer's own opinion, and in perhaps half a dozen more it will be irritating, notwithstanding, or even by reason of, its truth; but in the remaining thirteen, if not in more cases, it will go far toward effecting a cure.

A habit of making the best of things, in the sense of exaggerating in some degree their bright side, is, of course, like every thing which

implies any departure from truth, to that extent a defect. But the exaggeration may be only relative; that is, things may really appear brighter to one person than to another; and an exceptionally cheerful person may not be exaggerating the bright side of things as they appear to him, although to others he may seem to be palpably making the best of them. This is the best and most genuine form of cheerfulness. But even this genuine bias on the side of brightness does simply a departure from exact truth, just as much as a bias on the other side. And it sometimes produces a curious effect, corresponding with that form of cheerfulness which we have already described as inverted gloom. This is an appearance of gloom which may be called inverted cheerfulness. People of very robust and buoyant minds often indulge in an amount of croaking which would drive a more sensitive person distracted. They will lavish condolences with a generosity which may be soothing as long as it does not occur to one that it costs them nothing. And they will calmly predict all manner of public and private catastrophes, the contemplation of which seems only to afford an additional relish to their enjoyment of life, as the ice which is served at table heightens the comfort of a well-warmed dining-room. And just as assumed cheerfulness may be more pathetic than any complaint, so this wantonness of grumbling has often a kind of humorous luxuriance which suggests unfathomable depths of comfort. Every body knows what it is to hail an outburst of ill-humor as the surest sign of improvement in a convalescent. And a comfortable interpretation may be put upon a good deal of the discontent which people express under more ordinary circumstances.

All these varieties both in the inner feeling and in the form of its manifestation, are intermingled in different people in such various proportions, and with such various modifications from individual character, that it becomes almost impossible in practice to guess at the degree of real cheerfulness represented by cheerful behavior; and as such outward behavior will be differently interpreted by different observers, it is equally impossible to predict its effects in any given case. Nobody can say with any confidence whether making the best of things will be cheering or depressing to others. In so far as it is believed to be an indication of genuine cheerfulness, the chances are that it may be rather welcome than otherwise to any body who is not in such a state of depression as to feel that cheerfulness implies a want of sympathy. But when it is perceived to be in any degree assumed or practiced upon principle, or the result

of bluntness of sensation, the chances are that it will be either depressing or unpleasing to the spectator in proportion to the fineness of his own perceptions.

CLARA DOANE'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER II.

MY last told you of the safe arrival of all our party on the little coral reef, which was to us an oasis in the desert of waters. Now that all were safe, my mind turned naturally to our baggage, and I felt it very hard to give it all up. Every thing in my trunks was dear to me. When I remembered all the love sewed into every garment, the pretty dresses that I and the sewing-machine had trimmed, and all the dear little gifts that I loved so much, I could hardly bear it. Then, too, it seemed so discouraging to try and get up another outfit.

But the "Golden Rule" bore her beating about pretty well, and did not go to pieces very fast; and the men were diving into the hold trying to get some of the trunks, and one night they brought to me my little black trunk with the ends and top mashed in. We did not need any key, and soon its contents were spread out before me. I am glad that you, who saw the pretty dresses folded and packed away, were not there to see them unpacked. Such a mass—such a mixture! You remember we put the pictures in the trunk with the dresses. The salt water had turned the gilding into a kind of paste, that had soaked into and through every thing else. All the pictures were perfectly ruined. Mother's face, however, came out of the ruined frame in pretty good preservation. Did n't I greet it with joy! Every thing that had any color in it had imparted the same to every thing else. But enough of this. Some of the dresses, I think, can be put into wearing order again, but some are hopelessly spoiled.

A few days after another trunk appeared, or at least they called it a trunk, though it looked like a bundle of blackened barrel staves held together by straps. We saved a few things out of that. The day before we left the island some one came around inquiring if we knew any one by the name of Clara Strong, and said there had been a trunk lying on the shore for several days marked with that name, and still unclaimed. Of course we started to claim it. Edward had noticed the trunk several times, but had not recognized it. It was the leather-colored trunk, you remember, but it was now turned perfectly black. My silver was in that trunk, and the baggage-master had taken care of it, so I

recovered nearly all—six of the silver knives were missing, and my beautiful "class spoons." But I was glad to get back as much as I did. O, my dear albums! What a state they were in—utterly ruined! A few of the dear faces were dimly recognizable. O, I could have cried when I looked at them; but I did n't.

Our baggage now consists of one trunk, and our satchels full of soiled, stained, iron-rusted things. But I am thankful for these, and the good Father will supply our needs.

June 14th.

On the ninth day of our imprisonment on the island two schooners hove in sight. O! how the shout of "sail, ahoy" thrilled every heart! Six hundred and fifty souls were on the island, and the little ships could hold only about two hundred. They sent off some of the steerage passengers, and the rest of us settled ourselves to watching and waiting again. Not long this time, however. The next day, the 9th of June, our thankful hearts were cheered by the sight of two noble steamers coming to our relief. They proved to be two United States gun-boats, and the dear old flag received a hearty greeting, you may be sure. Movements were prompt now, and in little less than two hours we were all off the little Rancador reef. We did not shed many tears at parting, and yet we did not forget that but for that little barren spot we might have found our rest at the bottom of the sea. We had water, too, a little brackish, and in slender quantities, but enough to save our lives. The two men-of-war were the "State of Georgia" and the "Huntsville." The gallant officers welcomed our ragged, dirty crowd with generous hospitality, though of course they had not the accommodations of a regular passenger boat.

Now commenced the old experience of sea-sickness. We were all so weak we had not strength to resist it, and every body was sick. So we all lay on the deck literally packed together two nights and a day, wretchedly sick.

They brought around our rations, hard tack and coffee, but I was too sick to eat. My good friends feasted me on ice, which was my greatest comfort.

At last we reached Aspinwall, and went up to the United States Hotel to breakfast. Sitting at a civilized table for the first time in two weeks, I realized here that I was a stranger in a strange land. The gabbling, crowding natives in their fantastic dress, loaded with tropical fruits to sell, were a constant source of amusement to me. At nine o'clock we took the cars for Panama, where the "America" had been lying in wait for us a week. We reached Panama a little after noon. Our gentlemen were obliged to go

out and buy them some clothes as we left that evening.

The "America" is a comfortable vessel, but not equal to our poor wrecked "Golden Rule." We find the Pacific equal to its reputation, and its peaceful surface is an enemy to sea-sickness. I am hoping to do a great deal of writing between this and San Francisco.

HONOLULU, *July 31, 1865.*

I wish you could have attended with me to-day the grand native celebration. To-day is the Hawaiian 4th of July, the anniversary of the restoration of their independence. Any one who could have gone with us into the beautiful pavilion, holding about three thousand people, and sat down with us at the bountifully supplied tables, who could have looked into the bright, intelligent faces, and listened to the fine addresses from native tongues, must have acknowledged that a marvelous change has come over this people so lately buried in heathenism. The speeches were given in both languages.

Last Wednesday I attended with Mrs. Gulick the female prayer meeting. It was a precious sight to me, those dark mothers gathered to pray for their little ones; and when Mrs. G. told them where I was going, they pressed around me with tears in their eyes, to press or kiss my hand, with their musical greeting, "Aloha," "Love to you."

On the Sabbath we went to the Sabbath school, where a thousand children were met to hear of Jesus. Bright little faces and sweet voices they had as they sung our familiar tunes. Surely this was hearing the "Lord's song in a strange land." I could hardly keep the tears back all day, I was so touched by the sight. Edward preached, the pastor translating for him sentence by sentence. O, that you could have seen those dark faces lit up with Christian love and sympathy! What a glorious reward for those who have toiled here for the last forty years thus to see the fruits of their labors!

Tuesday.—I have just made a call at the house of a native. The house and grounds were very beautiful. It is the residence of Major M., and I never saw a finer-looking couple than are he and his wife—no, not of any race or color. He is a splendid, soldierly looking man, and she a tall, graceful lady, with wavy hair as black and glossy as polished jet.

Almost every one here, native or foreigner, owns his horse, as horses are very cheap, and rides on horseback at the top of his speed. You would think it one continual horse-race. I have had some delightful horseback rides. Edward and I climbed to the top of the "Old Punch Bowl," where we had a magnificent view of the

town, the harbor, the peaceful valleys below us, and the surrounding mountains. Such a beautiful picture it was! I have no words to describe it.

ON BOARD THE PFEIL, Aug. 21, 1865.

It is two weeks last Saturday since we left Honolulu, and they have been at the same time uncomfortable and happy days, for I do think, dear mother, when I have the most trials then I have the most comfort, and it is such a precious thing to bear any thing for Jesus.

We came on board Saturday noon, loaded down with the kindness of friends, so many little last packages of delicacies and conveniences for the voyage. Kind friends stood on the shore to wave us a last good-by, and the vessel was soon scudding out of the harbor with a good breeze. Would not I like to have you take one look into our little cabin! There is just room enough to turn around in it, and more things stowed away in it than I can mention. We get some air from the skylight above, but when it rains—and we have a great many showers—it is very close and warm. Then our cabin is dining saloon also; so you may imagine there is not much superfluous room. But the little vessel was not intended for passengers, and these accommodations answer very well when the captain is alone.

As usual I was sea-sick for the first few days, for our little brig rocks in royal style. Fresh air is most important in sea-sickness. So Edward made me a grand couch amidships, out of a mattress the captain gave him, and I was so happy and thankful to be up in the fresh air under the shadow of the sails, and with the blue waves laughing back at me. It seemed like being in a little open boat at sea, the sides were so low. Little Eddie had found a cocoanut which we were enjoying, when a great salt wave came dashing over the side, drenching my clean dress, to say nothing of my fine couch. This was the end of worldly delight for the present. Amidships was pronounced unsafe for us, and we were sent "up forward." But there was no shade here. Edward spread me out to-day in the sun, holding an umbrella over my head. Do you see the picture?

The heat of the sun soon drove me down stairs. But don't think me complaining. The first few days were certainly trying, and I had to pray from moment to moment for patience, it was so close in the cabin when I was faint from sea-sickness, and there was no shade for us above. But the dear blessed Master was with me to help and comfort me, and I was happy.

Things have been mending every day since—every vestige of sea-sickness has disappeared. They managed to put us up a little awning over-

head, which broke the heat of the sun considerably. I sleep on a sofa in a half-upright position; we are beset by cockroaches and bad odors, and so exposed I have to sleep with all my clothing on. This, considering the heat and the lack of opportunity for bathing, is unpleasant, but it is nothing to living on a reef a while. A week ago I managed to get a bath, and I think it was the greatest luxury I ever enjoyed.

MILLE, August 29th.

Day before yesterday we came in sight of the first Micronesian land my eyes had ever seen. Mille, or the Mulgrave Islands, are the first we touch at. The coral reef forms a great circle, with here and there an opening where ships find a passage. The lagoon in the center is so large we can not see across it. We got inside the reef in the lagoon about noon, and soon saw two canoes making for us. You may be sure I watched them with a great deal of interest, as the natives here are very like those on Ebon, and speak the same language. Indeed, we were only two days' sail from Ebon, our intended home.

Then, too, we were eager to get news from the "Morning Star." She left Honolulu ten days before we did, but she was to go farther south to Apiang, so we were somewhat in hopes of meeting her here. We watched the canoes, spy-glass in hand, and were able to make out that two men in them were in foreign dress, so they must be white men. Nearer and nearer they came till the dark forms in purely-native dress were plainly visible. Shall I confess that I made an errand into the cabin, not from any sense of fear, though?

Then came the questions and answers, and we learned that the Morning Star had not been there. Then the wild natives crowded on deck. They were very glad to see the "missionary," and soon they were peering down the passageway and through the sky-light at me. It was not long before I was on deck in the midst of them. I was happily disappointed by their bright, intelligent faces, and I found myself saying, "Surely these souls are worth saving!" and my heart swelled with joy that it was my privilege to labor for them. The white men were traders stationed here. The next day we went over in the ship's boat to the principal island. A crowd of natives of all ages came down to meet us, all nearly or quite naked. The little wild things ran into the water to pull us upon the beach, laughing and screaming with the excitement. O, that beautiful beach, as smooth and almost as white as a snowdrift, with the grand waves rolling up!

Escorted by this wild band we went toward

the royal mansion. It was a rude, native hut, and here we found his Majesty, with a numerous retinue, sitting on the ground waiting to receive us. We took a seat on the ground by him. He was a kind old man, and received us cordially, repeating over and over the native greeting, "Iyokweyak"—I love you. The expression of his face was benevolent and intelligent. His straight black hair was tied up at the back and ornamented by a wreath of delicate white lilies. Edward talked with them some about God and Jesus Christ, and I sat by with a prayer in my heart for a blessing on his words.

I found myself the principal object of curiosity to them, a woman in such a strange dress and such a contrast to them in complexion. My watch pleased the chief very much. I felt a little afraid when he took it that he might claim it as a present.

When we were through talking with him we walked about the island, followed by a troop of boys and girls, to see the native huts. The women had not been present at the king's reception, so now they gathered around me, pressing my hand and trying to express their regard in various ways. Many of their faces were pleasant and kindly, almost handsome. O, how my heart yearned over these, my poor, dark-minded sisters! We had gone but a little way when another company met us, bringing a basket of bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts from the chief. So we sat down, Edward and Eddie attacking the young cocoa-nuts with a good will, I pretending to eat. Then we went over to the opposite shore, still followed by our wild company. Here we found some beautiful shells. The children, when they found it pleased us, brought them to us with great delight. We then returned to the vessel.

FINDING HAPPINESS.

WHEN I seek to recall to mind all the happinesses of my life, I find but very few of them that were foreseen, or attained to by anxious seeking. Happiness is like wild game; if one takes aim at too great a distance the shot misses its mark. The happinesses which my memory recalls have come to me of themselves without my seeking. For many people happiness is some great, imaginary compact object which they expect to find, not by piecemeal, but as one grand whole; it is a diamond as large as a house, which they spend their lives in seeking and pursuing at hazard.

They are much like a horticulturist of my acquaintance, who is now dreaming only of finding

a *blue rose*—a rose that I have sought for a little myself—and a thing more reasonable to hope for than the diamond of which I was just speaking. Since the fancy of the blue rose has seized the brain of this poor fanatic, other flowers have had neither fragrance nor brilliancy for him. Happiness is not a blue rose; it is the herb of the field, the flower of the lawn, the rose of the hedge, a ward, a song, an any thing, no matter what. Happiness is not a diamond as large as a house; it is a mosaic of little stones, no one of which, in many cases, has a general and real value for the others around it. This large diamond, this blue rose, this monolith happiness, is a dream. The happinesses of my life have grown up and blossomed under my feet like the daisies of my grassy lawn.

My greatest happinesses I have found in a little garden, whose limits I could have spanned with a leap, in a room in which I could make no more than three steps. That little room, I recall it now; I have only to close my eyes to see it before me; it seems to me that I see it in my heart. It was furnished with arm-chairs covered with velvet, a card-table near the hearth, and an old piano between the windows. One day *she* tried to teach me to play with one finger an air which she sometimes played, and which I passionately loved. Her father sat by the hearth reading a journal. First she played it over before me, then told me to try it. I could only find the three first notes; she played it over more slowly; I succeeded no better. She laughed at my awkwardness. Then she guided my hand to strike the right notes. My hand trembled. She ceased to laugh, withdrew her hand, and we were silent. The day was declining; our eyes met, and it seemed that I was she and that she was I, and that the thoughts of our souls were one. Two tears fell from her eyes and hung upon her cheeks like two pearls of dew upon a rose. Then her father, whom we had forgotten, with the rest of the world, let fall his journal, which he could no longer read, and told her to light the lamp. "And you can see no more than I," added he, "for the piano has already been long silent."

Now, to find this happiness—and I recall none as great in all my life—I had only to descend one story, fourteen steps, to go from my room into the room furnished with the velvet arm-chairs. And my room, so little, so poorly furnished, what happiness it inclosed! It was there that I composed ten thousand stanzas for her, of which she never saw a single one. It was there that I wrote her so many letters. It was there that I re-read the few that she wrote me so many times that the Alexandrian library

could not have furnished me more reading. And those stairs, those fourteen steps, which separated us, how many times have I descended and ascended them to meet her, to meet her father or even her servant! and in the hope that she would recognize my step; that she would hear me going up and down, and would say, "That's he," at least to herself. My friend, I have traveled three hundred leagues on those stairs, and at each step found a happiness.

O, how many beautiful flowers there were in the spring-time of our lives, and how are they faded! How many things are dead within us, for which we think not to clothe ourselves in mourning! Far from this we look upon our mutilations as useful and necessary retrenchments; we grow proud of our losses; we call our infirmities virtues; the stomach no longer digests well, and we call ourselves sober; our blood flows colder in our veins and we say that we have left the follies of love, when it is love that has left us; our hair and our teeth die, and yet we think not that we are soon to die as a whole. We agitate ourselves, we torment ourselves about a happy condition before us, and which we shall never see. And yet warnings of our certain failure are not wanting; every thing speaks to us of death. This house that we inhabit was built for a man long since dead, by masons who are also dead. These trees, under which we dream, were planted by gardeners who are dead. The pictures with which we ornament our walls, were painted by those who are dead. Our clothes, our shoes are made of the fleeces or skins of animals that are dead. The vessel upon which we sail between green shores is built of planks of trees which are dead. The fire, before which we chat, is fed by the skeletons of dead trees. Our great feasts and our daily repasts offer us only the corpses of animals dead. This wine, of which you boast the great age, recalls to you that that one who dressed its vine, that he who made the cask, that he who put it in the bottle, and that all those who lived then are dead. And in the evening when you go to the theater to see Cinna or Mithridates played upon the stage, these personages whom you gaze at, are they not the dead whom you call back to gambol before you for your diversion?

When these thoughts come to me, my friend, there seizes me a profound horror of all the bustle and agitation of life. I think only to live tranquilly, without anxious care for the present or future, and I smile at the folly of all those who, having only two hours to sleep, spend those two hours in *making ready* their bed. I seem to see in all these beings, who jostle each other

and exert themselves to obtain something, I know not what, only raving maniacs, and I am of the opinion of that philosopher who pretended to have discovered the true reason why all large cities have a hospital for the insane; namely, that in shutting up some poor wretches, under the name of insane, they wish to make strangers believe that those who are out of the hospital are not.

SLANG.

THERE is nothing more irresistible than a slang phrase in this country. Give it a start, and it will spread over the land like a contagion. A new fashion will not make way more rapidly or more inevitably. You can not tell whence it comes, nor how it originated; most generally it is a bastard which nobody owns. But, for all that, it makes its way in the world more successfully than the legitimate vernacular. With an effrontery which nothing can abash, it obtrudes itself into society that ought to be above it, and insidiously steals into the conversation of those who despise it. Slang is low, vulgar speech, and, like every thing else low and vulgar, possesses a coarse fascination that is the secret of his power. It is an outlaw to the language, recognizing no rules nor proprieties—a shame to pure speech and an offense to cultivated minds. If it were not for our women there would be danger of having our English smothered in slang. They seldom use it—a well-bred woman never uses it. If they hear it, it is strange to them, and their innate delicacy at once shrinks from a familiar acquaintance with it. This is why, in all enlightened countries, women, scarcely less than scholars, are the conservators of the purity and beauty of their language, as they are also the conservators of religion and morals. A great deal of the article called "liberal education," in this day, is the merest tinsel—the surface gilding that hides coarseness and ignorance. A test of moderate severity—say an hour's animated conversation on various topics—is generally sufficient to reveal the counterfeit. The imagined "educated" man, in the extravagance of his excitement, exhausts his stock of thorough-bred standard words, and is forced to resort to the pat vulgarisms of the street to keep his tongue going. A man of taste instinctively avoids these vulgarisms. Even a slight acquaintance with the pure and simple words and expressions of our majestic language used by great authors, is sufficient to create a preference for such words, and engender a disgust for the illegitimate phrases that are coined in stable-yards and gamblers' rooms.

I KNOW THAT BY GOD'S GOLDEN GATE.

I KNOW that by God's golden gate,
Where heaven the sinless see,
My own doth longing watch and wait,
In joy to welcome me.
I thought not of that other land
When she was all my life;
God seeing, in his dread command
Took home my angel wife.

In agony of grief I clung,
To catch the parting breath,
Upon her grave my form I flung,
And called in vain on death.
Life ended where her life begun,
And through my blinding tears
I saw my doom in anguish run
The dreary length of years.

The world is wide, and dark, and cold,
Day follows after day,
The old and young, the young and old
Pass all the same away.
Along its endless paths I roam,
So weary of its strife,
My heart is in that other home
Where lives my other life.

Beyond the golden gates of day,
Beyond the stars at night,
In prayer I seek the unseen way,
Where heaven's hosts are bright.
For O! I know by God's own gate,
Where heaven the sinless see,
My own doth longing watch and wait,
In joy to welcome me.

BABY ALICE.

TAKE the baby from thy bosom,
Lay her on the Savior's breast,
Where no sounds of earthly sorrow
E'er shall break her peaceful rest.
Close the drooping eyelids fondly,
Fold the dimpled arms with care,
O, how blind were we, who saw not
That the angel wings were there!

Press a kiss upon the forehead
Of the sinless, little one,
She will bear her mother's blessing
To the realms beyond the sun.
Let thy falling tear-drops gather
In the ringlets of her hair,
And the moanings of thine anguish
Float upon the dreary air.

As a stray bird in the Winter
Leaves its flower-decked southern clime,
And with fleeting visit brings us
Visions of the Summer time,
So thy little, precious birdling
Flitted from the sunny skies,

Lingered with us for a moment,
Wandered back to Paradise.

Though she never learned to know thee,
Though she warbled not thy name,
Yet her heart with thine had throbbed,
And their beatings were the same.
The mysterious chain uniting
Her sweet being with thine own,
Was not sundered, only lengthened,
Till its links had reached God's throne.

Through the weary years that passing
Trace deep furrows on thy brow,
Thou wilt feel that chain entwining
Round thy heart as close as now.
If bright smiles thy lips are wreathing,
Or the tear-drops dim thine eye,
Ever will its sweet vibrations
Woo thy spirit to the sky.

Though the frosts of age may gather
Round thy pathway, damp and chill,
And thy weary feet may stumble
As they're winding down the hill,
Thou wilt ever look above thee,
Through the blinding mists, and cold,
Where thy baby's waiting for thee,
For in heaven they ne'er grow old.

When the book of life is closing
To the vision of thine age,
And thine eye, with vain endeavor,
Strives to scan the folding page,
In that land of love and beauty,
Girded by that mystic chain,
Baby Alice glad will greet thee,
To be parted—ne'er again.

THE RIVER OF MEMORY.

THERE's a deep majestic river
Winding through the vale of time,
And its waves are ever speaking
With an utterance sublime.

For within the dells and caverns,
That beneath its waters lie,
Are the lost and buried treasures,
Left there when life's storm swept by.

Treasures that no more forever
May our yearning spirits clasp,
For the past hath borne them from us,
Borne them from our earthly grasp.

Still we ever must remember
All the bright things that are fled,
While affection, could it clasp them,
Glorious beams would round them shed.

So we stand beside this river,
On its dim and shadowy shore,
Where the flick'ring lights of memory
Flash and gleam for evermore.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THE TRUE STORY OF A BASSONTOS CHILD.

MY dear little friends, in the middle of Africa there are some people who know not God, neither his Son Jesus Christ. They adore idols which they call their gods; who have ears, it is true, but they hear not; eyes have they, but they see not; a mouth, but they speak not. The missionaries, who are pious and learned men, go to visit these poor ignorant people, and teach them that there is a God in heaven who loves his children, and a Savior who died for them. The Lord touches their hearts, and they are converted; that is to say, they renounce their idols and forsake their sins, because they come to know that the Savior took upon himself a human form, suffered a cruel death on the cross that we might be saved, and that all who take up the cross and follow him will come to live with him in heaven evermore.

It is related that, in the valley of Matlepas, in the Bassontos country, in the middle of Africa, there was a young child that we shall call Moses, because he received that name when he became a Christian. He was much beloved by his parents, who took great care of him. His father was rich; that is to say, for that country; he had cows, a flock of goats, and a beautiful field which was near his hut or cabin, for you should know that with the Bassontos there are no fine houses.

Moses began to grow tall. He was eight years old, and his father gave him a light javelin; that is, a wooden lance, and a hat made of rushes. He was to be a shepherd. He would have to watch the goats whose milk nourished him. This dear child was joyous and happy all day long; but you know that in the midst of joy we are sometimes very near weeping, and misfortune comes at the moment when it is least expected. So it happened to little Moses. It was just after his eighth birthday, that the neighboring people, enemies of the Bassontos, came against them, and spread themselves over the valley of the Matlepas, burnt the corn-fields, and carried away their flocks and herds, and every thing that belonged to the inhabitants. The air was every-where full of clouds of smoke, which announced to those who had fled to the mountains the cruel enemy had set fire to the

houses after murdering the inhabitants. The father of Moses was killed, and he was left alone with his mother, whose name was Coni. Their cabin, however, was not destroyed. They went to live in it again, but they found in it no provisions, every thing had been destroyed or carried away by these cruel enemies.

The mother cut a pointed stick from the hedge, and sent Moses to dig for some roots that grew near the hut. She found on searching about, some millet, which she pounded or crushed between two stones; of this she kneaded a small loaf. Moses found some roots which the people of that country use for food, something like our sweet potato. On this they lived for many days. But this poor mother had no covering but a sheep skin, and exposure, poor nourishment, and sorrow made her ill. Soon she could not rise from her pallet, and Moses could not comprehend why she no longer would go out with him to sit in the sun.

One day Moses heard his mother call him with a feeble voice. "My child," said she, "go thou away, thou wilt find some one that will take pity on thee; follow the road through the valley; for me, I feel that I am dying, and thou wilt be left alone without father or mother."

"What, leave thee, mother!" cried Moses affrighted. "Speak to me no more like that; you will make me cry." And the poor little boy in his grief hid his face under the sheepskin which covered his good mother. But he did not perceive that when she had spoken those words she had ceased to live.

Two days passed thus without his suspecting any thing. He believed that she still slept, and he dared not awake her. A woman who passed by looked into the hut, and told him that his mother was dead. He knew not what this word dead meant, but he comprehended it when he found she was cold and did not move. The poor child then wept aloud, and followed with his eyes the hard-hearted woman who had spoken to him, and then left him without help and so desolate.

On the morrow he recollected his mother's advice, and followed the path she had directed him to take. This led him to a field which a man was cultivating, who regarded him with kindness. He seated himself on the ground, so tired and hungry he had not strength to speak a word. This man, whose name was Bugnane,

went up to him, and soon discovered that he was a lonely, forsaken child. He took him up and carried him to a brook, where he washed his feet and hands, which were all covered with dirt and filth.

Moses, who now began to feel the pangs of hunger, uttered most distressing cries. Bugnane called his children, and bid them watch the little stranger while he went in search of some nourishment. He soon returned, bringing a loaf of millet and a cup full of milk; but Moses could no longer open his mouth. They forced him, however, to swallow some drops of milk, and then again he cried out with the pain the first swallow caused him. This is what happens to those who are so unfortunate as to pass two or three days without food. Thank God, my dear children, that you have never suffered from hunger as poor little Moses did, for it causes great pain. These good people bestowed the tenderest care on the little orphan, and he was not long in getting better; then he soon grew strong enough to make himself useful in the family as the other children did. He was regarded as a son of the house, and loved the good Bugnane as his second father.

Unfortunately the enemy came again into the country, and took up their abode there, for these gentle people were not warlike, and could not resist their powerful foe. They ravaged the country, made great depredations, and caused a famine; then they left to do the same somewhere else. Scarcely had they gone when there was an alarm that the cannibals were coming. These are savages who eat their fellow-men, and nourish themselves on human flesh. There are cannibals in the middle of Africa, and some travelers have been devoured by them. Let us hope that in time the missionaries may even reach these wretched people, and make them to understand their enormous guilt.

Already there was a report of some neighbors that these cruel people had eaten at their repast as we eat beef and mutton. Bugnane thought it best now to leave his hut with his family, to fly from the threatened danger and conceal themselves till these savages had left the country, and little Moses followed with the rest; but this kind man, fearing this dear child might fall a victim to the savages, for he was still very young, and could not run away like the others, ordered him not to follow him further, but to stay in a place of concealment which he thought would escape the notice of the cannibals. But Moses would positively follow him. "Are you not my father," he cried bitterly. But Bugnane feared he could not defend him against the savages who were approaching, so he coaxed

him again to stay behind, promising that he would go and put himself under the protection of some powerful chief, and then come again to fetch the child.

The child resisted still, but at length comprehending he must obey, he made up his mind, weeping bitterly, to be put from him who had been a second father to him. Bugnane gave his brass collar to buy a piece of meat from some men who had just killed a bullock. This he fastened to the shoulder of the little Moses, gave him some bread, and then put him where he thought he would be safe till the cannibals passed by.

The poor little lonely boy seated himself on the ground, and wept as if his heart would break. Soon after a troop of cannibals, lying concealed in the wood, followed the poor father and his children. On the morrow there were found on the ground human bones, which proved that the unfortunate Bugnane and his family had been devoured by these cruel savages of whom I have told you. You see, my dear children, that in separating Moses from his benefactor God saved his life. But what was to become of him? He feared the cannibals might still find him, for he knew not yet that there is a God who takes care of little children when every other help has forsaken them.

To avoid a frightful death the child fled to the mountains, and took refuge in a grotto which opened toward the rising sun; there he lived nearly a year, and fed on roots and wild fruits, and when stormy weather hindered his going in search of food, he must have suffered from hunger.

At the end of several months his sheep-skin cloak was almost worn out, and the little lonely fellow, without fire, without covering, and with the scanty supply of roots he had gathered, found himself miserable indeed. Besides, he heard the frightful howlings of lions and tigers in the neighboring forests, which troubled his slumbers during the night. So much suffering destroyed the health of this unhappy child, and he determined to return to the valley, even should he find there the enemies who had destroyed the huts and ravaged the fields.

He was by this time more than nine years old; and, when the missionaries visited the country of the Bassantos a year after, they found Moses in the midst of children of his own age, and, like them, he was very bad and very ignorant, and bowed the knee before the idols, returned evil for evil, and committed all kinds of wickedness. But when the missionaries taught him that we have in heaven a Father who loves us, who takes care of us, and who has sent his Son on the

earth to the end, that poor sinners might be pardoned and reconciled to God, the joy of our young savage was very great.

"It is then this good Father," he exclaimed, "who has watched over me; it is he who led me to the hut of the good Bugnane; it is he who prevented my following him to be devoured by the cannibals; it was he, then, who protected me against the hyenas and tigers in the cavern in which I found refuge. What have I done, then, to deserve to be so loved by Him? Nothing at all. And I have been saved as a blade of corn that remains alone in the midst of a field that the hail has destroyed. If I live, I live because God has said I shall live, and for all I have offended him so often. From this moment I wish to be in him. I wish to love and obey, and to live for him."

Some time after this converted child was baptized by the missionary Casalis. It was a beautiful ceremony. Imagine the young Moses placed in the midst of more than a thousand savages, his face expressing joy, and his eyes turned toward heaven. He cried aloud, "What love the Savior has had for me, and how happy am I to be numbered among Christians, and to acknowledge Jesus as my pattern, my Savior, and my God! I have been unfortunate and miserable; to-day I have peace, and am overflowing with happiness. Blessed be God my Savior!"

And this is, my dear children, what happens to a great number of these poor inhabitants of Africa. Many suffer as much and more than all I have related of the little Moses. These people are constantly at war one with another, the weak oppressed by the stronger, who bow the knee and pray for help to their false gods. Pray for them, and give each one of you his mite toward sending to the poor, ignorant, benighted heathen the good missionary, who will instruct them, and convert them to the Gospel faith like the little Moses whose history I have related.

And do you, my dear little readers, learn a lesson from the grateful Moses; and when you recollect the innumerable blessings which, as children of this Christian land, surround your happy homes, remember who it is who gives us all good things, and ask yourselves, what have I done that God should love me so much? and pray that you may be able to live for him, and grow to be like the blessed Jesus, meek and lowly of heart.

THE best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

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THE INGENIOUS CARVER—A HE-BREW STORY.

A MAN of Jerusalem went traveling abroad, and in a certain town took sick. When now he felt that he must die, he called the host of the house, and besought him to take care of his property till his son would come. But that, then, he should not give it into his possession till he had seen three ingenious things in his conduct.

When now some time had passed, the son came into the town; he knew the name of the host, but did not know where he lived. He saw a man in the street who had a heavy load of wood on his shoulder.

"What do you ask for your wood?" asked the son. When they were agreed as to the price he bought the wood, and directed him to carry it to the man whose name he mentioned, but whose place of residence he did not know. And he followed him. When the laborer came to the house and threw down his wood, the host called to him and asked, "Why do you bring me this wood? I have bespoken none."

The woodman pointed to the young man, who now appeared and explained to him the riddle. "You are a clever youth," said the host, and invited him into his house, and bade him tarry till the next day.

At the dinner hour there was a fine feast prepared, and the young man, with the head of the family, his wife, two sons, and two daughters, sat down to eat. The servant placed five roasted fowls on the table.

"Now, my dear young man, will you be so kind as to carve for us?" said the host. At first the young man excused himself; but at length, thanking the host for the honor, he yielded to his request. He divided one fowl between the host and his wife, one between the two sons, and in like manner one between the two daughters, and two he retained for himself.

"That's a clever fellow! Two whole fowls himself. Truly he must be very hungry!" thought the host.

Now, when in the evening they sat down again to the table, with one fattened hen before them, the host said to his guest, "Well, my dear young man, to-day at noon you served us excellently; please help us now again."

The stranger first cut off the head of the hen and gave it to the host. The dressing he gave to his wife. To each of the daughters he gave a wing; to each of the sons a limb; and the rest he kept himself.

Then the host was angry, and exclaimed,

"Really you carry this matter too far. To-day at dinner your mode of dealing seemed strange to me, but this exceeds all. Is this the way the tables are served in Jerusalem?"

"Be patient," said the young man. "I will explain to you why I have made this division. To-day at dinner five fowls were before me, to be divided among seven persons, and as I could not make the distribution exactly according to the numbers, I did it still so as to preserve equal numbers. For yourself, your wife, and one fowl, make three. Your sons and one fowl make also three. Your daughters and one fowl make three again. And two fowls and myself make also three. Thus I had to take the two that were left."

"You are good at calculating, but bad at distributing," thought the host smiling. The stranger continued: "This evening I went to work in another way. The head is the most honorable part, and, therefore, I gave it to you as head of the house. The wife is the inward essence and substance of the family, and hence I gave her that which filled the fowl. The two sons are the supports of this house, so I gave them the supports of the hen. Your daughters are marriageable, and it is your wish that they may soon fly off, and so I gave to each of them a wing. I myself came in a boat, and intend to return in a boat, and, therefore, I kept the boat-like, well-ribbed frame-work for myself."

Then the host saw that the son of the man who died in his house was before him. Then he gave him his inheritance, and dismissed him with many good wishes for his future prosperity.

WHO TOOK HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE?

"WHO took him on the other side?"

A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into mine. Sorrow lay on the lips that questioned me.

"On the other side! What do you mean, my darling?" and I looked wondering at the child.

"Baby, I mean." The little one's voice trembled. "He was so small and weak, and had to go all alone. Who took him on the other side?"

"Angels," I answered, as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply. "Loving angels who took him up tenderly, and laid his hand softly on their bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world."

"But every one will be strange to him. I'm

afraid he'll be grieving for mother, and nurse, and me."

"No, dear. The Savior, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to him take all the little children who leave our side, and love and care for them just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side, one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid; and when the light of heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness."

"You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance.

"Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord who so tenderly loves little children—who took them in his arms and blessed them when he was on earth—who said that their angels 'do always behold the face of my Father,' is more careful of the babes who go to him than the tenderest mother could possibly be."

"I am so glad," said the child. "And it makes me feel so much better. Dear baby! I did n't know who would take him on the other side."

TO A BIRD.

LITTLE bird, could I but know
What you say, while singing so,
I should have some words for praise
Even in the darkest days.

When the day is dying slow,
And your trills are soft and low,
I have almost thought I heard
Human speech from singing bird.

When I hear your voice at morn,
From the snowy-blossoming thorn,
Much I wonder how the night
Taught you such a wild delight.

Did the lilies, in their sleep,
Whisper secrets strange and deep—
Words too sweet for mortal ear,
Minstrel of the blossoming year?

Did the warbling woodland stream
Drop its music in your dream,
Or the fragrant zephyr, born
Of the newly-wakened morn?

Have the violets in the grass,
Breathing sweetness as you pass,
Told you, trembling 'neath the dew,
Stories of the heavens bright blue?

Sing on, bird, forever sing,
May good spirits speed your wing!
Sing to all, dear bird, but see
That you sometimes sing for me.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART.—You can never forget her. She was so very young, and innocent, and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn-book in Church. She alone of all the world did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at your size and learning, and your faint foreshadowing of a sandy mustache, and believed every inch of you a man. When at those stupid evening parties where boys and girls, who should have been eating suppers of bread and milk, and gone to sleep hours before, waltzed and flirted, and made themselves sick over oysters and champagne, you were favored with a glance of her eye or whisper of her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a certain memorable eve she polked with the druggist clerk, and never even looked at you, how miserable you were! It is funny to think of now, but it was not funny then, for you were awfully in earnest.

Once at a picnic she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so much like a bride that you fairly trembled; sometimes you thought in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand beside the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a golden ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her a moment, some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not let you kiss her, she did not seem to be angry. And then when you were somehow parted for a little while, and when you met again, she was walking with a gentleman of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you, and some well-meaning gossip informed you shortly after that she was "engaged" to the tall gentleman in black whiskers, and that it was "a splendid match." It was terrible news to you then, and sent you off to some great city far from your native place, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity and began to make money, and to call love stuff and nonsense.

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown-up children—ay, even to two or three toddling grandchildren about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in a fire-proof safe at your counting-house when you get home at night. And you thought you had forgotten that little episode of your nineteenth year, till the other day, when you

read of her death in the papers. You know she was a stout lady, who wore glasses, and had died older than she was that olden time; but your heart went back, and you saw her smiling and blushing with her golden hair about her face, and yourself a boy again dreaming of wedding robes and rings, and you lay your gray old head upon your office desk, and weep for the memory of your first sweetheart.—*Ik Marvel.*

SPEAK LOW.—I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as the measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life. A friend had such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, till she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more expensive habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm voice of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, even to try and be patient and cheerful, if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember that he wrote with an inspired pen. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any, for they only make them ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that one tone when you are under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

EYESIGHT.—At the age of seventy years a name honored and revered on both continents writes: "I

am now writing this with my eyes closed, by the aid of a machine, and even this at some peril of blindness. My general health is perfect, and I am able to do as much work as ever without fatigue. My only difficulty is with my eyes, and this is a serious and alarming one." To have good health, and to be capable both as to mind and body of doing full work, and yet not being allowed to do any, and this to have been my case, more or less for ten years past, and to last for all the life to come, as it certainly will, is a terrible calamity; a clear loss of twenty years labor to the world. This condition was induced by the person getting up to study and write at four o'clock, Winter and Summer, for a series of years. A beneficent Providence has arranged that the glare of light shall come on very gradually in the morning, and that as gradually shall it depart into darkness in the evening. The painfulness of coming instantly into a bright light is familiar to all. And yet after the eyes have been closed in the perfect darkness of sleep for seven or eight hours, to be instantly exposed to a bright gas or other artificial light, for early study is practiced by many; and, without knowing it, very many students thus prepare themselves for an early impairment of sight, to say nothing of the bodily suffering, of mental chafing, and loss of time and money. There is no gain, in the long run, by using the eyes to read or write after sundown, or before sunrise and breakfast; it may be done with a measure of impunity in a few cases, but in nine cases out of ten disaster will follow; in no case is night study an economy of time, nor is it a necessity as a habitual thing. Night is the time for rest, and both body and brain, especially as to students, require all the sleep the system will take; they ought never to be waked up; Nature will infallibly do that when she has had her fill, and to shorten sleep is to shorten life; half the time of daylight is as long as any man ought to spend in hard study.—*Hall*.

TROUBLE FROM WITHIN.—The passionate, ill-natured man lives always in stormy weather, even though it be the quiet of dew-fall around him; always wronged, always hurt, always complaining of some enemy. He has no conception that his enemy is in his own bosom, in the sourness, the ungoverned irritability, the habitual ill-nature of his own bad spirit and character. I speak not here of some single burst of passion, into which a man of amiable temper may for once be betrayed; but I speak more especially of the angry characters always brewing in some tempest of violated feeling. They have a great many enemies, are unaccountably ill-treated, and can not understand why it is. They have no suspicion that they see and suffer bad things because they are bad, that being ill-natured is about the same thing as receiving ill-treatment, and that all the enemies from which they suffer are snugly clustered in their own evil temper.

The same is true of fretful persons—men and women that wear away fast and die, because they have worried life completely out. Nothing goes right—husband or wife, or child, or customer, or sermon. They are pricked or stung at every motion

that they make, and wonder why it is that others are permitted to float along so peacefully, and they never suffered to have a moment's peace in their lives. And the very simple reason is, that life is a field of nettles to them, because their fretful, worrying tempers are always pricking out through the tender skin of their uneasiness. Why, if they were in Paradise, carrying their bad mind with them, they would fret at the good angels, and the climate, and the colors even of the roses.—*Dr. Bushnell*.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not attempt to entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of another woman. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

A HAPPY HOME.—Here is a piece of the true philosophy of domestic life, which we affectionately commend to our readers:

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit—there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart nor be found on the tongue. O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time—of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarks to this effect; namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse, and swear, and steal.

In a perfect happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleaseth not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy! How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and the servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear! How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and drawn

by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the paternal roof!

O, that parents would lay this subject to heart—that by untiring effort they would so far render home more happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths!

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence and wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than turnpike road the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace—and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for its poetry. Happy is the man who can find that solace and poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that beguile us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry of life which reconcile us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men!

GOOD BREEDING.—I believe this matter of good manners and good breeding to be chiefly in the hands of mothers. It is as easy to teach a child to say, "Thank you for the bread," as "Give me some bread;" as easy to accustom a family of children to bid their parents good morning upon ordinary, as guests on extraordinary, occasions. Let there be no "company manners." Convince children by example, no less than precept, that the best they have to offer in matter and manner should be laid before those they love most earnestly. A boy taught at ten to enter the parlor and bow to his mother's friend, will do it with ease and self-possession at twenty. For what, after all, is ease of manner but politeness long practiced and incorporated as an unconscious constituent of the individual? It may be well for us to remember the original significance of gentleman, gentlewoman—terms which I fear would never have grown out of the blustering carriage of a large class of modern gallants. "Gentle blood," and "noble lineage" were synonyms in those old days. "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," was the Latin proverb, and it has often occurred to the writer that we, of the present generation, are more in danger of forgetting the mildness of manner than the strength in deed.—*Springfield Republican*.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.—One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at the window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable

to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play or go to school. We like to see a white-robed baby, dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor; sad to miss the robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house; sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

A SUNNY TEMPER.—You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skillfully as you can, put your whole heart in what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are *mortgaged* by this habit of worrying? And, after all, what does it accomplish? How does it help you on? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? None—none whatever. A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the "mire and dirt" of the nature; it does not combine the best elements, and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance. A beautiful sunny temper is no sign of weakness, as many suppose, but of strength and harmony of character. It shows that there is a power seated at the center of the being, that shows how to administer government.

Lord Clarendon wrote of anger, that it is the most impotent passion that occupies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. He knew the human heart. The worst of anger is, if you give the reins to it for once, it is still more difficult for you to keep them yourself next time, and makes over just so much to the enemy. But a cheerful temper is like the genial sun, in whose warm rays all men like to bask. The possessor of such may not, perhaps, make as many stare and tremble at his barbed phrases of satire or scorn, but he will certainly make more devoted and loving friends, and, what is more, be very sure to *keep them*.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed some good act, or where one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

KINDNESS.—No man hath measured the power of kindness, for it is boundless; no man hath seen its death, for it is eternal. In all ages of the world, in every clime, among every kind, it hath shone out a bright and beautiful star, a beaming glory!

Look at the case of Saul and David. Bitter and blasting jealousy filled the heart of Saul, and "he sought to take the young man's life." With hellish hate he hunted him, even to the dens and caves of the earth. But David conquered his enemy—even the proud spirit of haughty Saul he humbled. And how? Not with sword and spear, not with harsh words and coarse contumely—for these did never touch the heart with gentle influence. No; but with a weapon, simple as the shepherd's sling, yet sure as the arrow of death. 'T was kindness! This killed rankling hatred, and left Saul to live. And when it had done its work Saul said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." Was not here a victory, more glorious, more godlike than a Wellington ever knew?

See Joseph in the hands of his wicked brethren. For a few pieces of paltry silver they sold him into Egypt. Providence, in kindness, broke the bands which held him in slavery, and made him a ruler there. Famine spread over the land her dark mantle, and the cruel brethren of Joseph hungered. They went to Egypt for corn. And now how acted Joseph? More than once he filled their sacks and returned them their money; and then he made himself known! "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt!" Here was kindness—forgiveness. And it crushed to death the spirit of jealousy that had once made him a slave. He had conquered!

Come farther down in the world's history, and tell me what word of all those spoken by the "meek and lowly Jesus," the "Prince of Peace," the "Savior of the world," was best calculated to soften and subdue the hard hearts of his persecutors? Are we not asked to listen to the soft, sweet tones of that voice—"Father, forgive them?" O, here was kindness!

THY KINGDOM COME.—Every body who reads this has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he takes God's name in vain. But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is, *to ask God for what we do n't want.* He does n't like that sort of prayer. If you do n't want a thing, do n't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock him with; the soldiers striking him on the head with a reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for his kingdom, do n't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must

work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us; "the kingdom of Christ is within you." And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that; "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and hopeful spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as little children, or not at all. "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. "Length of days, long life, and peace," that is the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Children die, but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but he can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven; and the little child of David, vainly prayed for—the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold—they will be there. But weary old David, and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too; and the one question for us all, young or old, is, have we learned our child's lesson? It is the character of children we want and must gain at our peril.—*Ruskin.*

INDOLENCE AND INDUSTRY.—A little indolence, a brief vacuity of thought, may enervate the mind for the labor of a whole day. If you feel its poppy influences spreading over you, start up and shake yourself. Be intent about something, however trivial it may seem, and the insidious languor will soon pass away. John Leech, in one of his sketches, has well illustrated the distinction between croaking idleness and self-contented activity. Two young men have gone out to spend their annual holiday in fishing. The rain begins to pour down in torrents. One of them throws aside his rod, but the other continues to fish with stern determination. "Do come home," says the croaker. "Well," says the happy fellow, "I never see such a precious disagreeable old chap; you come out for a day's pleasure, and you are always for

going home." Of course the rain was far from pleasant, but he knew that a day of enforced idleness was still worse, and clung to his rod as a protection against *ennui* and discontent. He knew the value of the words of the wise man—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" he had come out to fish, and fish he would, though a waterspout should burst upon his head. We should all act on the same principle, and many of the clouds of life will be dissipated; the lion in the path will be found to be only a jackass; the mind once set in motion will find happiness in the play of its own faculties, and be proof against the corroding cares of life. No matter what the employment may be so long as it is innocent; read, think, write, fish, shoot, paint, farm; go down in a diving-bell or up in a balloon; do any thing you choose; but, above all things, never be idle, or you will become a croaker. We were traveling the other day with a gentleman who had made a large fortune, and returned to enjoy it. It is the manner of our countrymen, Froissart tells us, to take their pleasure sadly; it certainly was so in this case. He was traveling for pleasure, but pleasure seemed to elude his grasp; like the old man in Rogers's poem, "he looked for something, he knew not what," and seemed grievously disappointed at not finding it. With all his wealth he was a man to be pitied; he felt so himself; the change from active employment to listless idleness had imbibited his mind. "I have nothing to do," he said, "but to spend my money, and I had far more pleasure in making it." Of course he had, because the making of it elicited all his powers and gave a healthy tone to his mind, which became morbid when it had no longer any thing to occupy it. The spending of money conferred no pleasure, because he felt no interest in the objects on which it was spent.

A CONTRAST—PREPARED OR UNPREPARED.—A few days since, in one of our Western States, a condemned and sentenced murderer was led forth to die. As he stepped upon the gallows and felt that he was confronting death, a horror of fear seized him; his lips were white and quivering, an ashy pallor overspread his face, a glassy death-like stare settled in his eyes, while his convulsed hands were raised in supplication. What was it that thus blanched the cheeks of the poor wretch, that made him shiver, and tremble, and moan in anguish? Was it the dread of pain, or the shame of such an end before thousands of his fellow-men?

No! The vail was raised, and he saw that he stood upon the threshold of *eternity*, unprepared to meet his God. What wonder, then, that, helpless to assist, he stood ghastly with dismay upon the brink, and shrank with horror from the fearful, irrevocable light!

Turn to another dying scene. Not long since a Pennsylvania pastor went into his pulpit upon the Sabbath. He preached from the words, "Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him." Returning to his home, he went to his bed. He was sick unto death, but he knew it not. Two days later

the physician stood by his bedside, with his finger upon the sick man's pulse. The patient saw an unspoken message in his eye, and asked whether he was in danger of present death. He was told that he was; that in a few hours, at most, he must enter into eternity. The sentence unheard had gone forth, and without a warning he must die. How was he affected by the startling news? He calmly said, "This is sudden: I did not expect it. But, blessed be God! I have no preparation to make. That was made long ago. I am a sinner, but I have trusted in the righteousness of my blessed Savior. I throw myself upon him! God is with me—not a cloud—not a fear—entire trust in my Savior. I did not expect this, but thanks be to God for such a death! It is sweet—it approaches with tender, gentle, loving embrace—can it be *death*?"

Reader, the sentence of death rests upon thee also. The hour thou knowest not. It will come when least looked for. And how will it find thee? Art thou ready? No greater question can be asked thee. Then leave it not unanswered to thine own consciousness and to God.—*Presbyterian*.

YEARNINGS FOR HOME.—An American writer, in his "Passages of Eastern Travels," says:

"There is a fireside in a far-off land by which, could I but warm my cold and weary feet to-night, I would lie down and sleep such sleep as God giveth his beloved. Sometimes I think I have not slept for months; and I have not, save only that dreamy, restless sleep, that is filled with visions of dear faces looking on me through impassable bars or out of unapproachable distances. And that night, as I walked along, the moonlight falling all around me out of the fathomless sky, I felt as if to lie down on the sand would be blessed, and to sleep there glorious, if I could but dream once more of *home*."

Will not this voice from the Orient find an echo in each heart that ever roamed from the loved ones at home?—a response from every one who has sojourned as a stranger in some strange land? Yes, it will. The sentiment is one kindred to the loveliest feelings of the human heart.

What a beautiful thought is the one we have given above! It suggests so many pleasant memories, so many cherished associations that steal over the heart like sweet music, soothing as balm and sweet as the odor of roses. The traveler stood before a temple three thousand years old. The ruins were eloquent with the name and fame of the great Sesostris; and yet, standing there in the moonlight, upon the glittering sands of Egypt, and by the side of the swift-flowing, wonderful Nile, even there with anxious heart, the Howadji turned his thoughts toward a far-off land, and a home around which clustered associations so dear, and in which was a shrine so sacred. What mattered it that the faces of the colossal statues looking upon the moonlit scenery around, and upon him, the sight-seeker of another continent? Other faces, "through impassable bars," looked in upon him "out of unapproachable distances," and these, with their old-time associations, were forgotten. This "thought

of a kingly intellect" gave way to a thought more humble, but also more potent for good.

But not alone from Egyptian ruins comes these yearnings for home. Bayard Taylor tells us of them as he traveled the places of Central Africa; and even he, who has been but a day's journey from "that spot of sweetest sanctities, the spot called *home*," has experienced the same sensations, although perhaps less intense.

KINGS OF SOCIETY.—Put a man into a society, with largest capacity to serve that society, and you have given that people a king. I care not what you name him, or how he serves; he that serves most is greatest! The years rest like a burden on all the travelers. He that can lift most and make it easiest for his fellows, is best, is greatest. It may be Bernard de Palissy, with his pots of glazing for earthenware; yet in his service he is crowned, and in all homes he is blest. It may be a Simpson or a Punshon entering into the service of the Church with an inspiration that teaches us some needful thing from out eternity; it matters not precisely what, he still rises in his service to royalty. The trowel makes room for the golden girdle. Field runs his thought under the waters of the Atlantic. We follow him. Difficulties are in the way, we strangle and give up. He works on and on. By and by he makes two continents touch. No sooner is his service rendered than he is anointed for posterity. That poor mechanic manufactures, in the deep work-shop of his brain, a machine that goes into all homes and does the housewife's sewing. He is immediately transformed into fifty millions of seamstresses, all skillful, patient, obedient, and speechless, never gossiping. "All these homes are happy, and unite in blessing the mechanic. He that would be chief must be servant of all!"—*Rev. C. H. Fowler.*

GOOD LISTENERS.—Good listeners are scarce; almost as scarce as good talkers. A good listener is no egotist, but has a moderate opinion of himself, is possessed of a great desire for information on all kinds of subjects, and a hundred other fine qualities. It is too much the general impression that listening is merely a negative proceeding; but such is very far from being really the case. A perfectly inert person is not a good listener, any more than a bolster is. You require the recipient of your talk to manifest intelligence, to show interest, and, what is more, to feel it. The fact is, that to listen well—as to do any thing else well—is not easy. It is not easy even to seem to listen well, as we observe notably in the conduct of bad actors and stage amateurs, who break down in this particular perhaps more often and more completely than in any other; you will see one of them listening—or, rather, not listening—to the most thrilling statements without being in the slightest degree affected by what he hears; thinking all the time of his own speech, which is coming presently, or perhaps of his silk stockings and trunk-hose, but not of the murder of his wife and family of children, which is just being announced to him by a fortunate survivor among the last. It is difficult, then, to appear to listen, whether on the stage or off it; and an expe-

rienced talker will almost always know whether the person whom he is addressing is attending or not by the expression of his countenance. When a man stares wildly at you while you talk, you may generally have your doubts whether he really understands what you are saying to him; and when he repeats the last words of your sentences after you in a soft tone of voice, you may be quite sure that he does not.

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH.—How often is a stigma cast upon Christianity because the veracity and moral integrity of its professors are so often called into question! Unfair indeed, you will say, to blame Christianity for its counterfeits; as well may you cast away good bank notes because there are some counterfeits of them. Yes, and not only unfair, but looked at thoughtfully after all, an unconscious compliment to Christianity; for the stigma implies that these men are not embodiments of the glorious creed they profess. We turn from the false copies to the fair and divine Original; how refreshing and stimulating to study his character who came to bear witness to the truth, and in whose mouth there was no guile! Beautiful words these—*no guile*—nothing even susceptible of mistake, or design to conceal. How clearly he declares, when speaking of the rest of heaven, "If it were not so I would have told you"—implying that truth would have obligated him even to correct their anticipations, if false, as well as to unfold the revelation of eternal life. Think of him in the busy scenes of the market and the temple, sitting at the Pharisee's banquet, and eating at the publican's table, yet ever and always revealing hidden hypocrisy and interpreting the sincere sigh for forgiveness and peace. True in what he said; true in what he threatened; true in what he promised; true in what he corrected; true in what he revealed.

THE NOBLEMAN'S JEWELS.—A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him but ten florins each, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year.

In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones; where the man led him down to his mill, and pointed to the two toiling gray millstones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds, who depended on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull, homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income than all the nobleman's jewels.

PATIENCE.—In the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, hopefully, heartily, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate mummings. The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though passing clouds lower?

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. *By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. 8vo. Pp. 614. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

The character of this work we have already made known to our readers. The present volume deals less in the debatable principles which the author is so fond of putting forward, and is more occupied with the narration of events. The author's clear, flowing style is well adapted to the graphic description of historical events, and especially of the movements and conflicts of armies. This second volume contains the events from the inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the slaves. It embraces seven sections, whose themes are given as follows: the progress and culmination of the conspiracy; vast development of warlike preparations; prelude to the great campaigns; campaigns for opening the Mississippi, and piercing the east and west lines of the Confederacy; campaign for the capture of Richmond; the blockade and operations connected with it; and the foreign relations and domestic policy of the Republic. "The history is very able. A vigorous thinker has compiled and arranged its thoughts, and a graceful pen has invested them with an air of romance. It is impartial, accurate, comprehensive, and enriched with occasional incidents. The period occupied by this second volume was the era of greatest promise to the rebellion, the hour marked with sadness and despondency to the National cause. Then affairs changed; and everywhere became visible the dawning of a brighter day. This more auspicious period the author has reserved as material for his third volume."

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. *Vol. II. By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Allen. Large Quarto. Pp. 836. \$6. Profusely Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

We have had frequent occasion to speak of this magnificent history as it has appeared in successive numbers. Being now complete and appearing in two substantial volumes, we heartily commend it to our readers, as the form of history that will be most valued in their families for many years to come. Of the labor, care, and skill expended in its publication we will let the authors and compilers speak:

"The writing of this History has extended over a period of five years. It began while the conflict of arms was at the hottest, and before it had passed its doubtful period; it is now concluded, nearly three years after the surrender of the rebel armies, but before the final stage of Reconstruction can be fairly said to have been inaugurated. It has been a work of great magnitude, covering as it does the events of

seven years—and those seven the most important in our National history.

"The design of the authors has been in no respect modified by the fact that this is an Illustrated History. We have written exactly as we should have done if the interest of our readers depended upon the unadorned recital of facts. No pains have been spared, no expense of time or of study, in order to make this the fullest and most complete history of the Civil War which at this time is possible. We have not compiled from other histories, but have depended entirely upon the original materials furnished by documents of every description, military and political, no small proportion of which have never been published, but have been obtained from prominent actors on both sides of the contest. If we had hastened to submit our work to the public, much of this material, both published and unpublished, would have been lost to us, and our work would to that extent have lacked completeness and maturity. By waiting we have also been enabled to bring the history down to the beginning of the present year, thus including the Reconstruction acts of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. In the whole scheme of the work no less prominence has been given to political than to military events.

"The materials from which we have drawn consist of all the official reports, both National and Confederate, which have been published, and a large number of others which we have obtained in manuscript; the official returns of the several armies on both sides; the innumerable letters of war correspondents; conversations with prominent military officers, National and Confederate; miscellaneous documents, maps, memoranda, letters and orders, furnished by such officers; the *Congressional Globe*; and numerous biographical sketches, more or less extended, of military and political characters. Wherever it has seemed sufficient, we have simply referred to these authorities by citation; and in numerous instances we have either quoted them in full or given a summary of their testimony.

"Such has been the scheme of our work, such the materials upon which it has been based, and such the spirit with which it has been conducted. The main outlines of the struggle which we have here portrayed we are confident will stand the test applied by time and by the judgment of posterity."

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC. *Considered from a Christian Stand-point. By Jesse T. Peck, D. D. With Thirty-four Steel Portraits. 8vo. Pp. 710. Sold only by Subscription. New York: Broughton & Wyman.*

This volume has been, for some reason, a long time in reaching us, and now perhaps we enjoy it all the

better from having so long expected it. We knew the author was for years engaged in thinking out its principles and preparing materials for its publication. We knew his high Christian theory of the history of this Republic, and were glad to hear that his views were at last realized in an actual history written according to his own ideal. The author clearly states the theory of his own book: "Let it therefore be stated, that the theory of this book is, that God is the rightful, actual sovereign of all nations; that a purpose to advance the human race beyond all its precedents in intelligence, goodness, and power, formed this great Republic; and that religion is the only life, force, and organizing power of liberty. If this be true, then all writers of American history must rise to this point of observation, or fail. "From this point of observation the author writes the present history. For at least a quarter of a century he has been a careful student of his country's history. The principles developed in this book gradually assumed distinctness and form in his views and convictions. With these convictions on the breaking out of the rebellion, he entered with all the powers of his mind and heart in the spirit of the war on the side of the Government and freedom, and waited without a doubt for the final result. He is still full of hope and good prophecy for the future of the Republic. Dr. Peck is a forceful writer, and there is no danger of the reader finding the volume tedious. Historically the work is accurate, and its constant tendency is to lift the reader into a more devout recognition of God in the character, purposes, and history of this country and Government."

ELEMENTS OF ART-CRITICISM. *Comprising a Treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as addressed by Art, with a Historic survey of the Methods of Art Execution. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. Abridged Edition. By G. W. Samson, D. D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C.* 12mo. \$1.75. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Since the issue, in 1866, of Dr. Samson's "Art-Criticism," so much interest has been manifested in the subject by our leading educators, and so many inquiries received for a volume adapted to the ordinary purposes of class instruction in our seminaries, that the author has been induced to prepare an abridgment of the work, with the view of meeting the wants of those institutions, male and female, in which the course of instruction will not allow the subject of Aesthetics to occupy so prominent a place as is demanded by a thorough study of the larger volume.

While the larger work, as was necessary, gives ampler detail, and, in citing authorities, is more specific, the abridged edition omits no important principle, and its divisions and even its subdivisions are preserved; so that the work has completeness with brevity. With a teacher who has furnished himself with the requisite aid of the larger volume and of the illustrations mentioned in the Appendix, every department of Art may be made clear and familiar to the pupil.

THE OPIUM HABIT. *With Suggestions as the Remedy.* 12mo. Pp. 335. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume has been compiled chiefly for the benefit of opium-eaters, but it certainly is a most attractive book to the general reader, and especially we would think to medical men, and moralists, and philanthropists. Still the book has been compiled for opium-eaters, of whom, unfortunately, there is evidence of a constantly increasing number, both in this country and in Europe. The volume is an original history of a successful attempt to abandon opium, and a compilation of experiences from others who are known in history as opium-eaters, as De Quincy, Coleridge, William Blair, Robert Hall, John Randolph, and William Wilberforce. The writer wields a graceful pen. His experiences and those of others compiled by him are sufficient to deter the most daring from indulgence in the use of opium. The work also carries to the victims of opium eating the assurance that they can master the tyrant by such acts of resolution, patience, and self-control as most men are capable of exercising.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF POPULAR EDUCATION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. *By S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of New York.* 12mo. Pp. 256. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The author has here embodied the results of an experience extending over a period of thirty years. The work embraces fifteen chapters, furnishing as many essays on educational themes. A hasty glance at them, which is all we have been able so far to give them, inclines us to the opinion that they contain many valuable suggestions to school teachers and managers of public schools. The work treats of the following subjects: 1. Philosophy of Education; 2. The Family; 3. Public Instruction; 4. The School-Elementary Instruction; 5. Intellectual Culture; 6. Systems of Instruction; 7. Methods of Intellectual Culture; 8. Moral and Religious Instruction; 9. Practical Education; 10. Female Education; 11. The Teacher—His Character and Duty—Mental and Moral Development; 12. Supervision and Inspection; 13. Systems of Public Instruction—Their Errors and Defects; 14. Science and Revelation—Sanctions and Motives—Public Opinion; 15. Objects, Means and Ends of Education.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS. *By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. In two Volumes.* 12mo. Pp. 425, 368. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The character of Bulwer, as a writer, is so well known, that we need only designate the contents of the two volumes. The first consists of criticisms contributed to the leading Reviews. They are eight in number, under the titles, respectively, following: The Reign of Terror: its Causes and Results; Oliver Goldsmith; Charles Lamb and some of his Companions; Gray's Works; Sir Thomas Brown; Pitt and Fox; Pym vs. Falkland; The life of Schiller.

The second volume contains twenty-two essays written in youth, of which the greater part originally appeared under the title of the "Student;" with the exception of the concluding one, not hitherto published, upon the Influence of Love on Literature and Life.

The author says: "Whatever the worth of these volumes, they will be thought, perhaps, a not unnecessary accompaniment to the works of fiction by which I am more popularly known as a writer, comprising, as they do, a repertory of the opinions and sentiments, the reveries and the reflections, the studies of mankind and the critical theories of art, which, herein expressed subjectively to the influences of my own mind, are objectively represented in the world of fable by images invented to realize or to typify the truths of life."

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS. By A. R. Hope, Author of "A Book about Dominies." 16mo. Pp. 247. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A very readable little volume, from which boys will learn a great many things about themselves, and parents who will read it may be able to draw many excellent suggestions as to the nature and wants of boys and how to meet and treat them.

LYNTONVILLE LIBRARY. Four Volumes in a Box. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. \$4.50 per box.

The names of these four volumes are:

Life in Lyntonville; or, The Irish Boy in Canada. Five Illustrations.

The Irish boy's name is PHILIP QUIN. His father was an emigrant to Canada, who died very soon after settling on his farm. Phil's mother was poor, and had feeble health. Together they had a very hard time, but Phil was a jewel of a boy, and went through his trials as good wheat goes through the mill. The book tells the story of his troubles during his school life, and of his final victory over a bad boy, whose envy and hatred he conquered by patient love and rare goodness. The book will make you try to be better children.

The Fishers of Derby Haven. Four Illustrations.

The hero of this story is PETER, a fisherman's son, who lived on the Isle of Man, among some very wicked people. But a good old sailor told Peter one day so much of the story of Jesus, the fisherman's King, that the little fellow said Jesus should be his King. The book tells the story of his struggles to follow his Heavenly Lord in a way to bring tears to your eyes. Poor Peter found much rough service, and like his great namesake, for a while denied his Lord, but finally came out of his worst troubles like purified gold. Though poor and ignorant, Peter had a grand soul, and was a heroic little man.

Grace's Visit; or, Six Months at Aberford. Five Illustrations.

This is a girl's book, that is, nearly all the characters are girls. Grace is the gem. She is a Christian child placed for six months with her cousins, who are vain, thoughtless, selfish, and false. Poor Grace finds

herself like a pilgrim in a strange land. But by looking to her Guide, she not only holds fast to her religion, but finally wins her cousins over to the cause of Jesus. I am sure the story of Grace's visit to Aberford will help make you better children.

Miss Carrol's School. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. Four Illustrations.

This pleasant little volume introduces you to the nicest little "school ma'am" you ever knew, and to a group of scholars who will remind you of your own schoolmates. If you don't laugh and cry, and resolve not to vex your teachers, as you read the pages of this book, I am much mistaken.

LIBRARY FOR HAPPY HOMES. Five Volumes in a Box. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These little volumes are thus named and described:

Charlotte and her Enemy.

Charlotte's enemy was indolence. She was a little do-nothing day dreamer, but having her attention directed to her great fault by her teacher, she went seriously to work to overcome it. It was a hard-fought battle, but she did what David did when he fought with Goliath, and then, of course, she won the victory. The story is very well told.

Harry and Phil.

Harry and Phil were brothers, sons of a drinking father. Harry was selfish and ugly. Phil was a dear, loving little fellow, working like a beaver for his mother, and doing all he could to make his brother clever. He saved his sister's life one day, but lost his own in doing it. His death led to the reform of his father and brother. If every boy were a Phil the boy-world would be greatly changed.

Paul's Mountain Home.

Paul Lafor was a French boy whose father was killed on the railway, and whose mother died in a strange place, leaving him an orphan among strangers. He wandered about begging his living. At last he found a home with a farmer who had a blind son; but being hired one day by some smugglers to carry a bundle to a city near by, he was tempted to steal a scarf, that he might sell it for money with which to buy a knife for the blind boy. He was caught and sent to jail. There he repented, and a good minister got him out, taught him the truth, and he became a Christian lad. You will all like Paul when you get acquainted with him.

Little Medicine Carrier.

George Wayland started in life with very little to help him forward, but he loved his mother dearly, and what was still better, he loved Jesus. This book records some of his strong temptations, shows how he won friends, and became what every true boy wishes to be—a noble Christian man.

Three Half Dollars.

Three boys had each a half dollar given them by a stranger, with directions to get as much money out of it as they could. This book tells what each boy did with his half, and what each got out of it. The story is finely told.

COMER'S NAVIGATION SIMPLIFIED. *Compiled at Comer's Commercial College, Boston. 8vo. Pp. 163. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a manual of instruction in navigation as practiced at sea. Adapted to the wants of the sailor, and containing all the tables, explanations, and illustrations necessary for the easy understanding and use of the practical branches of navigation and practical astronomy.

MODERN WOMEN AND WHAT IS SAID OF THEM. *A reprint of a Series of Articles in the Saturday Review. With an Introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. 12mo. Pp. 371. New York: J. S. Redfield.*

These papers on woman were originally published in the columns of the London Saturday Review. Many of them have already been reprinted in the papers and magazines of this country, and they have excited no little discussion and comment among readers of both sexes. The author or authors are unknown, but the eminent ability with which the various subjects are handled is conceded by all. The introduction by Mrs. Calhoun is ably written. While ac-

knowledging that many of the severe points made by the essays are well taken, yet she points out many weak points and fallacies in the essays and stands for the defense of the women. The real character of the essays is told by Mrs. Calhoun in a single sentence: "The critic of the London Saturday Review, beginning, perhaps, with the intention of telling sad and sober truth about a class, has ended with a list of the follies and faults of individuals, and these are set down with the unconvincing clearness of the satirist." The too common mistake of many writers on the interesting and important questions concerning woman, now claiming attention, is to attribute to women as a whole, facts which can only in any true sense apply to a limited class of women. This is the fault of the essays before us. They pretend to speak of modern women, when in reality they only give us the faults and foibles of a few women in the highest circles of fashionable life. The substantial, sensible, amiable, affectionate wives, mothers, and daughters, which constitute the multitude of "modern women," have no place or recognition in this volume. The class really touched by these essays deserve all they get here of diatribe and denunciation.

MONTHLY RECORD.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The Forty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Sunday School Union, just issued, contains a large amount of information interesting to the friends of Sunday schools. From this report it appears that the amount of books, etc., distributed during the year from the depositories of the society was larger than that of any former year, amounting in sales and donations to \$390,290.35. The following statement shows the work performed and results achieved, comparing the year 1866-67 with 1867-68:

	1866-7.	1867-8.
Schools organized.....	1,671	1,731
Teachers in the same.....	10,569	10,667
Scholars in the same.....	67,204	70,972
Schools visited and aided.....	6,090	6,600
Teachers in the same.....	45,175	49,423
Scholars in the same.....	351,485	397,051
Total schools organized and aided.....	7,761	8,331
Teachers in the same.....	55,734	60,090
Scholars in the same.....	418,680	468,923
Donations to same.....	\$15,331 98	\$17,787 68
Scriptures distributed.....	9,821	9,082
Families visited.....	35,984	28,632
Miles traveled.....	314,410	396,501
Addresses delivered.....		9,457

The whole number of schools organized or aided by the missionaries has been 8,331, embracing 60,090 teachers and 468,923 scholars.

EASTERN TURKEY.—A missionary in Eastern Turkey gives an interesting account of the activity of native Christians in his field. He says, "There is a society of young men, twelve in number, who go out two by two to different villages, carrying the Word of Life and talking wherever they can get any one to listen to them. They meet for prayer every week.

In the prayer meeting there was no waiting one for another, but often two would rise at once. Then the prayers showed a fervency which was truly reviving. There is a female prayer meeting every week, sustained by the women of the Church. Seventy-five or more are often present."

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—We present a fuller and more encouraging view of Protestant influence and strength in France than we have before given in our Record. The statistics will be read with interest. There has been some discussion of late as to the numerical strength of the French Protestants. Baron Dupin stated, the other day, in the French Senate, that the Protestants of France numbered 1,500,000 in 1802, while the last census, taken in 1855, gave their numbers at only 800,000. This has excited great surprise on both sides of the Channel, and has drawn forth various corrections. Now, the fact is, that in 1802 the Rhenish provinces, for the most part Protestant countries, formed part of the French empire. This fact alone would render the comparison, as instituted, valueless; but the estimate of 1802 is, in other respects, unreliable. As for the census of 1855, how little it can be depended on may be judged from the fact that it returned the two most celebrated Protestant preachers of the day—M. Adolphe Monod and M. Coquerel, sen.—who has since died—as Roman Catholics! This census—the authority for which appears largely to be concierges and servants—sets down the Protestants of Paris at between 8,000 and 9,000. Now the parochial register of the

Reformed Church of Paris alone contains more than 3,000 names of duly qualified voters, which implies a population of more than 30,000. The Lutherans number at least as many more. Then there are the Wesleyans, Independents, etc. Including these, the real number of Protestants in Paris is at least from 60,000 to 80,000. Both absolutely and relatively the Protestants of France have increased within the last sixty years. In further proof of this fact, we may quote a few statistics given by M. Emilien Frossard, in his "Summary Account of the Religious State and Progress of Protestantism in France." He says:

In 1804 we reckoned 250 ministers in the Reformed Churches.
In 1804 we reckoned 225 Lutheran ministers.

Total.....475

In 1857 we reckoned 601 ministers in the Reformed Churches.
In 1857 we reckoned 263 Lutherans.
" " " 20 union of the Evangelical Churches.
In 1857 we reckoned 30 Independent Baptist and Wesleyan.

Total.....920

It will thus be seen that the number of ministers alone has more than doubled. Nor must we wholly omit the testimony, upon the same subject, of the well-known Secretary of the Foreign Aid Society, the Rev. Richard Burgess. "Sixty years ago," writes Mr. Burgess, "it would hardly have been possible to find a Protestant congregation in the north of France: now there are upward of one hundred. The number of pastors of all the Protestant denominations in France thirty years ago did not exceed six hundred; now, taking the Reformed Church of France, the Confession of Augsburg, and the free Churches not recognized by the State, the number of pastors will not be less than 1,000. Protestantism, as represented by the orthodox portion of the Reformed Church of France, has taken of late years a strong hold on the mind of the French people, where there is any care for religion at all. No work of any importance has for some years proceeded from the Roman Catholic press in France. The great writers of the age—Guizot, Weiss, St. Hilaire, Bonnechose, E. de Pressense—are all Protestants; and now that the Protestants have nearly gained religious liberty—in all the great cities and towns at least—the mass of the French population is being leavened with such principles of religion as are in antagonism to those of Rome, whatever be the name by which they may be called."

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.—At the recent Conference the members in society were reported to be 342,380; an increase of 5,310 during the year. The number of probationers is 24,926, and the deaths, so far as ascertained, were 5,471. Since the Conference of 1867 buildings have been authorized as follows:

126 Chapels, estimated value.....£125,100
8 Ministers' Houses.....4,705
43 Schools.....31,281
74 Enlargements and Alterations.....24,552
22 Organs.....4,341
72 Modifications.....21,536

345 cases.....Outlay £211,515

These enlargements give 3,896 additional sittings. Of the 126 proposed new chapels 48, estimated to

provide accommodation for 16,201 hearers, were to supersede former erections, the remaining 78, to accommodate 22,137 hearers, were to be built where there had been hitherto no Wesleyan Methodist chapels. Since the organization of the Building Fund £12,458 have been granted, and £17,175 loaned, to a total of 363 chapels.

The number of day schools was 671, an increase of 40; scholars, 111,004, an increase of 11,876; average attendance 73,237, an increase of 7,973. Of the schools thus returned, 64 had an average attendance of less than 65, and would have been affected by the provisions for untrained teachers in the late Government Bill. Seventy-five other schools had an average attendance of between 65 and 90; so that 139 schools had an average attendance of less than 90. The number of Sunday schools was 5,240, an increase of 103; teachers and officers, 102,718, an increase of 2,717; teachers in society, 76,702, an increase of 3,147; scholars, 582,020, an increase of 25,518; scholars in society, 26,944, an increase of 4,046; scholars in select classes, 17,675, an increase of 1,243; young persons in Bible or catechumen classes, conducted by ministers or others, 15,742, an increase of 5,072. The total increase of members, including both teachers and scholars, was 7,193. The number of Sunday school libraries was 2,016; of volumes in the libraries, 500,892, an increase of 24,412; and of readers, 85,134.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND CONGREGATIONALISM.—The following table gives the relative membership of the Old School and New School Presbyterian and Congregational denominations in the more Northern States. New England is omitted, as there are scarce a dozen Presbyterian Churches in those States connected with these two branches of the order; and the Southern States are omitted, as Presbyterianism there is not reconstructed, and Congregationalism is yet feeble.

STATES.	Pres. O. S.	Pres. N. S.	Congre- gational.
New York.....	38,547	73,631	21,152
New Jersey.....	28,140	10,031	1,420
Pennsylvania.....	72,567	20,233	4,140
Ohio.....	38,336	15,327	13,876
Michigan.....	690	11,030	9,600
Indiana.....	13,698	8,301	839
Illinois.....	18,249	13,528	16,692
Wisconsin.....	3,209	1,868	10,589
Iowa.....	9,323	3,108	7,803
Minnesota.....	1,634	1,956	2,549
Kansas.....	1,013	430	1,057
Pacific Coast.....	1,834	1,323	2,343

MANUFACTURES IN THE WEST.—It is a prevalent but mistaken idea in the Eastern States, that there are but few factories in the West. The fact is, that the cities and villages of the West are teeming with busy workshops. For instance, of the cities, St. Louis has over 300 factories, and produces nearly \$50,000,000 worth of goods annually; and of the villages, Moline, Ill., among other things, makes 50,000 plows of various kinds a year, and has \$120,000 invested in shops, where a log enters one end of the building and emerges from the other in the shape of tubs, pails, and churns.

RESULTS OF MISSIONS IN BURMAH.—Since 1813, when the first American missionary landed in Burmah, sixty missionaries have been sent there, of whom, on account of death or removal, only about half have been permanent, effective workers. They have reduced three Karen dialects to writing, have translated the Bible, prepared and printed dictionaries, grammars, and school books, created a religious literature, raised up and educated native teachers, organized schools, and built churches. According to the minutes of the Burmese Baptist Convention for 1868, there are now 287 churches, 63 ordained and 309 unordained native preachers, 15,983 communicants, and 4,015 pupils in school.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Pacific Railroad hastens toward completion. No peaceful enterprise of ancient or modern times was ever prosecuted with such energy and persistence. The two mountain ranges of the continent have been successfully crossed, and within a year we shall have unbroken communication between New York and San Francisco. At the latest dates there remained only a gap of 520 miles between the eastern and western portions. The line is being extended from both directions as fast as labor and means can grade and lay the track, the Central Pacific Company having put down six miles in a single day. By the close of this year it is

thought the gap can be reduced to less than 300 miles, possibly to less than 200.

In building this road four rails go down a minute. There are ten spikes to a rail, three strokes to a spike, four hundred rails to a mile, and eight hundred miles to San Francisco. Consequently twenty-one million sledge-hammer blows fasten the great iron highway; and more than half these blows have already done their work. We saw, says Rev. Gilbert Haven, in his account of the ministerial railroad excursion, six rails laid in a minute. One of the party counted eight, but four is the steady work, as allowance has to be made for a second or two now and then employed in straightening the rail.

THE ORANGE IN FLORIDA.—The cultivation of the orange in Florida is stated to be more extensive than can be inferred from the report of the Bureau of Agriculture. From 75,000 to 100,000 orange-trees were set out last year, of which 30,000 were planted out on Flint River alone; and, in 1865 and 1866, at least 60,000 were transplanted and budded in East and Middle Florida. The price, instead of being \$15 to \$20 per thousand on the trees, as stated, should have been \$25 to \$30, and some choice lots sold as high as \$35. The orange grows wild all over Florida, and good trees, when transplanted and budded, bear 500 to 2,500 sweet oranges each.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—This large volume of 640 octavo pages, well printed on good paper and in clear type, and ably edited by Dr. Harris, lies on our table. It is a volume of history, and is another example of how rapidly history is making in these active times. A body of representative men sit in deliberation for a few weeks, and forthwith a ponderous volume appears containing the record of what they did, and what is quite as important, what they wisely determined not to do. The volume is examined and filed away for future reference, and eventually for future use in writing up the history of the Church. Large as is the volume before us, it would require but a small space after all for the enumeration of what was really enacted by the General Conference. For convenience of reference we lay before our readers some of the principal doings of the body:

The Episcopacy.—A resolution passing the character of all the Bishops was adopted.

The election of a bishop for any special class of our population was declared unnecessary.

A resolution was adopted declaring it inexpedient to elect any bishop who may not be clothed with full episcopal authority, and eligible to preside in any Annual Conference of the Church.

The Bishops were authorized to apportion the amount to be raised for General Conference expenses

among the Conferences entitled to representation in the General Conferences, according to their best judgment of their ability to meet the same, and to notify the said Conferences of the sum apportioned to them at their session in 1871.

The Bishops were requested to make arrangements for one of their Board to visit our missions in India, in China, and in Bulgaria once in the next four years, and carefully and patiently review them, and report to the Church at home in such way and time as such Bishops may judge proper.

The Bishops were requested to make arrangements for at least one episcopal visitation during the next four years to our missions in Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, and report to the Church at home, as provided for in the preceding paragraph.

It was declared inexpedient for a bishop presiding at an Annual Conference to render formal decisions of questions of law presented on fictitious cases, and where the subject is not involved in the proceedings pending; and it was directed that such decisions should not be entered on the Conference journals.

The Bishops were granted permission to appoint preachers hereafter as chaplains to reformatory, sanitary, and charitable institutions, to prisons, and in the army and navy.

Publishing Department.—One Book Committee of fifteen persons was appointed whose relation shall

extend to all the publishing interests hitherto in the hands of the Committees of the Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati. The several Annual Conferences were divided into fifteen districts, for representation severally on said Committee.

Two Assistant Agents for the Book Concern at New York were provided for, one of whom shall make his residence at San Francisco.

The Book Agents and Editor of the Ladies' Repository were authorized, as they shall deem expedient, to enlarge and otherwise modify the Repository so as to meet the growing demand for magazine literature in our Church; and they were recommended, if in their judgment it is expedient to do so, to substitute for one of the steel engravings in each number as great an amount of first-class illustrations in wood engravings as can be procured for the cost of one of the steel engravings.

The Agents of the Book Concern were authorized to furnish gratuitously to such superannuated or supernumerary preachers, and the widows of such as have died in the work, as share in the dividends of their respective Conferences, one copy of such Church paper as they may prefer.

A resolution was adopted recommending to the favorable consideration of the Book Agents at Cincinnati, and the Book Committee, the memorial for the publication of a German theological and literary magazine, and they were authorized to begin such a publication whenever it can be done without loss to the Concern.

The Book Agents at Cincinnati were authorized to begin, at as early a day as they shall judge expedient, the publication of a first-class illustrated monthly magazine for children and youth.

The publication of a catechism in the German language, prepared by Dr. Nast, and to be issued by the Western Book Agents, was sanctioned.

The Book Agents at New York and Cincinnati were authorized to establish depositories at Baltimore, Syracuse, or elsewhere, when in their judgment it can be done without loss to the Concern, or to make such other arrangements as they may judge necessary and safe for keeping our books on sale at such places, at Book-Room prices.

The Book Agents at Cincinnati were authorized to establish and publish, on or before the first day of January, A. D. 1869, a weekly journal at Knoxville, Atlanta, or Nashville, whichever in their judgment may be deemed most advisable; the editor to be appointed by the Bishops, with the concurrence of the Book Agents aforesaid; but the Agents are at liberty to discontinue said paper in the event that its continued publication shall involve a greater loss to the Concern than \$2,000 per annum.

Book Agents, editors for the Church periodicals, and secretaries of the various benevolent societies of the Church were elected.

The Methodist Building.—Resolutions were adopted by acclamation favoring the erection in New York city of a commodious building for the accommodation, under one roof, of the Book Concern, Missionary Society, and other connectional institutions, and

a commission was appointed with full power to make the necessary purchase of suitable grounds, and erect thereon a suitable building, at a cost not to exceed one million of dollars.

Annual Conferences.—Three new Annual Conferences were formed, the boundaries of many others modified, and in some instances the names of Conferences were changed.

All action of the General Conference of 1864, restricting or purporting to restrict the rights and privileges of the Annual Conferences, which the Bishops were authorized by the General Conference to form within the United States and Territories, was repealed, and the provisional delegates of those Conferences admitted to full membership in the General Conference.

Missions.—Various modifications in the Constitution of the Missionary Society, recommended by the Board of Managers of that Society, were adopted.

A committee was appointed to secure a modification of the charter.

All acts of former General Conferences restricting the powers of Mission Conferences were repealed.

The Mission Conference of Liberia, Germany, and Switzerland, and India, were declared to be Annual Conferences, endowed with all the rights, privileges, and immunities usual to Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. It was also resolved that the administration of the missionary interests of these Conferences shall be under the same regulations as heretofore.

Sunday Schools.—The work of the Sunday school department was so divided as to provide for the election of two editors, one to edit the *Sunday School Advocate* and Sunday school library books, and be Secretary of the Tract Society; the other to edit the *Sunday School Teachers' Journal* and books of instruction, and be Secretary to the Sunday School Union.

In view of the pressing needs of our Sunday school work in the South, and in other parts of the country, all the traveling preachers were earnestly requested to give special attention to the collections for our Sunday School Union, and the claims of that indispensable and useful society were commended to the enlarged liberality of our people.

A resolution was adopted, providing that Sunday school teachers shall be nominated by the superintendent, with the concurrence of the pastor, on their entering the school, and elected by the Society one month subsequently.

Various modifications in the Constitution of the Sunday School Union of the Church were adopted.

Educational.—A Central Educational Board or Bureau was organized, entitled "The Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church," with a board of fifteen Trustees to administer the Centenary Educational Fund, and the Sunday School Educational Fund.

The subject of theological education among our German brethren was commended to the earnest and generous attention of the Church.

A report on the subject of Theological Education was adopted, which, after describing at length our

present theological seminaries, states that these institutions are well located, and for the present are sufficient for that portion of the territory east of the Rocky Mountains. The report also states that the Conference will rejoice to see a good theological seminary located on the Pacific Coast, but expresses the hope that the motto of the Church, with reference to such institutions, will ever be, "Few in number, but well endowed and strongly manned."

It was resolved that our colleges and academies should, if possible, give more attention to normal instruction.

Ten trustees—five ministers and five laymen—were elected to the trusteeship of Drew Theological Seminary, to serve twelve years from July 1, 1863.

The founding of a theological chair in the German Wallace College, at Berea, O., was commended to the Church at large.

Benevolent Societies.—Numerous provisions were made for securing the aid of the whole Church in supporting the Church Extension Society, among them one stating that "it shall be the duty of each presiding elder to bring the subject of Church Extension before the quarterly conference of each circuit and station within his district at the first quarterly conference in each year; and said conference shall appoint a committee of not less than three nor more than five, of which the preacher in charge shall be chairman, to be called the Committee on Church Extension, whose duty it shall be to aid the preacher in charge in carrying into effect the plans of the Parent and Conference Boards, and securing liberal contributions in aid of the Church Extension Society; and the presiding elder shall inquire, in the third quarterly conference, "What has been done for the cause of Church Extension?"

The organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was approved and commended to the confidence and aid of the Churches; the Conferences were recommended to place the Society on their lists for collections, and the Bishops were authorized to appoint traveling preachers as agents.

Various modifications of the Constitution of the Tract Society were recommended.

Resolutions were adopted declaring unabated interest in the moral and religious elevation of seamen and watermen, and expressing confidence in the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its coördinate branch, the Western Seamen's Friend Society, and commending all local efforts within our denomination that are indorsed by the proper Church authorities.

The action of preceding General Conferences, approving and pledging coöperation with the American Bible Society, was reaffirmed.

A report was adopted favoring the American and Foreign Christian Union, and recommending it to the patronage of our people, where such patronage does not interfere with the Conference and local Church collections.

Lay Representation.—A report on the subject of lay representation was adopted, expressing concurrence with the General Conference of 1860 and 1864 in a

"willingness to admit lay delegates into the General Conference whenever the people desire it," and recommending a "plan" to the godly consideration of our ministers and people.

A large number of changes of the Discipline were made modifying the duties of preachers and presiding elders, and there was much interchange of courtesy and correspondence with other ecclesiastical organizations. It was a working Conference, and its doings will have a wide influence on the Church.

GOLDEN HOURS.—Under this title Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, according to the recent order of the General Conference, will issue next year an illustrated magazine for boys and girls. It will be a first-class magazine in all respects, the illustrations to be in wood, and the best that can be procured; it will contain forty-eight large octavo pages, printed on fine paper, and adapted to the wants of the children and young people throughout the land. It will be at present under the editorial supervision of the editor of the Repository, and like the Repository, it is intended for the Christian and moral household, will be free from every objectionable feature, both in its matter and in its illustrations, so that the most careful and judicious parents may feel entirely safe in placing it in the hands of all the young people of the family. A large variety of matter will be given in its pages—Tales, Travels, Biography, Science, Natural History, Incidents, etc.—all tending to refine, inspire, and elevate the young reader. The first number will be issued in November, though bearing date in January, 1869, and a specimen number will be sent to any address by mail, for twenty cents. The subscription price will be two dollars per year.

PREPARATIONS.—We are also diligently engaged in preparing to carry out the direction of the General Conference in the improvement and illustration of the Repository. In our next number we will speak more fully of our plans, and will only now say that we are not unmindful of these orders, but are intending to carry them out in our new volume for 1869. We expect to make the Repository more interesting, valuable, and indispensable to our families than ever.

LOVE OF NATURE.—He who has a love for nature can never be alone. In the shell he picks up on the shore, in the leaf fading at his feet, in the grain of sand, and in the morning dew, he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. He studies the works of his Maker, which he sees all around him, and finds a pleasure of which the devotee of sin and folly can form no conception.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—How Elinor Dane Became an Invalid; Simrock, the Rhine Poet; Palace of Vanity; Innsbruck and the Inn Valley; Death and the Heart; The Evangelist of Art; An Autumn Reverie; The Temptation; Thoughts from a City Observatory.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The Story of Enoch; Jesus Wept; My Brother; Musing; My Mother; Autumn Leaves; The Wife's Death; My Darling Slumbers There; I Mean to do It.

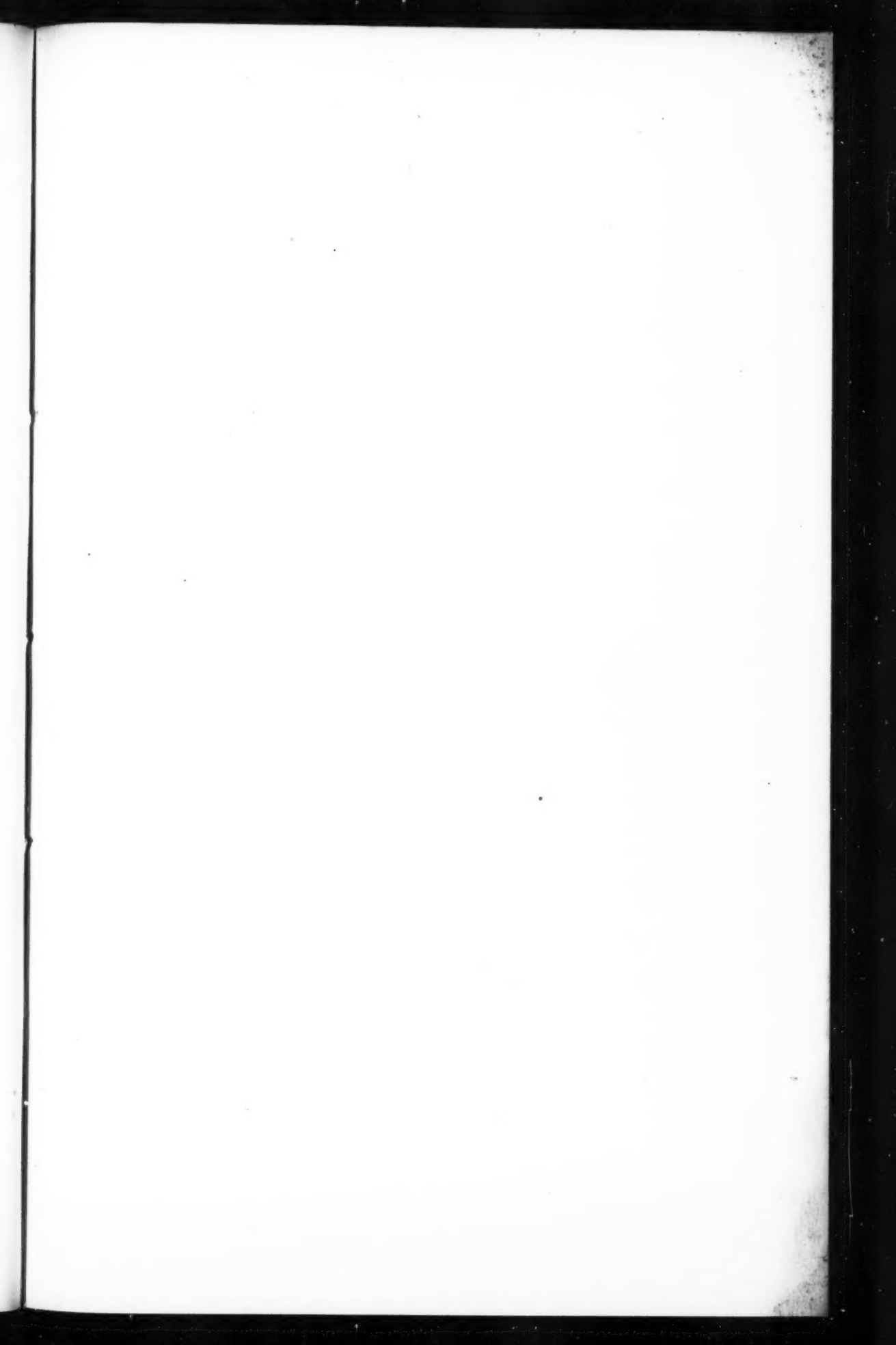




Fig. 1. W. H. H. H. H. H.

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THE LITERATURE

The literature of the subject is extensive and includes a wide range of works on the history and development of the field.





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